

PORTRAITS OF STAGE FAVORITES

SMITH'S

OCT., 1910

MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



NOVEL  SERIAL  SHORT STORIES



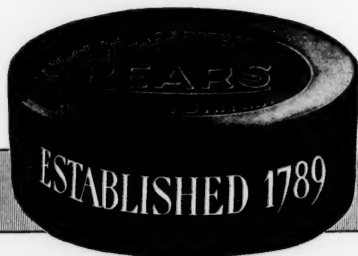
In old times, a soft skin and a fine complexion were accounted among the leading essentials of beauty; and so they are today. They knew in old times that the kind of beauty that is natural is a thousand times more admired than beauty that is artificial; and they know it today also.

The great difference between old times and now in this matter of beauty is this: in old times—that is, before 1789—they had no

Pears' Soap

to afford natural aid to natural beauty, whereas today PEARS is here, making the preservation and improvement of complexion, and of skin health and skin beauty generally, an easy daily habit—just the habit of the daily use of PEARS, that is all. This is one great reason why there are so many more beautiful women to be seen today than ever there were.

The best beautifying forces of both old times and new are united in Pears



bringing out the natural loveliness of complexion which is woman's chief charm.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



Victor Double-faced Records give you more music, better music and cheaper music than you ever had before.

More music. Music on both sides of the same record. Double enjoyment from every record.

Better music. Every record made by the new Victor process—one of the most important discoveries ever made in the art of recording. An improvement that results

in a new tone quality—sweeter and clearer than ever before.

Cheaper music. Putting two selections on opposite sides of the same record means a saving in materials and workmanship, and gives you two records in one almost at the price of one.

There's no two sides to this fact: that every Victor Record, double-faced as well as single-faced, is a record of quality—a musical masterpiece.

Victor Double-faced Records
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25
Victor Single-faced Records
10-inch 60 cents; 12-inch \$1
Victor Purple Label Records
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25
Victor Red Seal Records
10- and 12-inch, \$1 to \$7

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



There's a Victor for you at whatever price you want to pay—\$10, \$17.50, \$25, \$32.50, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$100. Victor-Victrola, \$125, \$200, \$250. Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer if desired.

Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

These Thousands of Letters from Employers of Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen Offer Good Positions to Our Students.

We reproduce here, an actual photograph of Mr. W. W. Dougherty, President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, which shows several thousand letters we now have on file at our Chicago Office alone, from the biggest and best business houses in America which employ Salesmen and Saleswomen, and which offer good positions to the men and women students of our Correspondence Course in Scientific Salesmanship.

These firms each ask us to supply them with from one to 500 Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen. In addition to the letters shown here, we also have similar letters on file at each of our other five offices—in New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Atlanta and San Francisco. Anyone interested may call at any one of our offices and inspect these letters, which are positive proof that we cannot begin to supply the demand from Employers of Salesmen and Saleswomen for our Students. No other Correspondence School in the world can make such a showing, and we challenge any or all of them to attempt it.

During the past three years, we have assisted thousands of men and women who had no former experience in Salesmanship, and who previously were able to earn no more than \$25 to \$75 a month, to obtain positions where they have easily earned from \$100 to as much as \$1,000 a month and all expenses.

Right now, we have more openings for our Students than we can begin to fill, and there will be thousands of good positions open during the fall and winter rush.

Do You Wish to Obtain a Position Where You Can Earn From \$1,000 to \$5,000 a Year or More, and All Your Expenses Besides?

We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail, and assist you to secure a good position while you are learning. No former experience required. Don't be satisfied with hard work, long hours and poor pay. Salesmanship is the best paid, most independent and delightful profession in the world, and by our method, the easiest one to learn. Salesmen and Saleswomen make from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year and all expenses easily, and many of them earn from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year, and the demand always exceeds the supply. What we have done for thousands of others, we can do for you. If you can read and write and think, the Course of Instruction in Scientific Salesmanship we give our Students, will make you successful from the very start and our Free Employment Bureau will secure you a good position in which you can earn from two to ten times as much as you can in any other profession. Write today for our handsome Free catalog.

"A Knight of the Grip," which contains full

particulars of the special offer we are now making our Students, enabling them to pay for their tuition out of their savings. Fill out this coupon and send to-day.

Address Our Nearest Office, Dept. 105

National Salesmen's Training Association

New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Atlanta, San Francisco.

National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 105
Kindly send me your Free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip."

Name

Street Address

City

R. F. D. State

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life. Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater than most any trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conduct your own business. Catalog sent free.

St. Louis Trades School
4477 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS



BE AN ACTOR

Actress or Orator
Earn \$25 to \$200 Weekly

Our course in Elocution and Dramatic Art is complete, thorough and comprehensive. It enables you in a short time to qualify for a good paying position on the stage or speaker's platform. Learn by correspondence the most fascinating and best paying profession in the world. Illustrated Book on Dramatic Art, free. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 520 Grand Opera House, Chicago**

:: POCKET EDITIONS ::

USEFUL SUBJECTS 10c. EACH. Sheldon's Letter Writer, Shirley's Lover's Guide, Woman's Secrets; or, How to Be Beautiful, Guide to Etiquette, Physical Health Course, Frank Merrill's Book of Physical Development, National Dream Book, Zingara Fortune Teller, The Art of Boxing and Self-Defense, The Key to Hypnotism, U. S. Army Physical Exercises (revised).

Street & Smith, Publishers, 79-99 Seventh Ave., New York

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

If you will study advertising by mail with this school you can positively increase your earning power. Ad writers receive from \$25 to \$100 a week. Send for our beautiful prospectus; it tells you how Free. **PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL, 39 Page Bldg., Chicago, 1029 Page Bldg., Chicago, or 150 Nassau St., N. Y.**

LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING

A high salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner better engraving than he can gain in years of rigid apprenticeship. We will also improve the skill of any engraver. Send for our catalog. The Engraving School, 39 Page Bldg., Chicago, 1029 Page Bldg., Chicago, or 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. **School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 29, Page Building, Chicago**

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR—Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers; send for catalog. **School of Illustration, 39 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

\$5.50 PER DAY

and steady work if you learn one of these skilled trades—Electrical Work, Plumbing, Brick-laying, Mechanical Drawing, by our easy methods. Practical instruction and actual work take place of books. We help graduates to positions. Easy payments. Low living expenses. We now exclusively occupy \$100,000 building. Write me for full particulars Free. L. L. Cooke, Director. **Coyne NATIONAL TRADE SCHOOLS, 43 Illinois Street, Chicago, Ill.** "Oldest and Largest Institution of the Kind."

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading, as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Law yers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literate folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send today for booklets, testimonials, etc. **CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 975 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

Vol. XII

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 1

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

CONTENTS

FOR - OCTOBER - 1910

Theatrical Art Studies Sixteen New Portraits of Footlight Favorites.		1
Journeys' Ends —A Complete Novel Illustrated by G. W. Harting.	Anne O'Hagan	17
To My Beloved —A Poem	Edward D. Tittmann	54
Imaginary Evils —A Sermon	Charles Battell Loomis	55
At the Junction with the Branch Road A Story Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.	Dorothy Canfield	59
The Naughty Day —A Poem	Margaret Belle Houston	64
Rule, Britannia! —A Story Illustrated by Clarence Rowe.	Edward Boltwood	65
Two Loves —A Poem	Jeannie Pendleton Ewing	71
As It Was Recorded —A Story Illustrated by J. A. Lemon.	W. B. M. Ferguson	72
Deep Breathing —A Nautical Ballad Illustrated by Hy Mayer.	Wallace Irwin	83
Dinner at the Warden's —A Story Illustrated H. von S. Lucas.	Virginia Middleton	85
Shanghaied by the Saints —A Story Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.	Holman F. Day	93
A Friend's Advice —A Comedy	Madeline Bridges	104
The Gift-Wife —Serial Illustrated by Sigurd Schou.*	Rupert Hughes	107
Romance in a Restaurant —A Story Illustrated J. A. Lemon.	Edith Summers Updegraff	127
The Goal —An Autumn Song	Elizabeth Newport Hepburn	132
A Golden Accident —A Story Illustrated by R. Lillo.	Werter D. Dodd	133
Rosinante —A Story Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen.	Hildegard Lavender	143
The Dieting of Mrs. Vallum —A Story	Rosa Kellen Hallett	154
What the Editor Has to Say		159

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer,
 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Copyright, 1910, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, in the United States and Great Britain. All Rights Reserved.
 Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.
 Entered as Second-class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of
 Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints
 reach us daily from victims of such swindlers.



Compare Fairy with Other White Soaps

You will find that Fairy Soap is white and stays white, while the other so-called white soaps will turn yellow with age. Fairy has a delicate, refreshing smell, while all other white soaps have a greasy, soapy odor. Fairy is made in the handy, oval cake which just fits the hand, while the others cling with old-fogy tenacity to the awkward, oblong, out-of-date bar which has to be cut in two to be handled at all.

And when it comes to quality and price—

Fairy is just as good as it looks and costs but 5c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

**"Have You
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"**



SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 12

OCTOBER, 1910

NUMBER 1

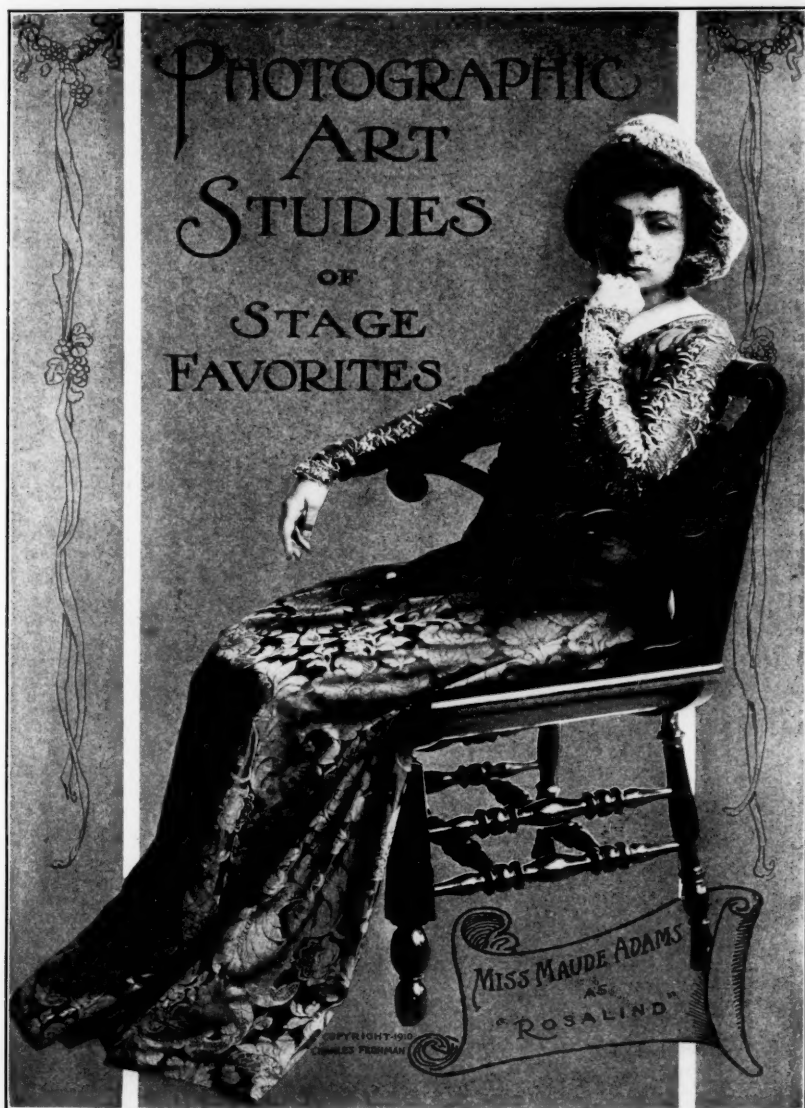




Photo by White, N. Y.



Photo by White, N. Y.



Photo by White, N. Y.



MISS EDNA BLANCHE SHOWALTER
Primadonna

Photo by Hall, New York



Photo by Purdy, Boston



Photo by Moffett, Chicago



Photo by Purdy, Boston



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.



Photo by Moffett, Chicago



MISS THELMA BELMONT
With the "Girlies" Co.

Photo by White, N. Y.



Photo by Moffett, Chicago



Photo by Hall, New York



Photo by White, N. Y.



MISS JEANETTE BAGEARD
With "The Girl in the Taxi"

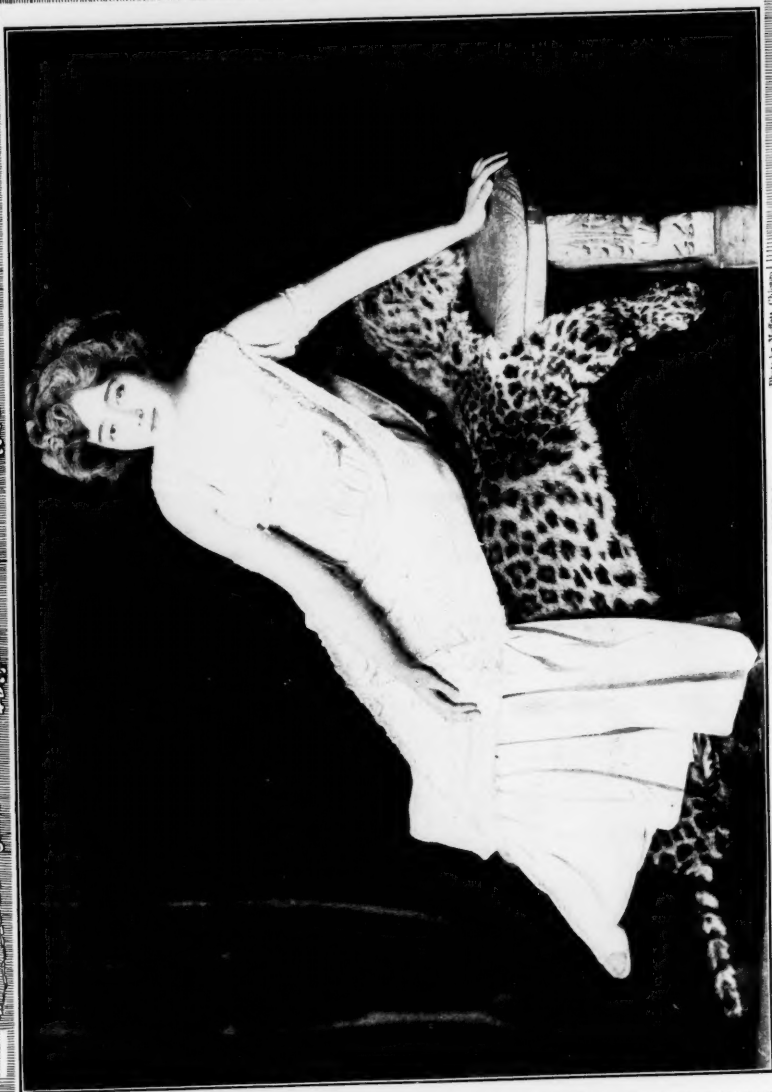


Photo by Mallett, Chicago

MISS MAY DE SOUSA
With The Aborn Opera Company



JOURNEYS' ENDS

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

Author of "Betty Kimberley," "The Honor of the Family," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. HARTING

CHAPTER I.

THE colonel frowned at first, as he glanced at the long, legal-looking envelope lying beside his breakfast plate. Then he looked at Harriet, regarding him half quizzically, half pedagogically, from the other end of the table, and his frown melted into a half apologetic laugh.

"I hate to begin the day with such a thing as a statement from Lysander," he said, seating himself and fiddling with the envelope.

"Last night you hated to end the day with such a thing," his daughter Harriet reminded him.

Harriet's daughter, Millicent, aged ten, wriggled on her chair in an ecstasy of impatience.

"Oh, do see what it is, grandpa!" she entreated. "I just couldn't wait to open my letters!"

"You'd think she had the correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague," scoffed her mother. "Millicent's half dozen a year!"

"I don't care," pouted the child. "I just couldn't bear to wait to open one of them! Cousin Kate's, and Aunt Angie's, and my own Ruth's, and—and my——"

"Your father's, yes, my dear," supplied her mother, composedly, but with a hardness of intonation which her voice had not shown before. "Oh,

dad!" she added, her attention immediately diverted toward Colonel Seaver, who was tugging at his gray mustache, in evident perturbation, after the reading of his letter.

"You'd have done better to let me have my coffee first, Harrie," he said. "Lysander's communication is more than commonly unpleasant this time. It's no Algeria for us this winter. And no winter flannels, either, I'm inclined to think."

"What's gone to pot now?" inquired Harriet, with the cheerful slanginess of one hardened to indifference by the frequent blows of fate.

"It seems I've drawn the last of Jim's legacy," answered the colonel. He looked vaguely at the dish of poached eggs which a negro damsel from the kitchen presented to his notice; then helped himself with an air of discrimination. "It's curious, for I always thought I wasn't really drawing against Jim's legacy—I was only saving it for emergencies!"

"As if emergencies weren't as regular as the moon's changes in the Seever household!" Thus Harriet, busy at the gleaming copper and glass coffee urn. "But if it's only Algeria; what does it matter? It would have been fun, of course——"

"I wanted to ride a camel," interpolated Miss Millicent lugubriously.

"But we can pull through without it.

If you'll let me, I'll stay here all the winter with Millicent and Miss Laurens, instead of gadding about in my usual inconsequential fashion. By the way, where is Miss Laurens? And Aunt Angie?"

"They done et half a hour ago," explained the servitor.

"That would be to rob me of my last regret," declared the colonel handsomely, apropos of Harriet's original speech. "It's not so uncomfortable, as you may remember. We can close all the place but this south wing, and we can generally manage to keep that warm enough. I'll have stoves put up in your room—yours and Miss Laurens' and the kid's here—and will have your picturesque, chilly fireplaces closed. If you are going to stay you will want the conservatory connected with the heaters—I've had nothing in it for the last few winters. If that governess of yours could learn to play a decent game of whist—and how, by the way, a girl brought up to respect 'the rigors of the game,' as you were, has ever condescended to that illegitimate offspring of whist, bridge, I can't for the life of me see—if your Miss Laurens would only learn to play a decent game of whist, we should pass a very cozy winter."

"She shall learn, you dear old dad," said Harrie, passing by the head of the table and rubbing his thick gray hair affectionately. "I'll club her if she doesn't! Do you want me to go to the village this morning for anything? Jeremy's busy gathering the apples—"

"Oh, mother, may I go with you?"

"How about lessons, kidlet?"

"Not this morning, mother! Please not this morning! Let me have a holiday—in honor of Jim's legacy being all used up."

Her mother and grandfather laughed.

"My dear, you are your grandfather's own granddaughter," declared Harriet. "Holidays have been frequent in the Seever calendar, for every fresh misfortune has been the signal for one. Well, I don't mind, if Miss Laurens doesn't. I'll ask her—when I am ask-

ing her how she would like to winter at Hundredelms."

Harriet found the plastic Miss Laurens "agreeable" to both impressions. She was inclined to gush a little over the prospect of winter in the hills, and she was amiably willing that Millicent should accompany her mother to the village, five miles distant. It was Miss Laurens' flattering fiction that Mrs. Seever drove for delight in the exercise of her powers of horsemanship, and not because the painful lack of retainers about the big, empty stables made it necessary, and this morning she expressed the conviction that Millicent would also grow into a notable whip.

"I'm afraid she will not have as good horseflesh to learn upon as I," answered Harriet, with the ghost of a sigh for goods and glories departed.

They had all fled as casually as Jim's legacy. Well, she supposed that a good name was to be preferred to great riches, and that, possibly, an easy spirit might rank above either. Her father certainly had them both! Still, it would have been pleasant if she could have given her daughter some of the advantages she herself had enjoyed in her early youth. As things stood now, not only would it be a charity to the colonel for her to stay with him during the winter, paying into his scantily filled till the board money which she always insisted upon paying when she quartered herself and her tiny retinue upon him, but it was a necessity for herself as well. Her father's gifts to her out of Jim's long-suffering legacy had seen her safely through many a winter since—since—

Since she had divorced her husband, Millicent's father, and had figuratively thrown his thousands in his face. She whipped her thoughts, as she always had to, into putting the thing badly. Five years now! It had been hard going sometimes, when the colonel's purse was very lean, but she had never regretted her scornful refusal to take a cent from her husband. Pride would have kept her warm in winter cold, pride would have fed and sustained her, so she told herself, even had actual

want, instead of a mere curtailing of luxuries, been the alternative to living on his bounty.

"Ready, Mill?" she called, as she went along the hall in her long driving coat of shepherd's plaid, her soft gray hat with the scarlet quill. She looked into the library where the colonel loitered, unable to select between the delights of a morning at home with Provençal literature and a morning abroad with the dogs and his gun.

"Why don't you go out, dear?" said his daughter, when he appealed to her for advice. "Your troubadours will be here all the winter, but there's only one October."

"You're right," said the colonel. He loved to have some one else take the trouble of making up his mind for him. "I'll take a gun and go out for a few hours. Perhaps I'll bag you something for dinner."

"Do," urged Harriet cordially. "Else we'll have last night's roast warmed up *en casserole*—and it will be so very much more last night's roast than *en casserole*. Come along, kidlet. I'm in a hurry!"

The colonel assisted his daughter and granddaughter into the buckboard with graceful courtesy. He remarked, as had been his habit for at least five years, that next spring he must send it to the factory for repainting. Then he stood watching them until they turned out of the drive into the road before the house. A parting fire of waves and nods was exchanged.

"Poor Harrie! I hope she doesn't miss Algeria too badly. Probably the Lights or the Darneels will invite her for a southern cruise, anyway—Mediterranean or West Indian or something—so it won't be so hard on her. It's really a good thing that that little legacy of her Aunt Fanny's was settled on her directly."

Then he ambled off in search of his gun, whistling to his dogs, and altogether as pleasant a picture of ancient, innocent idleness as one could see of an October day.

Millicent was an eager interrogation point all the way to the village. Every-

thing which she had never before thought to ask, together with many things which she had only forgotten, she inquired about now. Why the creek ran down instead of up, why the oak leaves turned bronze instead of yellow, why the chipmunks were striped, why some squirrels were bushy-tailed and others were not, why Miss Laurens received so many letters with a foreign postmark, why grandfather's hair was gray and old Mr. Horton's was missing—all these were among the questions upon which she sought information during the first half hour. Then there came a little cessation of investigation, and then:

"Mother, when is my birthday? Don't I have one?"

"Certainly you have," replied Harriet sharply. "What put that into your head?"

"Because Flora Horton is going to have a birthday party next Saturday afternoon, and I was thinking. Why don't I have birthday parties?"

For a second Harriet was silent, looking straight and sternly ahead down the steep hill road. Her red lips closed in a sharp line. By and by she opened them.

"Your birthday, Millicent dear, is the same as the anniversary of my wedding. It just happened that you were born two years after I was married. You are too young to understand all about it now, but perhaps you can understand that I do not like to think of my wedding day, and so I have never celebrated your birthday. If you would like to have a party, though, we'll select a make-believe birthday, and you shall have one."

Millicent's elfish face, that had been grave and protesting at the beginning of her mother's recital, brightened.

"Oh, mother, truly? And soon? The Saturday after Flora Horton's?"

And when Harriet had promised it, she sat silent and content for a while. As the long slope of the village street came into view, however, she approached the subject again.

"When shall I not be too young to understand, mother?" she asked.

An impatient color flamed in Harriet's dark cheeks. She replied sharply: "I don't know. You acquire sense slowly, it seems to me," she snapped. "As soon as you are not too young I will talk to you about it. Meantime, I don't want you to allude to the subject again in any way."

The child was quiet for the next few minutes. Then Harriet heard a stifled sob. She looked around, and behold, the little girl was crying.

"Oh, my darling!" she exclaimed. "I did not mean to be short with you, unkind to you. But—how can I make you understand? When you talk about—all that time—about your father—it is as if some one stuck a sharp knife into me. And then, when I speak crossly, it is as if I had raised my hand to strike away the knife that was hurting. Do you see, sweetheart? It is never to you that I am unkind—only the knife you stick into me."

The child raised her wet little face, her eyes shining again with happiness through her tears.

"I'll never stick the horrid little knife into you again, dear, dearest mother-kin!" she declared fervently. And she furthermore proclaimed her conviction that never was there a motherkin so sweet, so good, so pretty, so altogether desirable.

Harriet smiled a bit ruefully to hear her, conscious of how far she fell below deserving these glowing tributes. Yet they warmed her heart. She loved demonstrated affection from those close to her. She had never outgrown her own impulsive warm-heartedness. She gave her daughter a hug and a kiss before they arrived opposite the centre of village industry, Brewster's Block, in whose brick length were housed the post office, the two "general stores," the Italian fruiterer's, the drug store, the shoe shop, "Miss M. Gilhuley, New York Milliner. Also Fancy Work." Harriet called Millicent's attention to the dejected appearance the pharmacy was wearing now that the summer population had departed, leaving the soda fountain merely a monument to past delights.

Harriet hitched the horse to one of the posts that ornamented the village green across from Brewster's Block, and blanketed him against the searching October airs of the hill country. Then she went into Miss M. Gilhuley's and purchased zephyrs of pink and blue for Miss Laurens' favorite employment. In the drug store, which was also the stationer's, she bought the daily New York papers for her father. She did not look at them as she tucked them under her arm. Harriet had the average woman's deep-rooted conviction that the news of the day, no matter how entertaining, did not vitally concern her. Then she went into one of the general stores, and, consulting her list, gave her order.

"Two pounds of shingle nails, fifty of granulated sugar, a pound of American cheese, five dozen candles for candle lamps—why, certainly, Joel, I'll tell you what they're for—"

But before she could begin Joel's education in the high art of table arrangement, his more sophisticated employer superseded him. The general store liked to wait upon Harriet Seever; she bought it within speaking distance of much brilliancy, much gaiety, so it opined. And yet she was just the same vivid, unaffected creature it had known so long.

"I'm out of change; will you cash me a little check, Mr. Town, and then I shan't have to go around by the North Road to the bank?" said Harriet to the general store when she had finished her order. But the general store looked at her with some amazement behind its steel-bowed spectacles, albeit it had handled her checks unquestioningly as long as it could remember.

"Why—why—ain't you still bankin' with the Agassiz Trust Company?" it demanded.

"Yes," replied Harriet, nonplused.

"Well—ain't you read yesterday evenin's papers—or this mornin's?"

Harriet shook her head, her eyes fixed on the sharp, old, gray face above her.

"Why, Miss Hattie—I ask your pardon, Mrs. Seever—but to think you



"The Agassiz Trust closed its doors at noon yesterday."

ain't read it! The Agassiz Trust closed its doors at noon yesterday." He rolled his words sonorously, feeling the importance of one concerned with high finance. "They said then they would open this mornin'—but they ain't."

Harriet looked at the old man for a long minute. Then she drew a deep breath.

"Thank you, Mr. Town," she said, in her crisp, musical voice. "I certainly withdraw my request about the check. Charge the things, as usual. Fortunately my father never banked with the Agassiz people."

Mr. Town broke in volubly with offers to lend Mrs. Seever any sum of which she might stand in need, to charge the provisions of Hundredelms indefinitely, to comport himself generally like a man and a brother. Harriet smiled brightly and composedly upon him, and gratefully rejected his kind advances. Then she unblanketed and unhitched the horse, wrapped Millicent around in the woolly lap robe, and drove soberly back home across the hills.

"The Seever star is not what you would call in the ascendant this morn-

ing," she told herself as she drove. "Good heavens! Every penny—every penny—I have in the world!"

She gave the lines into Millicent's ambitious hands when she was a mile out of the village, and began to read the papers. She breathed more hopefully, and a livelier color returned to her face. Why, this was not so bad! The Agassiz directors said that they would open for business as usual within twenty-four hours. Puff! A mere nothing, that! To be sure, the Federal bank authorities and the clearing-house men were not quite so sanguine. But the newspaper editors took columns to reassure the public, editorially, about the soundness of our banking system. It was a pleasant and reassuring sort of literature to be read by a woman whose most acute consciousness was that the check she had yesterday mailed her tailor would be worthless when it reached him. Oh, decidedly, the soundness of our national banking system was a reassuring thought!

She wished that she had not recalled how strongly Wilfrid had opposed her banking with the Agassiz people when she had received Aunt Fanny's little legacy, ten years before—the year that Millicent was born, the year that the clashes between them—her and Wilfrid—had grown to be so constant, so tiresome.

"I don't want to invest it in any of those old things," she recalled that she had flippantly told her husband, kindly proffering his advice as to the investment of her thirty thousand dollars. "I mean to spend it—as I need it. Well, anyway, I'll put it all where I could get it if I needed it. The Agassiz people give you four per cent. on your balance—and then you've really got it. It isn't like being locked up in some stocks or bonds. I shall put mine in the Agassiz Trust Company. Why are you so keen against it?"

And Wilfrid had shortly answered: "I know the directors."

Apparently he had known the directors!

When she arrived at the big, rambling old house, the last of Colonel

Seever's holdings, she dismissed Millicent to her lessons and listened to Aunt Angie's daily lamentation on the inefficiency of the kitchen staff.

"It's all very well for you, Harrie," plaintively declared her father's sister. "You come for six months at a time—the best six months in the year, when there's plenty of fresh fruit and when only a driveling idiot could spoil the vegetables. But I am here all the winter, when one needs skill to tempt the appetite, and I can assure you that the flatness of mammy's winter soups is a crime—a crime! As for Debby, I simply cannot train her to serve at all properly—"

"Oh, really, Aunt Angie, you exaggerate the defects of the household. I like mammy's cooking, and Debby isn't nearly so awkward as she was a year ago."

"I've worked hard enough to improve her, Heaven knows! But I do think that it is carrying loyalty to the past to a ridiculous extreme to keep a family of worthless servants merely because one's father harbored a pair of fugitive slaves, who happened to become their parents."

"Oh, no, you don't, Aunt Angel!" Harriet laughed, and dropped a kiss upon the forbidding cap of her relative—Miss Angelina wore caps as a mark of disapproval of a godless generation which knew them not. "You know you're as proud of Grandfather Seever as you can be, and that you wouldn't part with the ebony evidences of his abolition principles for any money. Besides, think how superior you feel when the neighbors have to change 'help' every two months. Cheer up—especially as I can't stay to cheer you any longer. I've got to telephone to New York to Mr. Marcus."

Aunt Angie examined her niece's face for a sign of self-consciousness, but failed to detect one. She sighed at the lack; it was a dull period of the world's history when a woman showed no faintest touch of embarrassment over her adorners.

"Why don't you ask him up over Sunday?" she suggested amiably as she

moved kitchenward, while Harriet went into the library, where the telephone stood.

After she had obtained her connection, Harriet had no opportunity to speak for a few minutes. David Marcus was doing all the talking; he was her lawyer and her old friend, her adviser, her manager, as far as she acknowledged a manager. And he knew, of course, that she had called him up apropos of the Agassiz failure. At first he tried to reassure her. She managed to interpolate, "Please tell me the exact truth," and then he admitted that despite the roseate veil through which the directors of the Agassiz Trust Company seemed to view the situation, it was a very serious one. Of course, the depositors' interests would be the chief concern of the Federal examiners and officials, and of the readjustment scheme, but it was practically admitted this morning in financial circles that the immediate outlook was bad; that a long interval must be allowed the Agassiz people to realize on their investments, and that meantime all the depositors could do was to wait in patience.

"That means you've got to find me a job," announced Harriet cheerfully. "Yes, I said a job. No, he can't lend me a cent—he hasn't got it, the dear old provident! Thank you very much, David, you're the most generous man alive, but I couldn't think of it. Anyway, I think it will be rather fun to earn my own living. Don't you consider my accomplishments marketable? I'm a fair conversationalist, a passable linguist, a—well, so-so—musician, an expensive dresser—I heard my milliner telling a friend so once! I can keep an attractive house, and I can play a good game of bridge. I have an extended circle of amusing acquaintances on both sides of the Atlantic; I can dress a salad to perfection, and drive four-in-hand; I've a magnetic touch in headache, a quick temper, a warm heart—What's that? An attractive wife for a prosperous man, but you know nowhere else my accomplishments would be of any value? Fie, David, that isn't resourceful of you! Any-

way, I'm in earnest. I have really got to earn a pittance this winter, if the bank stays closed. You get me a job, David, and come up Saturday to tell me what it is—Aunt Angie invites you for Sunday. You will come? That's good."

CHAPTER II.

"It's a perfectly preposterous thing, Harrie, and I'm very much annoyed with you. Why on earth your father didn't put his foot down on the whole affair I don't see. I urged him to."

"That wasn't playing fair, David, and your total failure to influence him serves you right. So it was all to be a game of bluff—your announcement of my chance at a job."

"For Heaven's sake, don't use that offensive word again," interrupted David Marcus irritably.

"What shall I say? A 'situation'? That sounds like a nursemaid."

"Oh, do be serious, Harrie! Miss Kendricks happened to come into our office the very morning you telephoned. We handled some of the old deacon's law work for him—I told you, of course, that she is Deacon Kendricks' daughter? And when she remarked, in a desultory way, that she had to find a companion and chaperon, I mentioned you on the spur of the moment. I've been kicking myself for it ever since!"

"But I'm blessing you for it! It's the one place in the world where my talents will shine. You say she's inexperienced?"

"I said that she was socially inexperienced," corrected the lawyer. "She gives me the impression of having a good deal of shrewdness, for all that. This is a pretty stretch of country."

He looked out the car window at the rolling landscape through which the Berkshire express was tearing.

"Please don't try to change the subject. It isn't fair. I've got to know something about the woman before we meet at luncheon to size each other up. Is she pretty?"

"She has a complete assortment of limbs and features, put together inconspicuously; I dare say she's pretty."

"If I have to conduct a cross-examination to get any information out of you, David, it will take more time, but I can do it. You aren't fair to me. She'll have all the advantage. If she's read the Sunday papers, she's seen my picture—worse luck! And she knows that I sometimes go to Europe, and occasionally to Newport, and that at the *bal poudrée* for the benefit of the Babies' Hospital I went as Pocahontas. And, maybe, that I'm the daughter of Colonel Seever, whose gallantry at Bull Run won him his regiment, and the granddaughter of the famous abolitionist, Henry Seever. And—but, if she's only twenty-two, as you say, she wasn't reading the divorce news five years ago, and so she may not connect me with Mrs. Wilfrid Seever," she ended bitterly. "By the way, what did you tell her of that charming episode in my career?"

"I didn't speak of it at all. 'I forgot it—as I do half the time. It's you, Harrie, who remember and remember it always. But since we're speaking about Wilfrid, let me say plainly that I think you are acting unwarrantably in not drawing against him this year, at least. Millie is his as much as she is yours."

"The court gave me Millie!" she flashed back defiantly.

"Yes—because your husband did not put in a counterclaim to her, did not complicate the situation with defense. You know the money's there for both of you, for you and Millie. And for you to go out choring and to stint Millie of things which she ought to have! I tell you, Harrie, much as I—admire—you, I don't think it's right! I think you are simply pig-headed. Wilfrid told me before he left that he had arranged a trust fund for Millie, against which you, as her guardian, could draw at any time. That was after you had so high-and-mightily rejected all his financial overtures toward yourself. Upon my word, I think you ought to avail yourself of it now. You have not been fair to him."

"I let him write to Millie."

"Write! That's nothing!"

"If you're quite through lecturing me, David," said Harriet demurely, "will you please go on with your description of my 'missus'? Twenty-two, pretty, socially inexperienced, shrewd—go on, please!"

"Well, then," snapped the lawyer, "if you want my honest opinion, I think she's a grasping, cold-hearted, little person who wants to shake her old friends and to buy a shiny set of new ones. And I think she has reasoned it out that a duenna of better social position than her own has been will be a first step toward accomplishing her desire. And in a moment of complete asininity I suggested you. Harrie, have I ever asked you to marry me on a railroad train?"

"No. And, really, it wouldn't be anything very remarkable; so many people are having their weddings in airships now."

"I meant, have I ever, on a railroad train, put the momentous question to you? Because, if I haven't, I'm going to do it now. Why won't you marry me, and let me take care of you and Millie?"

"David, dear, for the same old reason," she answered, leaning forward in her chair and touching his hand lightly, her dark eyes glowing with sincerity and tenderness. "Because I am far, far too fond of you to sit you down to such a phantom banquet as marriage with me would be."

"You care for him still, in spite of the way in which you treated him," gloomily observed Mr. Marcus.

"The way I treated him!" Harriet was at once all protesting italics. A wine-clear scarlet of anger flushed her dark face, her big, brown eyes blazed. "The way I treated him! David, sometimes you make me so enraged that I could kill you! You have always taken his part—and you pretend to care for me!"

"I'm a man, my dear——"

"With all the blind sex loyalty of the masculine creature—a transferred form of egomania."

"And a lawyer, I was about to add, and consequently I go a good deal by

the evidence, and not altogether by my emotions," finished Mr. Marcus serenely.

The train pulled into the station, and in a few minutes, their tiff past and forgotten, as their frequent tiffs had a habit of being, within a second or two, they were seated in a cab driving toward the gustatory rendezvous with the orphan daughter and sole heir of the late "Deacon Kendricks," that rustic-seeming, drawling potentate of the money market, whose infrequent speech had been full of Biblical allusion, and whose frequent behavior on the exchange led to the surmise that he had not adapted the fundamentals of his favorite volume to practical uses.

Miss Kendricks had already arrived, and was waiting in the old-blue and fumed-oak drawing room of the ladies' suite at the Erskine Club, where the lawyer was lunching the two women. Their eyes measured each other instantly—the assured woman of the world, slender, lithe, proud in bearing, dark and vivid in coloring, severely exquisite in garb, making her thirty-four years seem the exactly proper age for womankind; and the girl, round-faced, delicately colored in pink and blue and cream and mouse-color, badly dressed in clothes too much trimmed, nervous, as the iciness of her hands gave Harriet instant notice, and yet with a certain arrogance of bearing beneath all the unformedness of manner, all the temporary excitement.

"Frightened, but not really embarrassed; silent, but not at all shy," decided Harriet at once. "*Grand ciel!* How badly she is corseted. She ought to go to a gymnasium. I'll bet her mother's figure was a series of feather pillows at forty. What a sweet turquoise blue her eyes are! But they are too close together—and not very large."

"She's quite old—but not so old as I had thought! Skinny—I don't believe she has any shoulders for evening clothes! That burned orange in her toque is sweet—I wonder where she got it? She seems very sure of herself—not like a woman looking for

work to support her child." And Miss Kendricks' lips narrowed into a straight line. She liked dependents to realize their position. "Still, a chaperon—I suppose that's different. And if she were meek, and sort of self-effacing, she wouldn't do me a bit more good than Cousin Mary from Akron." Recalling the characteristics of the relative who had wistfully looked forward to being the duenna for Imogen Kendricks' unmarried, orphan years, Imogen thawed somewhat toward the lady whom she contemplated substituting for that relative.

The luncheon went off with a fair degree of smoothness. Imogen made one or two attempts to inject the business which had brought them all together into the conversation, but Harriet and David Marcus managed to keep it in other channels. The girl felt a slight sense of rebuke, and of annoyance in the fact. The woman had come there to get a place, hadn't she? Then what was the use in dillydallying with facts, and in acting as though it were a mere festivity? However, after the first, she kept silent on the affair until they had drunk their coffee, and David rose to go.

"Aren't we going to have any talk on business at all?" she inquired hastily, as she saw him preparing to leave.

"That is why I am tearing myself away from you young women now," replied the lawyer, "in order that you may have a real feminine confabulation. I hope that neither of you will do anything rash"—he looked imploringly at Harriet—"and that you won't come to conclusions offhand. You'd each much better communicate your decision to me later."

"Why, but you told me that Mrs. Seever would be all that I desired, if I could get her," interpolated Imogen.

Harriet reddened, and the corners of her lips twitched.

"Did I? That was injudicious."

"I am so glad that Mr. Marcus gave me a 'good recommend.' That's what it is called, I believe?" This from Harriet, with a bland glance of inquiry directed toward Imogen.



Harriet almost caught her breath in a gasp. It was her husband's.

"I believe so. That is, of course—What nonsense we are all talking!" cried the heiress.

"That is true. It's your influence, David. Run along and leave Miss Kendricks and me to find each other out."

"I'm going to beg your godmother for an invitation to dinner to-night?" suggested David to Harriet, still lingering.

"I am sure Madame Delaney will be delighted to have you," responded Harriet cordially. "I myself am dining with Susette Cleary, and going afterward to the theatre. Madame Delaney is only putting me up for the night."

"Oh!" David's exclamation was a

little crestfallen. "And I thought I was doing such a clever piece of sleuthing when I noticed where you had your bags sent. Well, I'll see you to-morrow some time. Good-by, Miss Kendricks. Under the circumstances, you'll forgive my running away."

Imogen smiled gently and said nothing as she gave him her hand in farewell.

"Was that Madame Delaney you were speaking of the Madame Delaney? The widow of the war ambassador to France?" she asked, as soon as the dull-blue damask portieres fell closed upon Marcus.

"Yes. She's my godmother, and a delightful old dear," said Harriet warmly.

Imogen's eyes darkened speculatively.

"Mrs. Seever," she said, "let us get down to business." There was a sort of incisiveness about her now which had been lacking before. "I want to settle in New York, or near it. You know my father came from Ohio. He kept his home there even after he became interested in Wall Street matters, and spent so much of his time here. None of my relatives is quite willing to break the Ohio ties—that is," she added, with a sudden, literal honesty, "I haven't asked any of them to. If any of them should come East to—chaperon me—it would just be a little Akron in a New York hotel that I should have. And that isn't what I want at all. If I live in New York, I want it to be New York."

"I understand," replied Harriet.

"You know a great many New York people?" the girl went on avidly.

"A great many—yes."

"If—if you and I should come to terms, would you—would they—should I—"

"Learn to know my friends? I can only say that while I acted as head of your household, I should receive my friends as well as yours, and that you would meet mine as I should yours. Beyond that, nothing could be guaranteed. Your friends might easily hate me, and never remember to bow to me once the connection was ended."

"I don't think that likely," observed Miss Kendricks shrewdly, narrowing her blue eyes. "Mrs. Seever, how long would you be willing to try it for?"

"Six months," replied Harriet promptly. David had told her that morning that the Agassiz was almost sure to resume business in six months.

"But at the end of six months where would I be?"

"You might be married, or you might be sick of New York and want to go back to Akron. You might be weary of the sinful vanities of the world, and have retired into a convent."

"I am not a papist, Mrs. Seever," struck in Miss Kendricks, with energy. "Are you?"

"No, I'm not," laughed Harriet, a little astounded by the interruption. "But one can never tell what one may be at the end of six months, as I am pointing out to you. And, if you are of the same mind then as you are now, why, perhaps you'll want to reëngage me"—for the Agassiz might not have resumed payments, she bethought herself!—"and if you don't, or I don't want to be reëngaged—for I must tell you frankly, Miss Kendricks, I hope that my difficulties are merely temporary—you will have a wide circle from which to select my successor."

Imogen nodded. "That is so," she answered. "And now—what shall I pay you, and when shall we begin, and how?"

"You'll have to pay me two thousand dollars for the six months," said Harriet, flushing. "I may be highway-robbing you—I don't know anything about the proper terms for such service. Or you may be getting me for a song. But

that is what I shall charge you. I shall need some new frocks to take you into society," she added candidly, "and half my salary will have to go to the dress-makers and milliners."

"It is a good deal," replied Imogen thoughtfully. "But I dare say it is worth it. And how shall we do about living?"

"We'll take a furnished apartment for six months and invade New York from its vantage. I know a charming one on Madison Avenue which friends of mine would let me have—they're going abroad. Then you won't be committed to anything irrevocably—furniture or leases, or anything. They will charge you ten per cent. above the rental of the apartment for the use of their furniture and linen. It is very pretty and tasteful. What you don't want they will send to storage. If you really care to—and if the matter is settled—"

She broke off, and Imogen smiled a little, but made no immediate reply. Harriet's pause lasted a second—two—three. Then her color rose, and she said stiffly:

"I had forgotten Mr. Marcus' caution, but I see that you have not. I shall be in town to-day and to-morrow. If you make your decision before to-morrow evening you can let me know at Madame Delaney's. After that, you may let me know—until Friday—at Hunderdelms; Lee, Massachusetts."

"But I have made up my mind now, Mrs. Seever," cried Imogen.

Harriet stared at her a second in surprise.

"I—I gained the impression a moment back that I was precipitate," she said haughtily.

Imogen Kendricks could not say that she had prolonged the moment of Harriet's doubt for the sheer pleasure of feeling herself mistress of the situation, the temporary arbiter of the other woman's immediate destiny, for the sheer joy of feeling the power of her money, in short.

"No, it is not that you are precipitate, but that I am slow," she apologized.

Harriet put off her haughtiness and smiled.

"When you know me better—or when you know my friends better—you will learn that I am regarded as much too precipitate in every respect. Of course, I do not exactly agree with the popular verdict. To myself I seem a monument of slow-moving sagacity."

"I am not very hasty," replied Imogen, "but I think I should like to begin on our arrangements at once. I am staying at the Plaza with a friend and her mother. Will you care to meet them? Or shall we go at once to look at the apartment you spoke of, and see if I like it?"

"Perhaps we had better do that at once, for if you do not like it we are going to have a pretty busy period finding another to suit."

Whereupon Imogen summoned a cab, with the driver of which she haggled a few minutes on the pavement, while the door boy, in the dull-blue liveries of the club, patiently held the carriage door open, and the extravagant Harriet, whose habit it was to grumble about cab charges only after her drives, frowned impatiently.

"Oh, well!" she concluded a train of reflection in which some doubts as to the wisdom of her course made themselves heard, "it's only for six months, and I can pay the inestimable Laurens her annual stipend, and send a little tobacco money"—she smiled whimsically—"to dear old dad. And next spring the Agassiz will begin to pay again, and dad will sell the pasture acres by the foot to city people who want to plant 'bungalows' on them, and I can be with my Millie-darling again, and forget that Miss Imogen Kendricks ever paid me wages."

CHAPTER III.

"I wonder how I could have thought her pretty," Imogen said to herself two weeks later, when, preliminaries arranged, trips to Akron and to Lee accomplished, the two ladies met at the Madison Avenue apartment.

Harriet's olive skin looked drab. Her big, dark eyes were made cavernous by

circles beneath them, her lips had lost their vivid scarlet. Only in the exquisite, intangible charm of her toilet was she the same woman from whom Imogen had parted a fortnight before.

"Perhaps I ought to have looked her up more thoroughly," went on the heiress' anxious mind. "If she can look as old and plain as this, when I had been thinking of her as something young and dashing, she may be a sell right through. Mr. Marcus is such a friend of hers that he might not have hesitated to recommend her as just what I wanted, even if he knew she was something quite different. Perhaps it was rouge before—they say some women do it so you can't tell. But then, why hasn't she rouged to-day?"

As a matter of fact, Harriet was living over again her last night with Millicent—her passionate, spoiled, beloved child. The little girl had insisted upon sharing her mother's bed the last night, and then she had grown hysterical with sobbing over the approaching separation. No promises of visits to be interchanged, no assurances of the temporary nature of her mother's absence, served to soothe her.

And she had completed the misery of the night by suddenly crying out: "If I can't have my father, I think you ought to stay with me all the time, and be my mother! Oh, I want my father and my mother! My father! My mother!"

Harriet, strongly moved to whip her, did not quite dare to risk that drastic form of medicament for hysteria, and had listened to the child until she finally fell asleep worn out with her own cries. The mother, harassed and almost exhausted by the strain, could not sleep. She had to lie quiet and ponder on all the miseries and mistakes Millicent's undisciplined, ardent nature would lead her into—a nature so like her own that Harriet felt rather like begging her daughter's pardon for the gift of it than punishing her for its manifestations.

And that call for her father! Was ever a woman so tortured? And only because of her own goodness, too! That was the reward which self-sacrifice ob-

tained in this world. If she had stifled the child's recollections, had poisoned her mind—but, no! She had been generous to the man; she had allowed him to write to his daughter. The two had loved each other so completely during the five years of their intercourse, Wilfrid and Millicent! Even as a tiny baby the child had turned to him with adoring eyes, and had bubbled with laughter in his arms. And as she grew older, the big, handsome man continued to exercise the same fascination over her. Had their life been of another sort—more closely knit, more dependent upon each other, as poverty knits lives and makes them mutually dependent—probably the strong bond between the child and Wilfrid would have succeeded in holding Harriet and Wilfrid also. She had often thought it—sometimes with longing for what might have been, sometimes with gasping breaths of relief for what she had escaped.

That was when she remembered that his attentions to a French danseuse had brought to a climax their domestic disagreements. A French danseuse—after her, after her, Harriet Seever! To be sure, her husband was enjoying very little of her society when the Gallic charmer intervened. They had not met for months without clashing. They were both so young, so undisciplined, so exacting when they were married, she and her second cousin, Wilfrid, the scion of the more prosperous branch of the old family. He was only a year her senior—it had been criminal to allow such infants, spoiled, imperious, untried, to marry! What had her father and Cousin Susan, Wilfrid's mother, been thinking of?

Ah, well, she knew! Her father, kind, provident soul, was thinking of her advantageous settlement in life; Cousin Susan, anxious mother, was thinking of the beneficially "settling" effect of early marriage upon her son. And they, too—she and Wilfrid—had been thinking of their love, their beautiful, fresh, ardent, young love for each other. Oh, it would never end! Other people's love might end—or that pale

dilution of passion which other people besottedly called love. But theirs, never, never, never!

How beautiful the first year had been, with travel and intimacy and luxury, with youth and high spirits and health and the boundless zest of life! Even their occasional flashes of misunderstanding, of mutual anger, had only lent a dash of contrast to the idyllic whole.

"Selfish, overbearing!" murmured Harriet to herself, the night that she lay tense and still upon her bed and listened for the occasional gasp of a remembered sob in Millicent's sleep, and lived again the life which the child's cries had forced her to recall. "Selfish, exacting, jealous, overbearing!"

And perhaps she had been a little overbearing and exacting, too, in the months before Millicent's birth. But even so, he ought to have borne with her more wisely, more kindly. And perhaps she had been foolish to begin that exclusive course of child worship afterward—shutting him out, with foolish, feminine mystery and pomp, from her life with the baby, shutting herself out of his life by her absorption in the affairs of the nursery. Oh, she had been a foolish young mother, she admitted. But—again—he might have been wiser and kinder. And he need not have so flaunted the baby's instant capitulation to him in her very eyes.

But there had been periods of rapture even after the first disillusionments, even after she had begun to find that Wilfrid was a man, no wiser, no steadier, no more divinely kind, than other men—or than women, than herself, for instance! There had been times of great joy, of abounding comradeship, of hearty quaffing at the golden bumper of life. And then more disagreements, more disillusionments, the collapse of Cousin Susan's theory that an early marriage necessarily removes a young man from all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. She recalled with a shudder of disgust the first time she had ever seen Wilfrid drink obviously too much. She recalled

their frightful quarrel over her purchase of a sable cloak when he was particularly hard up, thanks to his betting on his friend, Wainwright's horses. Gambling, she had called it—and asinine stupidity into the bargain!

Oh, it had all been hideous and a weariness to the flesh and the spirit alike. And when she, coming back from a duty trip taken to the German baths with rheumatic Aunt Angie—it was Wilfrid who had sent Aunt Angie, she grudgingly allowed herself to remember. Oh, yes, he was always free-handed with money! On coming home from that trip, five years ago, her trunks full of new clothes from Paris, her heart soft with yearning toward Wilfrid, as absence always made it, a new French nursery maid in her train for Millicent—coming home so, what had she heard while her husband's kiss of greeting was still warm on her lips, the heavenly dear pressure of his arms still close about her shoulders—what had she heard? Oh, it was a pretty tale for a young wife's ears, that of the bets among a group of idle young spendthrifts concerning the French dancer, that of her husband's jeweled tribute to her—Ugh!

She had made him a detestable scene, that she admitted to herself dispassionately as she recalled the affair. She wouldn't make such a scene now in the same circumstances. She was wiser now. She had stormed and reproached—stormed rather than reproached, as she remembered. And he had haughtily refused to make any explanations to "such a blind termagant," he had dared to call her. Later, when he had been willing, anxious, to make explanations, she had refused to hear them.

"He did not think of them quickly enough," she had informed Cousin Susan, his ambassador, with a sneer!

And, disregarding the prayers of her united family, she had packed up Millicent and the new French nurse and set out for a "civilized State where women did not have to brand their children as low-born in order to escape from unendurable shackles." So she had grandiloquently phrased it. On the

whole, she admitted to herself, she had been rather high-handed. But what of Wilfrid? What of the insolent creature, who was reported by her father to have said: "Oh, let her go ahead! What do I care about being written down a deserter or whatever it is? It's cheap to escape such a shrew at such a price!"

These had been the memories with which she had passed the night before "going out into service," as she expressed it to herself, at Miss Kendrick's. Those had been the memories which had bleached the color from her cheeks, dulled the light in her eyes, and made her whole bearing listless and languid. Even now, sitting in the softly tinted drawing room of the apartment which the heiress had taken, she was still seeing the shabby, attractive house she had left, the bewildered, self-reproachful look on her father's handsome old face, the tempestuous grief in Millie's eyes. It was not altogether remarkable that she was not presenting her most finished and charming appearance to her employer.

"I find I am asked to serve on two or three committees, Mrs. Seever," said Imogen, somewhat importantly, when the maid had withdrawn after bringing in the tea tray. "Would you accept, if you were I?"

"Are they committees of organizations working in causes in which you are interested?"

"No—that is, I don't know. There's a babies' hospital—an East Side settlement—a handicraft school—oh, and a suffrage league. I am certain about that. I believe that woman's place is the home, not the voting booth! But about the others, I am not so sure. I really think I should like something more—more evangelical."

"Such as?"

"Oh," vaguely answered Miss Kendrick, "sending Bibles somewhere, and helping missionaries in the foreign field, and perhaps some temperance causes."

Harriet looked a little alarmed.

"My dear!" she cried, with more vivacity than she had displayed since her arrival an hour before. "I wish I had



Why was it that she could not do the obviously sensible thing and marry David Marcus?

known you were a temperance advocate! But perhaps you are really that, and not a prohibitionist?"

"I signed the pledge when I was nine," replied Imogen virtuously, "and I have certainly never broken it. But what do you mean by saying that you wish you had known?"

"Merely that I wish I had thought to consult you before sending the orders. I have ordered all the customary alcoholic beverages. I am so sorry——"

"Would it make any difference, my being a prohibitionist?"

"Any difference? I don't understand."

"I mean—in my—in our—popularity. Will people like so well to——" She floundered in a momentary embarrassment, under the sudden amusement of Harriet's glance.

"Do you mean will people like to come to your dinners as well when you serve water, bright water, pure water, instead of the usual things? My dear child, if you want me to be quite frank with you, I doubt if they will. It's a polite fiction that we go to one another's

feasts for intellectual joys, but it has to be a very high and well-advertised brand of intellect that can compete in New York with a good chef and a capable wine merchant in surrounding a dinner table satisfactorily. I am talking now about the gay world—the silly world—the world of casual touch-and-go relationships, and not that of friendship and intimacies, of course. I hope our real friends would still come to see us if we took to serving health foods and cambric tea.”

Imogen drank in her mentor's wisdom, and was silent for a few seconds. Then she spoke with the decision which Harriet was beginning to believe characteristic of her, in spite of the feminine softness of her personality upon first view.

“Please order our dinners in the usual way, Mrs. Seever. I, of course, shall not drink wine; but, after all, I am too young and inexperienced to impose my views upon other people.”

She dropped meek eyelids over her blue eyes. Harriet favored her with a minute's deliberate scrutiny.

“It is a very wise doctrine, socially,” she observed coldly, “that of letting the world go to the devil in its own way.”

Imogen gave a start at this casual reference to his satanic majesty, but Harriet was oblivious of it.

“After all,” she finished, “I dare say only a few of us are called upon to be great reformers.”

She was to have another glimpse into Miss Kendricks' collection of principles before the evening was over. There were no guests on this day of their installation in the apartment, but after dinner Imogen announced that she was expecting a visit of business from Mr. Lyle, who managed a large part of the Kendricks estate for her.

“We'll be going over accounts in the library for a while,” she said. “But I'd like you to meet him, if you're not too tired. May I bring him in to you in the drawing room afterward?”

“Surely. I shall be glad to meet all your friends.”

Dinner had been early, and it was not

yet nine o'clock when Imogen, with her business man in tow, entered the drawing room, where Harriet was brooding before the fire. He was a long, lean, smooth-shaven young man, of that serious, unlined, unaging type which is elderly at twenty and no more elderly at forty. Harriet set him down as about thirty-five, and conceived an instant antipathy to him—too purely mental to be called an aversion, but full-grown and strong, for all its lack of physical repulsion. His thin, well-cut lips, she decided, were calculating even to cruelty, his high forehead and dome-shaped head, powerful as they were, seemed to her of the fanatic's type, and when a man cast in the fanatic mould had no greater subjects for his fanaticism than money and self-interest, Harriet promptly told herself, an unendurable personality was let loose upon the world. However, she politely veiled her immediate conclusions and greeted him composedly enough.

“I have just heard from Miss Kendricks,” said Mr. Lyle, in a pause when they had all exhausted the civil amenities concerning the weather, the opera, and Miss Kendricks' great good luck in securing the Vanderwoert box for alternate Mondays, through the Vanderwoerts' good luck in being plunged into mourning by the unregrettable death of their disreputable, and, what was worse, nearly feeble-minded son, “to what misfortune she is in part indebted that you are free to introduce her into New York this season.”

“All misfortunes seem to be turning out well for Miss Kendricks this winter,” replied Harriet, with exaggerated airiness. She loathed the knowledge that this young man had been talking over her affairs. “The Vanderwoerts”, as we have just seen, and even my pica-yune entanglement. ‘Sweet are the ways of adversity’—are you fond of Shakespeare, Mr. Lyle?”

“If we had only known in time,” pursued Mr. Lyle, entirely ignoring Harriet's banal question, with its intimation that she preferred not to talk of her concerns with him, “it need not have happened. A real dilemma, you see.

If we had known you before the Agassiz people suspended, you could have withdrawn your account in time to save it; but it was only the suspension of the Agassiz that gave us the honor of your acquaintance. And since the suspension is merely temporary, we are obliged to rejoice over making your acquaintance," he continued, with relentless, heavy-footed gallantry, "even though you pay so dear for the moment."

"I don't quite follow," said Harriet quickly, alert in voice and bearing. "Had my acquaintance with Miss Kendricks"—she rigidly excluded him—"begun earlier, my losses need not have happened? What does that mean?"

Imogen smiled benignly and explained.

"You see," she said, "Mr. Lyle was elected to the place on the Agassiz board of directors left vacant by my father's death. The directors foresaw this—this—"

"Temporary embarrassment," supplied Mr. Lyle.

"Temporary embarrassment, some time ago. When it was really impossible to avert, they gave warning to their friends, who had a chance to withdraw their accounts before the bank closed."

There was a little wave of red that ran over Harriet's face—the signal, as her friends knew, of an awakened anger—the blood of the abolitionist grandfather declaring itself.

"Ah," she said. "It is in England, I believe, where proof of such conduct on the part of the directors of a bank would land them in jail!"

"I'm sure I don't see why," complained Imogen. "Surely no one would want his friends to lose money, when a word from him might save them."

"Gentlemen with such intense and narrow loyalty to personal friendship," retorted Harriet, "should keep—or be kept—out of positions of public trust. Bank directors owe their first duty to the bank and its depositors as a whole." Suddenly she laughed. "Mr. Lyle was regarding her with suspicious scrutiny. "I'm afraid I'm being very rude," she apologized, "and doubtless very absurd as well."

"Well," smiled the young man forgivingly, "you see, you didn't happen to have a friend on the board, and to be able to profit by his—breach of public trust, as you seem to want to call it—and so it's natural for you to regard it all from the abstract, ethical point of view. But the directors will bring it through all right—you'll see."

Out of the distant past, she seemed again to hear her husband protesting—with all that youthful, exaggerated, overlord manner of his, against her banking with the Agassiz Trust Company, and again she heard him explain his distrust of the concern with a curt: "I know the directors."

She hoped that he was far enough in the wilderness to have no information regarding finance in the United States. Since the emotional storm of last night he had seemed so horribly near to her—she had seen half a dozen men only that day on the street who had made her heart stop beating for a second by some fancied resemblance to Wilfrid—of course, when they had come nearer they had been grotesquely, lamentably unlike him. And now, here in Miss Kendricks' pale-hued drawing room, with its ivory and faint gold walls and hangings, she heard the echoes of his voice in her ears, sounding across the gulf of years.

She came out of her little trance of memory to find that Mr. Lyle was bending over her, and murmuring good night to a pleasant accompaniment of promise that she should soon have cause to think better of the Agassiz Trust Company's directorate.

"Won't you come in my room for a little while, Mrs. Seever?" Imogen asked her, when he had withdrawn. "I've made a few changes, and Jorkins and I settled before you came."

Harriet smiled acquiescence, and followed the girl into her little suite—the tiny boudoir about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, the dressing room and bath, and the bedroom beyond. Imogen dismissed Jorkins, the English maid who had come to her "with the place," and to whose solemn services she was still somewhat unaccustomed, and Har-

riety said politely approving things of the changes that had been made.

"Did you ever see my father?" asked the younger woman. "Here is his picture."

She handed her chaperon the photograph of an elderly man, bald-headed, long-jawed, with a beard flowing from his chin and a severely smooth upper lip—Harriet needed only a glance at the typical, shrewd, powerful, countryman's face to understand why the late financier had never lost the sobriquet of "deacon." She studied it a minute, with a feeling of sympathy for the girl looking over her shoulder at it—Harriet adored her own father, and there was no emotion which awoke so prompt a response in her breast as filial affection.

"How hard for you to lose him!" she said, looking up at Imogen with something like tenderness.

Imogen's eyes were full of tears. She nodded.

"He was the best man," she said sincerely.

A swift recollection of the destructive coups planned by the deacon occurred to Harriet, and made her ponder the wide variety of definitions which a simple word like "good" may have, but she murmured something that sounded concurrent, and looked again at the portrait. Then she started to lay it back in its place on Imogen's little toy boudoir desk. On the opposite corner there was another photograph, silver-framed like the deacon's. Harriet almost caught her breath in a gasp. It was her husband's.

"May I see this, too?" she asked, commanding her voice, and lifting the photograph.

There was no mistake—it was Wilfrid; Wilfrid in the khaki and the pith helmet of the tropics; Wilfrid with a face more lined and old than she had known it, but Wilfrid unmistakably—and, oh, that she should admit it—unmistakably winning, unmistakably dear!

"That," Imogen was announcing, in a tone that struck Harriet as self-conscious and purposely confused, "is a Mr.—why, a Mr. Seever! His name is the same as yours."

"Naturally." Harriet's mouth was dry and seemed to her full of sawdust, but she spoke with an air of unconcern. "Naturally—for he is my—cousin."

When she had begun the sentence she had not been clear in her mind as to how she should end it. Now that the word "cousin" had escaped her lips, she would have given the world if she had only said "husband," but she had not—she had not. And now she could not. She could never tell this simpering girl, who kept Wilfrid's picture on her desk with her father's, that she, Harriet, had been the man's wife—a wife so unloved, so neglected, so outraged, that she was his wife no longer! She could admit nothing to this girl who had Wilfrid's picture on her desk, opposite to her father's. To-morrow she would leave the house—she would go and be a saleswoman somewhere, or a shopper for out-of-town women, or a renovator of other people's homes—she would put her few pitifully inadequate talents out to such market as she could find for them; but she would not tell this girl that she was Wilfrid Seever's ex-wife—not this girl who was planning to be his wife in the future, or Harriet missed her jealous guess! This girl, who might even now be engaged to him, who might—

Harriet stood up.

"I'm so sorry, but I must go to my room. I had a touch of vertigo on the train to-day—so little sleep last night," she said vaguely. "To-morrow you must tell me all about how you happened to meet my cousin. Good night!"

No tears came to assuage the dry burning of her eyes as she lay sleepless on her bed; no sobs to lift the awful weight of misery from her breast. She had a sense of utter mortification—it was that, she passionately assured herself, which tortured her now—no new jealousy, no ghost of old love.

CHAPTER IV.

Three of the six months for which Mrs. Seever had engaged to play social guide, philosopher, and friend to Miss Imogen Kendricks had passed. The stormy resolution which Harriet had

taken to end the connection on the very day after she had formed it had come to nothing. The strangest, the most impossible of all feelings had interposed to prevent her going. She could not bear to leave the house where she might torment herself daily with a sight of Wilfrid's picture, might flagellate her soul by listening to Imogen's talk of him.

Of course, she did not admit to herself that these opportunities for self-immolation were irresistible attractions offered by her position with Miss Kendricks. On the contrary, on the morning when she awoke from a late-won, troubled doze to a realization that not thirty feet away was one who had lately seen Wilfrid, she said to herself that plain, worldly wisdom, the commonest kind of common sense, must prevent her from being a hysterical fool, and making trouble not only for herself, but for this young girl. She pictured Imogen's chagrin and anger at being obliged to send a hurry call to Ohio for the rejected Cousin Mary to come on and play duenna.

It would be wrong to repudiate her bargain with the girl merely because she discovered that the girl knew Wilfrid, was probably sentimentally interested in him. What difference did it make to her, Harriet Seever, free woman, living her own life? There would be no awkward meeting with Wilfrid during the six months of her engagement, for David Marcus said that he was still loafing in Africa.

Of course she ought to have mentioned the more vital relation she had sustained to Wilfrid, instead of uttering that half-truth about his being a cousin—but, after all, why? He *was* her cousin—her second cousin, her cousin once-removed, or whatever the phrase was. He was not her husband. Maritally, he was nothing to her—nothing whatever! He could marry whom he pleased. So could she! And she would marry some day, merely to prove to herself that her heart was empty of Wilfrid's presence!

Thus, confusedly, defiantly, ran her reflections that next morning. She

would not give up her position—why, she had ordered a horribly expensive dinner gown, and furs, and all sorts of things in which to chaperon an heiress fitly! How dishonest to her costumers to give up the position which would enable her to pay for them! How abominable to the poor colonel, whose Christmas present was to be a decent-sized check! To Miss Laurens, the peerless governess, to Millie, and Aunt Angie, and everybody!

Of course, she couldn't do it. She would merely mention casually to Miss Kendricks that she had once been married to Mr. Seever—oh, very casually, as she would mention having sat next him at an almost forgotten dinner—and she would make no change in her plans, unless—well, unless Miss Kendricks' relation with him would make it unbecoming for her to be chaperoned by his ex-wife! Unless Miss Kendricks was engaged to him, in short—and she couldn't be that—yet—or Wilfrid would have told her all the story of his life, and she, Harriet, would already know for what she really was.

Thus she had reasoned and planned, as she drank her coffee and nibbled her toast, sitting up in bed with the pillows piled behind her. She had forgotten to open her letters while she planned; she had neglected to read even the headlines of her morning paper. And when, at eleven, Imogen, pretty and fresh as a cowslip, in her yellow silk dressing gown, had come to her door, apologetically to rap and eagerly to demand whether Harriet's first dinner invitations had been accepted yet or not, Harriet was obliged to plunge into the neglected correspondence then and there.

Three months ago that had been, and Harriet was still Imogen's chaperon, and had heard all about her meeting with Wilfrid, and had even seen his handwriting on an envelope with an outlandish postmark, and still she had never told Imogen the truth. She had been bred a fearless woman, with the perhaps arrogant fearlessness of the fortunately placed—that courage which comes of the acknowledgment of no

higher tribunal of judgment or punishment than one's own will. Yet for all that bravery which her enemies had sometimes found merely insolence, she had not been able to bring herself to say the truth to Imogen. It was not fear of consequences—Harriet's "worldly wisdom" was as short as that of all the SeEVERs, in spite of her worldly knowledge; she did not care whether or not Imogen Kendricks liked her, liked the fact of her divorce, but she could not bring herself to speak of it. Pride, shame, old wounded feelings, all forbade.

Her plans for Imogen's social campaign had all carried well. The girl was of the apparently soft, pliable stuff out of which docile pupils are made. She placed herself unreservedly in Harriet's hands with a promptness and completeness which really revealed her as a person of decision and ability. She gave intelligent ear to her chaperon's counsel in the fundamental matter of stays, and she took up physical culture with a determination which promised well for the future of the figure threatened with the "feather-pillow" fate, which Harriet had foreseen. She hearkened to Mrs. Seever when she spoke of coiffure and of clothes, and she never resisted one of her social dicta.

Originally there had been a slight clash as to the people to be invited to the apartment. Imogen, in the thoroughness of her ambition, was for blotting Ohio, so far as she had known it, off the social map.

"My dear child, why?" Harriet had demanded impatiently. "Believe me there couldn't be a worse policy. Do take the stand that you are a woman of good position, with desirable friends and acquaintances. You are in New York, which is a new ground to you—well! So you wish to make some new acquaintances. Perfectly natural and proper—if you don't do the snobbish and utterly futile thing of forgetting your former friends. You needn't invite uncongenial souls to meet one another at dinner, or at any festivity where they would have a chance to bore one another. But as for your musicale

—it's absurd! Invite every friend you have!"

Imogen had looked at her speculatively, doubtfully.

"Of course, I shall be guided by you," she said, in the tone of one who is not quite sure that she will be.

"Do!" Harriet laughed. "For I am sure that I am the salt of the earth and wisdom will die with me."

"It's funny to hear you say that," said the young girl. "Your cousin used to, often."

All the light and laughter faded from Harriet's face. In an instant it grew dark, stern, unlovely.

"My father is the member of the family from whom we all adopted the modest quotation," she answered shortly. "But apart from that, I do hope you'll not think of failing to invite those ladies we met in the tea room at Sherry's, the other day. I am sure the young one was charming, and the mother perfectly—unobjectionable. The New York people whom you are asking will be glad to see a new face."

"Well," assented Imogen, in the long-drawn-out monosyllable of misgiving.

But she had raised no further objections, and now whenever she was aware of the presence in the city of any of her old acquaintances, she invited them to her new home, and agreed with her mentor that her own social popularity did not suffer for her amiability.

Her social popularity was but mild, in spite of her millions. There were, to be sure, mothers of marriageable young men, sisters of marriageable young men, and a good many marriageable young men in person, who paid her undeniable court. But a shrewd brain lodged behind Imogen's milky, bland forehead. The limpid blue eyes could see as far into the heart of a palpable plot as the next one; farther, sometimes, for she had the suspiciousness with which Providence dowers heiresses, lest money should make them too happy.

Harriet Seever's own circle adopted the girl in a sort of stepmotherly way—enduring her for Harriet's sake, rather than folding her to its bosom for

her own. But Harriet's immediate circle was admitted to be a difficult one. "You have to have brains to belong," as some one once said. Imogen had brains of a high order, but they were not of the sort which taught her the open sesame to the brilliant little band of Harriet's intimates; they were not of the sort which made conversation glitter with bon mots, made it ripple with laughter over daring sallies. They had not been used for generations in weighing art and literature, politics and society—and in finding all these things largely wanting.

If there was any touch of talent about Imogen, it was in the plain line of business, and though Harriet's inmost circle by no means disdained the golden fruits of successful business, it had an insolent way of demanding other things along with them. And this Imogen was keen enough to see. How fully she understood it was revealed to Harriet in a somewhat embarrassing fashion one day.

She had made a flying visit to her father's over one Sunday. Imogen had been invited to a week-end party at a big house on the Hudson, to whose mistress' pet charity she had contributed a judicious five thousand dollars a month before, and Harriet, though also invited, had begged off and had run up to Lee. On Monday she had returned to the apartment and had found an accumulation of correspondence to be looked over. She went into the library with it, and disposed of it at the big carved Spanish mahogany desk.

The library was to her mind the most restful room in the house. She liked the rich Burgundy red hangings, the dark luster of the wood, the dark leather of the chairs. She liked the walls lined clear to the carved ceiling with lovingly bound books, whose gentle lus-

ter was seldom emphasized by a dash of vivid red or blue. And especially she loved the alcove at one end of the room, separated from it by an arch, curtained in the wine-colored damask. For the alcove contained a semicircular window, with a broad seat running about it. It looked out across the roofs and spires of the vast city to the East River, and Long Island beyond; and on clear days one could see even beyond, to a second dim line of blue that meant the Sound.

It was a wonderful view, night or day, and in the time when her friends had lived in the apartment, and she had



G.W. HARTING

Harriet's first glance remained frozen upon him.

been their frequent guest, the window seat had been a favorite nook of hers and theirs. Nowadays the library was but little used, Imogen seeming to regard it merely as a handsome and convenient office in which to go over accounts with the indefatigable Mr. Lyle, and preferring to spend her social hours in the delicately tinted drawing room.

However, to-day Imogen was up on the Hudson. She would not be at home until after the opera that night; the whole party was to motor down in time for "Aïda," at which Harriet was to join it. Until eight o'clock, then, she was her own mistress. Her letters finished, she went over to the window seat, the heavy damask curtains falling shut behind her. She was a little weary from her trip, from the inevitable little scene with Millie, from the almost equally inevitable little scene with David Marcus, who had been at Hundred-elms over Sunday, and who had made her one of his whimsical proposals—only it had not seemed quite so whimsical as usual.

Why was it, she wondered, settling herself luxuriously among the cushions on the window seat, and pulling a silk rug over her; why was it that she could not do the obviously sensible thing and marry David Marcus? There was no other man whom she liked half so well, no other man whom she respected half so highly, no other on whom she leaned with such perfect trust. Ah, but he was an honorable man to whom a woman might safely confide her life. Gentle in all his ways—no overmastering, hot-headed boy. Perhaps that was it—he was no boy, but a seasoned man of affairs who had learned his lesson of restraint.

She and Wilfrid had been children—foolish children. And then, with the invariable thought of Wilfrid, the invariable contrast between him and David, she half admitted to her heart the reason why she could not take David's offer of peace and security, of dignity and happy companionship. Too much of the ardent, undisciplined girl she had been remained in her, despite the teaching of the years.

She sighed, half accepting the notion. She sighed more gustily, repudiating it. And she sank deeper into the cushions. Ah, she had made a sad wreck of her life! She must see to it that Millie made no such ruin of hers; she must teach the child the virtues she herself lacked. She must—

By and by she had ceased to think of Millie, or of Wilfrid, or even of her own unhappy lot. The seductive cushions had done their work. The warmth, the quiet, the pleasant intimacy of her beloved nook, had put her to sleep. She awoke gently, coming out of a dream into what first seemed another. For there were voices; one of them was of a man saying:

"But aside from love, Imogen, you'll never find any one else so devoted to your interests."

"I know it, Rick," Imogen's voice answered composedly. "But we must both make better marriages than this of ours would be—better, I mean, in a large sense; marriages which will further father's plans."

"I don't think," replied Mr. Lyle, with a not unnatural sulkiness in his tones, "that there are many men capable of carrying out your father's plans as well as I am myself. Why don't you say it at once, and be done with it. Imogen? You don't love me, and you're ambitious. You think your millions ought to buy you a title, I suppose."

Harriet was broad awake now, and the sense of what she had overheard penetrated to her mind. But her own course of action was by no means clear to her. Could she fill that unfortunate young man's cup of embarrassment and mortification full to overflowing, by announcing herself as the overhearer of his spurned proposal to the heiress? She could not! How then could she prevent herself from overhearing further love-and-despair passages? Only by noiselessly raising the middle section of the window—a physical and acoustic impossibility—and hurling herself to the courtyard eleven stories below! On the whole, she would prefer to remain an eavesdropper. Especially as there

could be nothing left for her to hear less intended for her ears than what she had already heard.

She closed her eyes again and composed herself to woo deafness. But Imogen was defending herself from the title-buying charge—defending herself with that prim, virtuous seriousness which was, to Harriet's mind, the very essence of Imogen.

"You ought to know me well enough to know better than that, Rick," she answered him. "I am an American, a patriotic one, I hope. My father hated foreigners, as you know. I don't like them, either. I think the money he made—an American in America—should remain where he made it. Besides, I am not the sort of a woman who could tolerate the European notions of morality. I most certainly do not want a titled husband—a titled rake, he would probably be."

Harriet smiled bitterly in her retreat.

"Does the little goose imagine that Europe has a monopoly of rakes?" she questioned impatiently in her mind.

"But what I do want," went on Imogen, warming to her subject, "is the very best that this country can give. I don't mean wealth—I have enough of that. But I want what I haven't—an old family name, a really fashionable position. I want to know that with my money and my husband's position there is nothing higher in this country than what I stand for. And, Rick"—she spoke kindly, but without softness—"I think that you should want the same thing for yourself. If we should marry we would be, except in the world of finance, two rich nonentities. But if we both marry as we should, we shall be two rich, socially important people. Father always said that you were bound to be a very wealthy man."

"Since you see so clearly what it is best for me to have," remarked Mr. Lyle, still evidently aggrieved that his own solution of their joint destinies had not met with Imogen's high approval, "perhaps you can tell me where the lady and gentleman who are to rescue us from the state of rich nonentities can be found."

There was a pause. Harriet, despite the embarrassment of her involuntary position, smiled to herself. Mr. Lyle was affecting to speak satirically; but she thought that he was really seeking the information which he pretended to deride.

"You can find your fate in this very house," replied Imogen weightily, after her minute's silence.

Harriet almost sat bolt upright in her excitement and rage.

"Here?" Mr. Lyle stumbled in his surprise. "Here? You mean—you don't—you can't—mean—"

"Mrs. Seever. But I do. She's everything that you need." Harriet's hands gripped the silk rug in rage. "She's one of the oldest families in the United States, one of the most distinguished. She's an aristocrat to her finger tips, she's fashionable, which," concluded Imogen sagely, showing that her three months of social training had not been wasted, "is something entirely different. With money she could do anything she felt like doing in New York. And she needs money, and needs it badly."

"While you, I suppose," observed Mr. Lyle, again concealing a real desire for information under a jeering tone, "could work out your own plans with her cousin, whom you met in Egypt?"

Harriet's heart stopped beating for a second. The fingers clutching the silk rug grew cold.

"Well? And if I do?" Imogen spoke at last. And now there was a softness in her voice, a telltale sweetness.

"Imogen, my dear," said Richard Lyle, "I am not so blinded by my emotions that I fail to perceive the truth; this eminently reasonable, ambitious union you are proposing for yourself fits in with your inclination. You find yourself in love, or on the borderland of love, with Mr. Wilfrid Seever."

"If that were true"—and Harriet detected a faint wavering in Imogen's voice—"I still should deny myself the right to marry him—provided he should ever ask me—if the union did not fit in with my plans."

"Do you know," asked Lyle abruptly,

in a changed voice, "that he is one of the heavy stockholders in the F. H. & K. Railroad? I am inclined to think that the greater part of his income is derived from it. His father was one of the makers of that road."

"I know it—both its."

"And yet you want to go on with the effort to buy up the F. H. & K. for the deliberate purpose of abandoning—wrecking it?" There was a new tone of interest in Lyle's manner; he was the naturalist, confronted with a new specimen.

"Why not? Was it not my father's dearest wish to have the sole right of way through that Northwestern country? Would it not be cheaper for us to get rid of the F. H. & K., even at the cost of practically buying it, than to have it as a competitor for the Kendricks' system?"

"But if you are in love with the man!"

"I have never said anything of the sort. I have merely admitted that he is the sort of a man I think it wisest for me to marry."

"Admit it or not, there isn't a shadow of a doubt that you are in love with him—as much as you can be with any one!" The rejected lover spoke without heat, and with his usual deliberation. "And yet you'd just as soon as not go ahead and make a beggar of him!"

"You are talking very sentimentally, Rick." Miss Kendricks' tone was cold. "Haven't you sense enough to see, you with all your shrewdness, that—well, that with a husband of a certain kind—self-willed, maybe, quick-tempered—oh, not at all perfect!—that with a man like that a woman would be in a securer position if she, and she alone, held the purse strings?"

"Imogen, you're a wonder." Mr. Lyle spoke with deep, almost gasping, admiration. At last he was stirred out of his usual calm. "You have"—his voice trembled at the greatness of his tribute—"you have your father's own brains!"

"My dear father!" said Imogen softly. There was real tenderness in her

voice. "My dear old dad? Rick, he was the most wonderful man I shall ever know. He was the best man in the world!"

There was almost a passion of sincerity in her manner. Harriet, hot and cold with rage, and disgust, and embarrassment, full of hatred and scorn for Imogen's ideals and her intricate, deliberate scheming, nevertheless acknowledged to herself, lying hid in the alcove, that the strange girl had loved her father—and almost acknowledged that there must have been something in him, the emotionless wrecker of other men's fortunes and happiness, to compel that love. Strange, strange, the many definitions of goodness! Strange, the mixture of goodness and heartlessness in the world, and—her thoughts leaped across a continent to Wilfrid in khaki and pith helmet—of warm, kind, noble impulses with recklessness—badness!

The two, outside in the room, spoke for a few minutes more about the old deacon, recalling his virtues, his loathing for tobacco and alcohol, his generosity to the church, his rigorous attendance at its services, his kindly pensions to old-time companions hopelessly worsted in the grim battle of living.

"And dogs—and cats—do you remember how he loved them?" Imogen's voice was full of tears. "I always see him in the sitting room at home, with Tige lying on the rug before him, and Plutarch on his knee." The sentence broke on a little sob.

"You want to remember, Imogen," Mr. Lyle reminded her, "that I knew him, too, and knew him as you did—not as all these other people think they knew him! To them he was an ungrammatical, hard-headed, hard-hearted, hypocritical old pirate. Don't look at me like that, for I am not one of them. I'm merely pointing out to you that if you refuse me, dear, you'll be refusing the one person in the world who can understand and sympathize with you. And besides," he added, as an afterthought, "you will break my heart."

Imogen laughed at the unexpected sentiment.

"No, no, Rick! Your heart won't be even dented. And if it were, I've shown you where to find a splendid soothing."

"Liniment? Nonsense! She wouldn't look at me."

"Make her," was Imogen's succinct advice.

"She's as proud as Lucifer."

"She's as poor as a church mouse, and she has a daughter to bring up and launch."

"I think she dislikes me."

"Oh, come on out of this gloomy room, Rick! Let me sign those papers you telegraphed me down from the country to sign, and don't let's waste any more time on love affairs. Don't you remember that father always said any one could do anything, provided he set his mind on it?"

"Well," agreed Mr. Lyle, as he followed his hostess out of the room, "the old deacon certainly proved his saying true in his own case. And if you positively won't—"

"I positively won't!" declared Imogen, with something of coquetry in her voice.

And then the door closed behind them, and Harriet was left to her reflections upon what she had heard. At the opera that night they said that she was looking uncommonly brilliant and radiant, from which it may be inferred that white rage, if suppressed of necessity, is something of a beautifier.

CHAPTER V.

"Aren't you glad, Harrie, that you're old enough to do pretty much as you please? That you don't have to be surrounded with flaming swords or flaming tongues, or whatever species of flames chaperons are supposed to represent, when you want to do a harmless little thing like lunching with me?"

David Marcus leaned back in his chair, in the garish, gay restaurant, and looked happily at Harriet across a point-setta. It seemed to him that the brilliant flower lit up all the brilliance of Harriet's dark, piquant face.

"By Jove!" he added, "you've got one

of those things in your bonnet, haven't you?" He indicated the scarlet blossom. "Great stroke of luck our coming here where everything is so harmonious to your costume! But you don't answer me. Aren't you glad you're old enough to do as you please?"

"Dear David, no matter how a woman enjoys the liberty of her advancing years, it's not tactful to throw them in her teeth. It's not such an unmixed joy to know you've reached the time of life when the most censorious couldn't suspect you of indiscretion, if that's what you meant. And furthermore, I think I always did pretty much as I pleased."

"That's been the trouble with you, Harrie," he informed her comfortably. "You don't mind if I smoke a cigarette before we go out? Thank you. That's been the trouble with you. You want to begin now and do as other people please—as I please, for example. I needn't recall to your recollection how you could best please me?"

Harriet laughed mischievously.

"But that might displease some one else."

"Thousands of 'em would find their lives embittered by it," agreed David handsomely. "We'd arrange consolation prizes for them. Are there any new aspirants?"

She bubbled into laughter.

"One. Oh, don't lay it to my vanity! It's a fact, not merely the fiction of an elderly, flattered imagination. I overheard it arranged—the plan by which I was to help Mr. Lyle to mount to dizzy fashionable heights, while he paid my bills."

"Conceited jackass!" commented David vulgarly. "But I somehow thought that he and the heiress were foreordained for each other."

"No," snapped Harriet. "She has other plans."

She looked around the room, with the obvious intention of changing the subject, and asked concerning the identity of two people at the next table. David was unable to satisfy her curiosity concerning the man, but the woman, a long, sinuous creature, with



"Ah, Harrie! Here you are!" He tried to speak jauntily.

her length of limb exaggerated by her gown, which clung in straight lines, by sleeves which came down to her knuckles, by long earrings which touched her shoulders, and with the blackness of her hair and the whiteness of her skin emphasized by the dead white broadcloth and the sleek black fur of her costume, was some one whose name he knew. He hesitated a minute before answering, however.

"She's a Madame Perrot, I believe," he said at last.

"She looks like something from—well, no, not exactly from the chorus. Is she anybody? Singer—dancer?" Harriet spoke idly. She wanted to keep

the conversation away from Imogen's matrimonial plans.

"Used to dance," said David shortly, making a great to-do about summoning his waiter and obtaining his check.

"What did she dance in? And did I ever see her?" Harriet's untoward luck compelled her to keep on.

"I don't know."

But at that moment the lady at the next table caught sight of Harriet. She favored her with an instant's stare and leaned forward to her vis-à-vis. The band crashed through a loud finale into silence, and in that sudden quiet Harriet heard Madame Perrot, her tones unregulated to the new acoustic requirements, saying: "Wilfrid Seever's wife?" The gentleman answered in discreetly lowered voice, and in an instant they were leaving the dining room. Harriet questioned David with her eyes.

"Madame Perrot had an advantage over me," she said. "Who was she?"

"She called herself Aimée Montesquieu," he answered shortly.

Harriet paled. Aimée Montesquieu was the dancer concerning whom Wilfrid had made his unhappy bet that summer when she had beer-away at the German baths with Aunt Angie, the dancer to whom he had given the extravagant—the notorious—gift of jewels!

"I didn't know that she was in this country," she remarked after a moment.

"Neither did I," said David idly. "Come, let us get out of here. It's the closest, noisiest hole in the city. You can't hear yourself think." The band had begun again.

"Somehow, I do not have the yearning to hear myself think—or to think—which you seem to have," said Harriet, "but by all means let us get out."

They pushed their way through the crowded restaurant and out into the brilliant New York afternoon.

"Let's cut our jobs and take a walk or a drive in the park," suggested David hopefully.

"Not I! I have to meet Imogen and take her to the Van Cleecks'—Alice's wedding reception. She wouldn't know many people and would have a horrid time."

"As you will! The park would be much better, though. You'll want a cab? Horse or taxi? Taxi!" He turned to give the order to the doorman, and they waited for an instant.

While they stood, making desultory conversation, a man turned the corner of Fifth Avenue, and swung toward the restaurant entrance—a tall man, broad-shouldered, lithe, with a swinging walk, with blue eyes sparkling out of a bronzed face, with a forehead heavily lined with thought or disappointment—or maybe, merely with squinting at the sun in treeless places. Every one gave him a second glance. Harriet's first one remained frozen upon him. She put out her hand and caught David's arm. He looked from the approaching taxi to her, and followed the direction of her eyes toward the stranger. At the same instant, the stranger saw them. There was an almost imperceptible pause among the three, and then David, interposing a protecting shoulder between Harrie and the newcomer, led her toward the cab, nodding toward the man as he passed.

"So!" cried Harriet tensely, from the shelter of the vehicle. "So! That's the reason she's back, is it? Because he is, too! Oh, this is too outrageous!"

"Up the avenue—anywhere," said David to the chauffeur, and entered behind Harriet.

"My dear girl," he said earnestly, "please try to control yourself. Remember that when you divorced Wilfrid you lost all right to complain of anything that he might do. And—I honestly believe that what you saw today was the merest and most awkward of coincidences. I know the man has been in Africa and the East almost con-

tinuously. I know that she has been in Paris. But even if they had been together, remember that—it—is—none—of—your—business, Harrie, dear!" He spoke gently, smilingly, at the end.

"Of course I know," she agreed wearily. "I'm a fool. I'm ashamed of myself. Now, David, dear, will you kindly get out, and let me go on alone to collect Imogen and to show up at the Van Cleecks'?"

"If you want me to."

"I do." He gave the signal for stopping the machine.

"What are you going to do now?" Harriet asked the question eagerly.

He shook his head reprovingly upon her.

"I'm going back to the Martin, since you must hear me say it, to see if I can find Wilfrid."

He held her hand in a friendly clasp for a second. He loved her very dearly, admired her very heartily, but not even those sentiments could kill in his heart the old affection for Wilfrid Seever, the old thought of delight in his companionship. And as Harriet drew a deep breath, and looked at him out of eyes brimming with tears, he knew that in some perverse way she was envying him his opportunity to see Wilfrid, to hear his lazy voice, to watch the laughter leap into his blue eyes. At the end of the long gaze between them, she admitted it.

"Do you know," she said, as David alighted at the curb, "I'm sorer than ever that we were married, Wilfrid and I. If we hadn't been—if it had been some other woman he insulted—why, I should be seeing him, too."

"Harrie!" half groaned David. But her cab was resuming its tortuous route up the street.

Not until she had met Imogen, and had conducted her through the mazes of the reception of the Van Cleecks, did it occur to her that she was in something of a dilemma. She had never revealed the fact of her relationship with Wilfrid to the girl, and the girl was his sentimental friend, at least. Of course he would soon be coming to see her; perhaps she knew even now of his pres-

ence in the city. Perhaps she had seen him—but no. If she had seen him, she would have mentioned the name of her chaperon, and the whole thing would have come out, in all its ugliness.

"If only these last six weeks were over!" thought Harriet desperately. "Why on earth didn't I tell her in the beginning? What will she think my silence meant? What do I care what she thinks? Silly, silly, to get into a muddle over such a simple thing!"

She frowned to think that she was not in the position to return to Miss Kendricks the last half of her salary, and to declare that she was imperatively needed at home. The money had come in advance, half at the beginning of the first three months, half at the beginning of the second. And Harriet had been actually dallying with the notion of agreeing to be the heiress' social guide for six months, chiefly in Europe.

Imogen, the very day after the news was published that the President had appointed Joseph Delaney as ambassador to fill out the unexpired term of the gentleman who had resigned from a great European capital, had begged Harriet to renew the engagement with her, at twice the salary, for the next six months. She had never forgotten that Madame Delaney was Harriet's adoring godmother, and she saw vistas of achievement opening up before her.

But Harrie had not bound herself, although the offer tempted her. The Agassiz Trust Company had shown no intention of immediate resumption of business; she needed the money, and why should she deny it? She loved the money and the free power of spending it, after her cramped years. What if it was some one else's money, for some one else's ambitions? It was she who was actually choosing, buying, arranging. Still, she had not leaped at Imogen's offer. She did not want to be too far away from the old colonel, too long away from Millie.

And now, probably to-morrow, the heiress would say to her:

"So, Mrs. Seever, you are the divorced wife of a gentleman whom I much admire, whom I mean to marry.

You have been a rather despicable coward not to let me know it. Would you mind making ready to leave my establishment as soon as my Cousin Mary from Akron comes?"

Harriet laughed, even in her perplexity, to think how Imogen would hate to have her Cousin Mary. Well, she needn't have her; there were plenty of women now who would agree to finish the work which Harrie had begun.

"When she knows that he is back, she won't want to try Europe for the half year," reflected Harriet. "There'll be no more question of my staying on. I needn't concern myself about that. All that I need to think of is the next six weeks. If they were over——"

Then an inspiration came to her. She would command Wilfrid to remain away from the heiress, to keep silence concerning her, Harriet, for six weeks; he could go West shooting—or looking at the railroad which his gentle bride-in-prospect was planning to wreck. He could keep out of New York. And when she was through with her engagement—oh, why had she spent every sou of her salary before the ink was well dried upon the check?—he could present himself for Imogen's delicate manipulations. Unless, of course, the affair with Madame Perrot was still on. Imogen was a Puritan. She would never overlook such things as those. And again Harriet's cheeks burned hot with the fire that had consumed her years before when gossip had first forced upon her the knowledge of Aimée Montesquieu's existence.

She would marry David Marcus herself, thereby showing how well her old wounds had healed! And thereby putting Mr. Richard Lyle in his place—intrusive, omnipresent person! She would marry David Marcus, and have a calm, cheerful companionship with a man who was all a man, fine, generous, brave, all a gentleman, courteous, honorable, cultivated. Oh, she would show the hanger-on at Aimée Montesquieu's skirts, the aspirant for Deacon Kendricks' millions, that she was no lonely, despised, rejected woman!

So constantly was Wilfrid in her

mind that it was not surprising she should meet him the next morning. The power of her concentrated thought could almost have evolved a presence like his, but it was not fancy conjured out of morning air, but himself. Imogen was having a committee meeting of the Debutantes Anti-Suffrage League—a most swagger organization—at the house. She, Harriet, had errands to do on the avenue. She swung west through Thirtieth Street, and at the corner she walked straight into Wilfrid, headed east.

They stared at each other for a moment. Recognition, recollection—what was there not in that glance between the fiery brown eyes and the flashing blue? Harriet inclined her head stiffly. Wilfrid's hat was in his hand.

"I—may I speak with you?" Her tone was not inviting.

"It is—what I hardly dared hope," he replied, turning and falling in beside her. "Where shall we go?"

"We need not go anywhere. A very few minutes will enable me to say all that I have to say."

"There are a few things I should like to say myself," he suggested, lazily smiling. "And wouldn't it create scandal if we are seen walking together?"

"Your reputation is, then, so bad?" she half smiled, half taunted him. "But—I have only one thing to say; we won't descend to badinage. I'm chaperoning a friend of yours for the winter. A Miss Kendricks, of Ohio. I have never mentioned that we—you and I—were anything else to each other than cousins. My engagement with her expires in six weeks. Would—would it be too much—if I should ask you—not to see her until after I have gone? I don't care—I don't know—"

"Why in the name of all that is sensible are you chaperoning Imogen Kendricks? I landed only yesterday, and I have seen only a few men at the club. I went to the Martin because they told me at Marcus' office that he was there, but when I saw him go off with you, I gave him up for the afternoon. So I know nothing—even about Millie. Is she well?"

"Perfectly. She is spending the winter with my father at Hundredelms. He—he has lost a good deal of money lately. The—perhaps you heard? The Agassiz Trust suspended business four or five months ago. I had to get some money. David Marcus got me this job of chaperoning Miss Kendricks."

"What infernal rot! What abominable pride!" Wilfrid's old, habitual manner of laziness changed to his old habit of sudden impetuosity. "Didn't you know—but of course you knew! You prefer to go out to work, to subject Millie to privations, rather than to accept a cent from me! I should have thought that years would have softened you a little, Harrie. But there is one thing which I will tell you: I will not submit to this. I shall have the whole case reopened. I shan't allow you to bring up my daughter in such a fashion."

"Wilfrid, I'm not going to shock the public by descending to a quarrel with you here on Fifth Avenue. We're not married, you remember, and conjugal rows would be in the worst possible taste. Only tell me if you'll do the one thing I've asked of you?"

"And you, according to your custom, will do nothing that I ask of you. Oh, yes; I suppose so. But—will you promise me one thing in return? Will you promise to have a meeting with me? Oh, at our lawyers', my dear! I'm not suggesting a sentimental rendezvous. Will you meet me at Marcus' office at the end of the six weeks, and come to some decent terms about an allowance? For Millie?" he ended abruptly, as he saw denial written all over her speaking face. "If you refuse to make me this promise," he threatened her, "I swear I won't stir a step out of New York, and that I'll come calling on Imogen Kendricks every day. By the way, how is she?"

"What a shallow pretense!" scoffed Harriet. "Aren't you in correspondence with her?"

"We have exchanged some letters, but I have been kicking around in the interior of Africa for the last eight or nine months, and my mail has not

caught up with me yet. But about the promise? Will you, at the end of six weeks——"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," conceded Harriet shortly.

"Thank you! Spoken like your gracious self!"

Wilfrid drawled his mild sarcasm in the way that used to be particularly irritating to his wife. She flushed angrily.

"I am going in to this milliner's. Good-by!" She terminated the interview sharply.

"Unquenchable little spitfire!" It was in such form that Wilfrid thought of her as he watched her vanish. But, almost to his own surprise, the thought was tinged with affectionate indulgence. "Spitfire" became a term of endearment, thought in such a tone, as it were.

As for Harriet, for all the proud defiance of her eyes, all the unbending poise of her neck, she walked into the milliner's without any clear intention except to beat a retreat that should not seem a retreat; and she seated herself before a mirror, and stared vacantly at the shapely young goddess who floated from some Olympus of the boulevards to inquire what sort of a hat madame was desirous of trying.

CHAPTER VI.

It was two weeks later. Harriet sat alone in the ivory-colored drawing room, waiting for David Marcus. She had started Imogen off upon a round of pleasure, under the capable direction of Madame Delaney.

"Don't let her come home until time to dress for dinner, that's all I ask you," she had cried. "If you do, I shall certainly say something unpardonable to her. Do you know what she wants to join now? The 'Pro Patria Daughters,' who admit that their chief reason for formation is to present a united wall of disapproval toward divorcees. She's a sweet, broad-minded, sympathetic sister! And do you know that she came to me this morning and tried to smooth my forehead, and cooed

over me that if I would only give up cigarettes and my few poor expletives she thought I would be the dearest creature in the world. She's trying to be an Elsie-Book influence on me. Oh, Nana, take her out, and keep her out. Besides, I want to have an uninterrupted conversation with David."

"She shan't come home until three o'clock to-morrow morning," replied Madame Delaney, with decision. "And I am thoroughly glad that you will soon be through with her. I have never seen your nerves worn to such strings. You and Millie shall come and live with us abroad—don't refuse me, my dear!"

"Oh, don't let's talk of the future!" cried Harriet desperately.

"We won't, then, Harrie darling," answered the old lady soothingly. "But I have always said that grief and torment were easier to bear than congenial personalities, and I have never seen my own wisdom so exemplified as in your case."

"Yes, yes!" murmured Harriet distractedly. But when her godmother and her charge had withdrawn from the house, she had locked the door of her room and on the pillow had smothered a hysterical outburst of tears and sobs, clutching in her hand the meantime a letter from the man who had been her husband. It was dated from a town in Nevada, and she knew it already almost by heart. It ran:

MY DEAR HARRIET: Since seeing you the other day I have been feeling more and more that I should like to be perfectly open and frank with you. If we had not met, I suppose I could have gone on with my half-formulated plans and not have considered you in the matter at all. But seeing you again, coming near you again, even for a few hostile minutes, has made me feel that I cannot go on without some full explanation to you. Five years ago when you sent me adrift, I was too angry even to want to make explanations, even if you would have heard them. I was so tired of our rowing, of our incessant bickering, that I didn't care what you did, what you said of me, what you thought of me, so long as we could separate. I want to tell you now that you did me utter injustice. I was a reckless, idle, young fool; I was never a faithless husband to you in any sense that could give you the right to leave me. However, that is ancient history now, and I don't



C.W. HARTING

"Only—only—I wish—he could stay."

know why, at this late day, I should attempt to justify myself. Perhaps it is because I want you to understand me and my present state of mind.

We never understood each other, you and I, but that, too, is of the past, with no bearing on to-day. I was, in spite of the high spirits of my youth, the undisciplined habits of a boy spoiled by a little too much money and a great deal too much misguided maternal training—in spite of all these I was and am a simple sort of citizen, Harriet. I am—I really think I always have been—a normal American man, prepared to devote myself to my wife and family and to my home. If the accidents of too much freedom, too many friends, too much money, brought for a time other traits to the surface—why, they were merely surface traits; and life has skimmed them off the top of

the bowl. You see I'm quite an amateur psychologist—I've had a chance to develop that quality in some lonely night watches since you sent me out of the country.

All this is boiling down to this point: I'm tired of wandering, I'm tired of loneliness; I want what the real "I" has always wanted—a quiet home, a wife, a fireside, children about it, maybe. Why in God's name I am telling you this I don't understand—but since I saw you the other day, I have felt the impulse to try to explain myself to you.

A year ago I met a girl who made me think more than ever of what I was missing out of life; of what your pride and my own folly had done me out of. I don't say that I am in love with her; love as we thought we knew it in our youth is gone by, with the other things of youth. But she

fitted into my desire for a home, into my picture of a home. I said nothing to her—a burned child, you know! And I wanted to be surer of myself than I was before I committed myself. She went away from the part of the world where I was, and I reflected, to make sure. I made so sure that finally I came back home to see her and to ask her to marry me. By some trick of fate I find that you and she are connected.

Of course she's a rich woman, but though I am not so rich a man, I have enough to keep me from being a dependent on my wife's bounty. If she'll take me, I mean.

Again I don't know quite why I am writing all this to you. So that you may not think, by and by, that I have been in any way underhanded, I suppose. And also to say that whatever I have will be settled upon Millie, no matter what the outcome of my plans may be. I want you to know that, to know everything about me and my intentions, when you come to the conference at Marcus' office a month from now. Let everything be open between us.

I have told you everything about myself. Have you nothing to tell me? W. S. S.

When she had stifled back her sobs at last, and had dried her tears, Harriet lay exhausted for a little while upon her bed. Then she arose and prepared to repair the ravages wrought by her emotion upon her looks. And finally she got herself into the drawing room and awaited David.

She had decided upon two things: David must somehow prevent the sale of stock of the F. H. & K.; Wilfrid should not be delivered unarmed, weaponless, into that calculating girl's arms. And then David should have his reward. She would marry him. Millie should have a father of whom she could be proud, of whom she could be fond; the foolish communication with Wilfrid which she, Harriet, had weakly permitted, must end. Of course, it would end quite naturally when that vision of a home and a hearth was fulfilled. Ah, God! When that vision of Wilfrid's was fulfilled!

It was a preternaturally composed hostess who received David a little later, pale and with dark lines of weariness about her eyes, but with a perfect, almost a curt command of her voice. David looked at her with the wistfulness his glasses could never quite conceal in his eyes.

"I want to talk to you about Wilfrid and his affairs," she began, after the preliminaries of courtesy were dispatched. "Do you know who is the chief stockholder in the F. H. & K.?"

"Yes. Wilfrid is the heaviest individual stockholder, but he does not own a majority of the stock. You know when old Judge Seever and the other founders of the road established it, they thought it would be a fine, democratic experiment to have the majority of the stock owned in small parcels by the people who were chiefly concerned with the road. So that some sixty-two or three per cent. of the shares is held out West in small lots by all sorts of people—farmers, miners, village shopkeepers, and the like. A funny old road! They've never issued new stock. Wilfrid has forty-seven or eight per cent. The Judge, you know, eventually bought up the stock of the other founders. Why?"

"Well, I feel very much as though I had rifled Miss Kendricks' desk and read her letters," said Harriet, apologizing and blushing. "But I don't care. I'm going to throw the code of decency to the winds. She and that Lyle person have made a neat plan for getting hold of all that scattered stock, quietly and unobtrusively, and thus getting a controlling voice in the F. H. & K. And then they propose to wreck it, quietly and unobtrusively, so that the lines of the Kendricks system will have no competitor. And so Wilfrid will be considerably impoverished, and therefore in a position properly to appreciate a wife with money, and to be subservient to her. Never mind how I know it. I do know it—I didn't rifle her desk, David, but it's almost as unprincipled to use my information as if I had obtained it in that dignified way. Now—can you stop it?"

"Have they begun to trace the ownership? Have they sent any financial agents West?"

"I think so."

David reflected for a moment.

"It would take only fourteen or fifteen shares more than he has to put Wilfrid in complete control. I suppose

we might get hold of them—there again we mightn't."

"I think that the present management of the road is playing into the Kendricks systems' hands. And I know they own two State legislatures—practically, that is."

"Shouldn't wonder. Well, if we can get the extra shares, and can then induce Wilfrid to take any interest in his property, we can change all that."

"David"—Harriet's voice was tense—"it must be some one who is quiet—discreet—some one whom we can trust, who will buy the necessary stock."

"Why are you so interested in the matter? How do you know that Miss Kendricks has any interest in Wilfrid, or he in her? And if they should be married, might not Wilfrid surrender his stock to her and let her play hob with the railroad? What does it all mean, Harrie? All your anxiety? Your—"

"It means that I simply can't bear to have Wilfrid, just because he is easy-going and indifferent to business, made a fool of. He's in love with the girl, and she, in her jellyfish, calculating way, is in love with him. She wants not only to fulfill her father's plans, like the pious daughter that she is, but she wants to put Wilfrid in a position of dependence upon her. And—oh, David! I won't have it! I won't have it!"

David's face was drawn and grayish. He looked at her, thus revealing the secret of her heart, with hopelessness and pain.

"I can get hold of enough money to buy the necessary shares of stock," he said. "And then, of course, Wilfrid and I can swing things as we please. I'll go West and do the private buying myself."

Her face lighted up wonderfully.

"There never was any one so good as you, David," she told him, leaning forward impulsively, and touching his hand.

He withdrew it, looking even more drawn and gray.

"Don't, Harrie dear! Not to-day!"

5

"But—but I want to—to-day. David, dear—" She broke off, blushing.

"Yes?"

"You have sometimes done me the honor to say that you wanted to marry me?"

"A great number of times," he corroborated her, watching her intently.

"Well, if you still do—if—if you do now—"

"My dear Harrie, it is the first time in five years when I have not wanted to. Oh, my dear girl, how can you? How can you torment me so? How can you be so blind to your own feeling? Every day since you and Wilfrid separated, I have hoped that some time you might grow into the habit of caring for me. Oh, I know that you care for me!" He stopped a protest on her lips. "I know all your fondness, all your friendship, all your true devotion. But never until to-day have I realized how completely your heart was Wilfrid's. You've been showing me that for half an hour—and you follow the revelation—the complete revelation, Harrie!—with the suggestion that you will marry me as a reward to me for helping the man you really love! No, Harrie. You have never had to bribe me to do what you wanted done. And you do not have to bribe me now."

With her drooping head, her averted eyes, her shamed flush, she looked ridiculously like her own small daughter undergoing a merited scolding. In a minute she raised her eyes.

"David, dear, you are the best man in the world. You make me so ashamed of myself. I'm so little, so self-centred."

He smiled a trifle bitterly.

"Oh, you'll do!" he told her, and went his way.

She sat where he left her, musing for a while. Then she laughed a whimsical little laugh.

"I'm growing something of a back number," she informed the chairs and mirrors. "One old lover, whose affection, to be sure, was cooled by marriage, announces his new matrimonial intentions to me to-day. And another kindly but firmly rejects my blushing

offer of my hand. Harriet, you've done with love, my good girl! Your daughter's affairs are the only ones in which you can legitimately have any interest henceforth!"

CHAPTER VII.

The telegram came while Harriet was at the opera. Afterward she and Imogen had gone with a party to supper somewhere, and it was nearly two o'clock when a sleepy maid opened the door to them and indicated the yellow envelope on the hall table. Harriet snatched it. It was for her, and although she was the constant recipient of telegrams, telegrams on the most trivial as well as the most important of subjects, some instinct warned her that this was a message of evil import. Her vivid color blanched. Imogen stood beside her, awaiting the word of reassurance. But when Harriet had read the typewritten yellow slip, she handed it wordlessly to the girl.

Doctor diagnoses Millicent's case as typhoid. Thought it best to let you know at once.

A. LAURENS.

There had been a clause in Miss Laurens' semi-weekly report that morning to the effect that Millie was ailing, but the governess had intimated that Aunt Angie's reprehensible indulgence of her grandniece in the matter of sweets between meals probably accounted for the child's feverishness and headache. And now came this.

Imogen was unexpectedly resourceful and generous. One set of emotions she understood—the intimate domestic, particularly the filial and parental. And she had been brought up in an atmosphere of usefulness. She would not have any of the servants called—"they only get in one's way," she declared—but she, herself, packed Harriet, arranged on the telephone for a special to Lee, and actually telegraphed to Cousin Mary to come and play propriety for her while Harriet was away. Two hours after she had received the message Harriet was whizzing through the sleeping environs of the city.

She was at home before the tardy sun had warmed the bleak, late winter landscape into something kind and livable. She herself felt a curious deadness—numbness. An automobile waited at the station to whirl her out to Hundredelms—another example of Imogen's practical thoughtfulness. The girl had telephoned to the town's garage at the first possible hour in the morning.

The rambling old house looked shabbier and more dilapidated than Harriet ever remembered to have seen it, stripped as it was of all the graciousness of summer's green. She noted its lack of paint, its need of carpentry and glazing, with observant eyes. Her mind seemed wonderfully alive to every impression; it was only her heart that was cold, that could not feel anxiety for Millie, love for Millie, pity for the fever-tossed baby.

Her father shuffled out on to the piazza at the sound of the car's stopping. Those acute eyes of Harriet saw him for the first time as she saw the house—old, failing, pitiful; only never to be repaired.

"Ah, Harrie! Here you are!" He tried to speak jauntily. "Everything will be all right, now you're come, my dear!"

He put his old hands out and drew her to him. Broken, broken, broken! Harriet's mind kept repeating the word it had said at first sight of him.

"She's bound to be better now that you're here," he told his daughter again, thereby telling her that Millie was alive, and that she was very ill.

"Has she been asking for me?"

With this first speech, the icy band that had been bound around her heart seemed to break. She suddenly felt again—felt acutely, poignantly. Her father hesitated.

"She's delirious, you know," he stumbled. They were in the big hall now, and in some mysterious way the fact of desperate sickness was written over everything. "Delirious. Doctor Gardineer has two nurses here from the Pittsfield hospital. Yes—she's delirious, the baby!"

"And doesn't she call for me?"

The answer came, but not from the colonel. In the wide hall above them, to which the old, curved stairway with its mahogany rail led, in old-fashioned stateliness, a dim night light still burned in the morning's pale-washed sunshine. The sick-room door opened on to this upper hall, and its silence was broken by a low babbling sound that gathered a frightful haste and shrillness as it went on. "I want my father!" the childish voice screamed, in one final effort that seemed to rend the childish throat.

Harriet, halfway up the stairs, stood frozen, her hand tightly clutching the rail.

"It's been that way all night," the colonel told her.

Harriet waited a second. The last cry had seemed to exhaust the little girl's strength for the time, for there was stillness now. After a minute the mother walked on up the stairs, and into the room.

It was the most horrible day of Harriet's life. Millie lay unknowing on the pillows. The deft nurse worked to reduce her temperature. The doctor consulted with the nurse. All that she, the mother of the sick child, was allowed to do was to "Keep up." She was permitted in the room only on the condition that she keep quiet, that she give no sign of the agony that gripped her. She heard Aunt Angie and her father whispering in the hall; she heard the child's babble of forgotten things—of games played with Wilfrid, of toys given by him, of promises made by him. Not until night did she again break into that scream that had terrified Harriet beyond everything—that wild cry for him. But all day long, when she was not sunk in the lethargy of fever, her low, half-mumbled words had all been of Wilfrid.

When evening came and with it again that shrill call for her father, Harriet went out of the room with a white, drawn face. She found the colonel at the door.

"Susan says that Wilfrid is in this country?" he hazarded.

"He is—but hunting in the West

somewhere. I'll try to get into communication with David. He may know where to reach him."

The colonel sighed his relief. He had not known how she would "take" his implied suggestion that Wilfrid should be summoned.

She sat down at the telephone in the library, prepared for a long session with the long-distance department. But David was at the first place at which she tried to get him—dining at the Century Club.

Imogen had already told him, so he informed Harrie, of Millicent's sickness.

"She called me up this morning at the office," he said. "I take back every word I have ever said in disparagement of that young lady. She told me how she had sent you off the instant you received the telegram. How is Millie?"

"She does not know any one; she is very sick—dreadfully sick, David! And she keeps calling for her father."

"Yes?"

"Do you know——"

"He is on his way here now. As soon as I heard from Miss Kendricks this morning I telegraphed him—he was in Chicago, making his way East in a leisurely fashion. He will be here by noon to-morrow."

"The child wants him so! Send him if he wants to see her——"

Harriet's voice trailed away in a suppressed sob. If Wilfrid wanted to see his little daughter before she died! Was that the horrible nightmare of a thought that she had?

The dreadful night wore away. The little girl was too exhausted by her fever to cry out much, even in the wildest of her wanderings. Once she murmured about birthdays; it was in a low voice, and the bending nurse could not make out the words. But Harriet could.

"A make-believe birthday; real ones hurt mumsie," she kept saying.

And Harriet recalled her own impatience with Millie one bright autumn morning, her own impatience with pain, with grief, with mortification. She—

who had forever tried to thrust out of her life everything that did not comport with her dignity, with her pride, with the joy she had defiantly claimed from Heaven as her due—was she to walk companion with grief the rest of her days?

Wilfrid was due on the afternoon train of the second day of Harriet's torment. David had telephoned her how he had met the father at the arrival of the Chicago train and how they had dashed across the station to catch the outgoing Lee train. He would be at the station at five o'clock. Millie was resting more quietly to-day. She had smiled once on her stricken mother and had whispered: "Mumsie!" Whoever met Wilfrid could cheer him with a slightly better report than would have been possible earlier.

It turned out to be Harriet who met him. Old Joe was just starting when he managed to wrench his foot. Doctor Gardineer, ignorant or forgetful of the separation of Millie's parents, happened to be in the house at the time. He had been vainly commanding Mrs. Seever to get some air for two days; now he saw his opportunity. He had her seated in the shabby old buckboard and the reins in her inert hands before she could protest.

After all, what did it matter? she asked herself as she began the hilly ride to the village. What did it matter? What pride had she left that would be injured by meeting her former husband? What feeling had she left to be hurt? All her heart, all her life, lay back there in the muffled sick room, with the little fever-ravaged child upon the pillows. Why had she deprived that little life, that might be so brief, that might be almost over now—why had she, for pride's sake, and outraged vanity's sake, deprived it of one great, unforgettably joy? Why had she deprived Millicent of Wilfrid? He would have been a fond father, always. What was she with her indignations and her avidity for love, for an exclusive devotion, what was she to have robbed her daughter of a father, robbed her husband of a child?

The train pulled in, and Wilfrid dashed out to the platform. His face was hollowed out by the grim sculptor, fear. He started when he saw Harriet. His eyes besought her mutely for news.

"She is no worse—a little better, maybe," she answered the look in his eyes.

He climbed up beside her, but he did not take the reins. He found his wrists flaccid, his fingers trembling. Harriet, her muscles firm beneath her big, dog-skin driving gloves, turned the horse's head homeward.

Often the man and the woman had taken the same drive together, in their childhood, when they were cousins and "pals"; in the brief days of their glad courtship, in the days of their wedded life. Once all the hills had been their tender, protecting friends, smiling upon their love, infolding them with kind arms. To-night they were the everlasting, unchanging witnesses of ephemeral human emotions.

They said nothing as they drove back. Harriet's stern eyes were fixed ahead, upon the road. Wilfrid's gaze was gloomily directed toward the dashboard. By and by, when they had cleared the village and had begun the long, almost unbroken climb toward Hundredelms, he turned his eyes toward her. Unseeing, absorbed in her own fears and self-accusations, she continued to stare ahead, unmindful of his scrutiny.

Her driving cloak fastened close beneath her chin with a strapped band of cloth. Her hat was stiff of brim and crown. Every line about her was severe—there was no floating scarf, no veil, no vagrant lock of hair. Chin and brow were firm and unyielding, too, and there was no deceptive color in the cheeks. There she was, stripped of all adornment, a thin, dark woman, approaching middle age, facing desolation.

But with a sudden gush of feeling, he realized that she had never seemed to him quite so wonderful as she seemed now. The contour of forehead and jaw, for all their delicacy, showed power, breeding. Every sharp-cut, un-

adorned line was proud, and—something that it had not always seemed before—restrained.

He had loved Millicent with an extravagant, exuberant devotion in those sweet, infantile years of hers; he had resented his separation from her. He had thought, only an hour since, that he should never forgive Harriet if this illness of the child proved fatal, if he should lose her forever, as he had lost her for the five years. But now, as he looked at the austere face of the woman he had loved in her fiery youth, he felt suddenly that it was for her, for Harriet, and not for himself, that he felt the great welling of pity; it was the picture of Harriet's bereaved and stricken life that gripped him with agony when he thought of Millie's dying, and not the mere prospect of his own loss.

He would never dare to tell her so; he would never dare to speak to her of tender things again—she was so stern, so unapproachable. He had put himself such infinite leagues away from her, with his foolish chatter of new hearths, new wives, new children. Ah, well, he would be obliged to let her learn by his life the things he feared to say to her—that, whether Millie lived or died, whether Harriet loved or hated him, whether he himself solaced the loneliness of the future with new ties or not—that he knew at last it was an indissoluble bond between the three of them; that neither time nor life nor death could alter the true relation in which they stood to one another—the husband and the wife and the child.

Without a word they turned to the gateway of Hundredelms. Joe hobbled forward to take the reins, mumbling a greeting to "Marse Wilfrid" as he did so. Aunt Angie, incorrigibly fond of Wilfrid, in spite of everything, opened the door for them, and kissed her recreant relative. Afterward she said that it "came natural to; she had forgotten all about everything."

"Her temperature's down to one hundred, and she's quite clear in her mind," fluttered the old lady, to Harriet, by way of apology for the embracing of Wilfrid. "Miss Henley—just the

sweetest nurse, Wilfrid!—has prepared her for your coming."

Harriet looked at him from under her level, dark brows.

"You will want to go up at once, then," she said, addressing her husband.

He hesitated, looking down on her. His face, already pale from long anxiety, grew paler in a sudden tense resolve.

"With you," he said. "I want to go in with you—and only so."

She searched his eyes for meanings, her own suddenly robbed of their stony quiet. Aunt Angie melted away.

"I mean it, Harriet," he said, controlling his voice with an effort. "I want to go to our child with you. I want to share with you the joy of her recovery. And if—if it is not so, I want to be the one, I am not a stranger—to help you. Oh, my dear!"

For all the rigidity was gone from Harriet's face and bearing. She swayed in a sudden faintness and fell against him for support.

"If you will come now, Mr. Seever," said the crisp voice of the "sweetest" nurse, at the head of the stairs.

The child on the pillow was too weak to show a very exuberant joy. But the great pathetic eyes brightened. The little clawlike hand tried to creep out to him. The fever-parched lips twisted into a dim ghost of a smile. Then the big eyes roved to her mother. They clouded with a slight anxiety.

"What is it, my girlie?" whispered Harriet, bending low.

"Only—only—I—wish—he could stay." She could scarcely frame the sentence.

"My darling, he shall stay always," said Harriet fervently.

Millie smiled wanly again. Wilfrid's glance sought his wife's in a prayer, and hers answered him with a promise. So that when the little girl whispered to him: "You—hear. You promise, too," he put a passion of intention into his words: "With all my heart. Forever and forever, dear."

"You can see how the headlines will read," said Harriet flippantly, when two

weeks later Millie's convalescence was assured, and she and Wilfrid sat discussing their remarriage. "Reunited at Sick Daughter's Bedside." 'Brought Together by Their Child's Danger.' It will be mawkish beyond all words."

"It will be true," asserted Wilfrid sturdily. "So what's the odds? By the way, David tells me that your young friend, Imogen——"

"My young friend!" scoffed Harriet.

"Our young friend, then. That our young friend, Imogen Kendricks, now that she has recovered from her first natural surprise over your letter and his

further explanations, has adopted a most tactful pose. She claims the credit for our reconciliation! 'Her two friends—her chaperon and her traveling acquaintance; she counts herself happy to have brought them together again! Divorce is so dreadful!' How's that for you?"

"Well," replied Harriet, with some satisfaction, "I don't feel that my teaching has been wasted. The girl who can seize defeat and make the world believe that it is a hard-won victory has the making of a great social leader in her. She does me credit, Imogen!"



To My Beloved

THERE are no words so sweet and fair
As those that I would call thee;
There is no perfume half so rare
To match the soft scent of thine hair,
That like the fragrance of the air
In May days does enthrall me.

There are no colors such as those
That through thy cheeks are flowing;
They put to shame the love-red rose
That in some Southern garden grows,
Or soft tints of eternal snows
In dawn's embraces glowing.

There is no music of the spheres,
Of harps and sweet bells ringing,
Would soothe my soul with gladder tears
Or thrill with deeper joys my ears
Through all the long declining years
Than thy voice softly singing.

There is no sky of deeper blue
Than where thine eyes are smiling,
No land of dreams that poets knew,
Where summer winds ne'er changing blew,
And never-fading flowers grew,
Could e'er be more beguiling.

There is no heart as true as thine
But that within me beating,
Which constant as the ivy vine
Shall worship at thy beauty's shrine,
The wrinkles and the furrowed line
Of greedy age defeating.

EDWARD D. TITTMANN.

IMAGINARY EVILS

By Charles Battell Loomis

I RECENTLY crossed the Atlantic. In fact, as I write these lines, I am in the greatest city in the world, London by name, and at this very moment a queue of people four miles long and many persons wide is slowly and in many cases laboriously making its way to Westminster Hall to look on the coffin that holds all that is mortal of the best king England has had since the days of Alfred the Great.

Edward's death is no imaginary evil, but a very positive one, for it has removed from the world one of its kindest forces. He stood for gentleness and good will if ever a king stood for those qualities, and the world of republicans, socialists, and monarchists has suffered a loss that can only be appreciated by the imaginative among them.

But there are so many imaginary evils. On the voyage over we had quiet weather, and the old ship was as steady as a grape leaf in a pool of water. No one had any valid excuse for seasickness, but a good many need no excuse; they are seasick for wantonness, and so it happened that there were a number of vacant seats at meals.

When we approached the Irish coast the sea became choppy, and we were pitched about a bit. Those who were accustomed to the sea and its vagaries went on writing letters, holding on to their seats to avoid leaving them. It was undoubtedly rough; one woman, caught off her balance, was hurled across her cabin and hurt herself badly, but there was no danger from the *sea*.

But as I sat writing, a poor soul approached me, with terror written on every line of her troubled countenance, and with every evidence of the keenest mental agony she said:

"Oh, sir, do you think we'll ever reach land? Do you think we're going to sink?"

I tried to calm her. I assured her that if there was the slightest danger I would not be writing a letter; I would probably have tried to unship a boat all by myself that I might depart in good season.

Her breath coming sobbingly, she left me, somewhat comforted, but at every roll of the boat she would start and shudder. Now I knew, and most of the passengers knew, that there was not the slightest actual danger, but this poor woman was going through all the horrors of shipwreck, life on a raft, casting ashore on a desert island, and ultimate death from starvation.

She was suffering from an imaginary evil, but she was suffering just the same until my words of hope gave her something to hold to. She felt that there was a fighting chance that the last keg of biscuits would not have to be broached the third day out on the raft.

I could have laughed at her if I had not felt sorry for her. But there are times when others could laugh at us, and perhaps they are not sorry and they do laugh.

When your neighbor's child has scarlet fever, your own being away on a visit and so out of danger, you say in response to your wife's fear that the little girl may not recover:

"Oh, what nonsense! She has a good constitution, they have a very good doctor, and the best nurse that could be got. *She'll* pull through all right."

Probably she will. But I'll venture to say that her mother is not as optimistic as you are. She isn't your child, you see, and so you can afford to be philosophical, but do you remember when your Tommy had typhoid fever? You had the best doctor in town and the best nurse he could get for you, and yet each night when you went to your late bed you were afraid you would be called before morning to witness the passing away of all that made life pleasant to you.

Yes, and I remember a case in my own family. I did not play the philosopher at the time; the evil was not imaginary to me. But as the sufferer recovered I might as well have chanced a little philosophy and gotten credit for it.

Yes, as we look back on our lives the large majority of the evils that scared us and kept us from pleasant dreams or pleasantly nourishing meals were imaginary ones.

I have a friend—it is really myself, but one hates to be too autobiographical—who some years ago injured his wrist just after typhoid and the doctor feared that a serious operation would be necessary. My friend pictured himself going through life with but one hand, and that the left one. How would he make change? How would he learn to play tennis with his left hand? How could he sign his somewhat flamboyant signature? How could he write stories?

How lucky he had never learned to play the piano, else he would have had to give up that, too!

Another doctor whom he consulted told him that he would not lose his hand, but that an operation would be necessary, and that he had better attend to it at once.

So a hospital was picked out, the day was chosen, my friend bade good-by to his wife and bairns, and departed. He could not help thinking with that self-pity that runs into mawkishness:

"Perhaps this is the last time my dear ones will ever hear my voice say 'Good-by.' Perhaps to-morrow, after the operation, they will take me away inanimate and lay me to rest under the quiet trees and the green sod. In the years to come the little ones will be brought to see the place where their father was laid, but they will have no keen recollection of him."

A hot tear splashed on the wounded wrist, and my friend had the loveliest time imaginable with his morbid thoughts.

That was twelve years ago. He now looks back on that week at the hospital as one of the most enjoyable rests in a busy life. Why, the operation proved to be so slight,

although ether was necessary, that in a moment's time—seemingly—he was being ministered to by a very gentle and good-looking nurse who brought him books to read. And he had time to read them. And his wife visited him every day and brought him fruit and flowers, and the children came and looked on him as a hero—he looked on himself as a hero, for that matter—and altogether he was sorry when the doctor told him there was not the slightest reason for him to stay in the hospital a minute longer.

Most of the evil was imaginary; and it had run into weeks, poisoning his rest and rendering him unfit for work.

Do you remember when you bought that house and began paying for it on the installment plan, and you suddenly lost your position?

How tragic that seemed. There was no hope. You said to your wife that men had committed suicide for less. And she said brave words. Wives will always say brave words when their husbands lose their nerve.

And then you got your present situation at an increased salary, and now the house is your own. If you could have but known that your evil was imaginary. If I—I mean if my friend could have but known that his wounded arm was nothing to lose a moment's sleep over. If the poor woman on the steamer could have realized that she was far safer on the sea than she would afterward be in London, trying to cross the busy street of a city where the vehicular traffic turns to the left instead of the right.

There is an evil that is scarcely imaginary. A moment's daydreaming and instinctive glancing to the right to see that the coast is clear, and you are bowled over by a taxicab coming up behind you on the left.

But if you can get it into your head that nine out of ten evils are imaginary ones, and can face the tenth one—even the taxi—with heroism and fortitude, life will assume a rosier aspect, and you will find that happiness is largely a matter of will and not of hap.

AT THE JUNCTION WITH THE BRANCH ROAD



BY

DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

THE rest of the company had gone out to cool off on the platform of the little station, leaving the leading lady and the maid together. These two extremes of the theatrical hierarchy paid little attention to each other. The maid sat in a corner, her dark head drooping wearily, and the leading lady stood before one of the dirty windows, her Titian hair flaming under her gigantic hat, looking out at a prairie landscape which, even under the magical influence of starlight, was monotony itself. A murmur of voices from the platform on the other side and the intermittent click of the telegraph key were the only sounds.

After a time the leading lady shook herself impatiently. "Oh, damn!" she said, under her breath.

The maid started.

The leading lady turned, surprised.

"Hello, kid; excuse *me*! I don't mean to swear in the presence of ladies. I thought you were asleep. Oh!" She sat down by the young girl, and said: "You been crying! What's the matter? That fool Georgie King been bothering you?"

The maid shook her head, and answered unsteadily: "No; oh, no. Mr. King is lovely to me. He never speaks to me at all."

The leading lady laughed. "That's one on Georgie, I must say! But he deserves it, nasty little beast. What is the matter? I got some dandy headache powders in my bag, if—"

The girl shook her head again, silently.

"Well, you don't have to tell me if you don't feel like it," said the other indifferently. She rose and went to the window again. "Gee! I wish they'd fix that washout and let us get through. This station gives me the woolies."

At this the girl began to cry, putting her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbing aloud.

"That's what is the trouble with me," she murmured. "It just drives me wild to think this is the station, the junction where you change to the branch line that runs out to my home town."

"You don't say!" ejaculated the leading lady, sitting down beside her again. "What's the name?"

"Oh, you never heard of it. It's a little bit of a village—Merton Centre."

"Merton Centre," repeated the leading lady, with no comment. She put her large, beringed hand on the other's shoulder. "You act to me like you were awful homesick, kid. Why don't you go back? A row with your family?"

The maid took down the handkerchief and showed a thin young face, travel worn and blurred with tears.

"I haven't any family, but the uncle that brought me up, and nobody on earth could quarrel with him, he's so good."

"What are you doing, then, away from him, 'my-lady-the-carriage-is-readying'?" asked the older actress.

The girl's face flushed. She looked suddenly like the bewildered little child she was. "I got so sick of Merton Centre. It's so little, and nothing ever happens there. I used to act in amateur theatricals, and one of the girls came back from Chicago and told about how easy it was to——"

"I know that girl," said the leading

lady, laughing, "like I had been brought up with her, and I know all she told you; fifteen per while you learn the business, I suppose, and your name in inch type and a private car in three or four years. How'd your uncle happen to let you do it?"

"Oh, he's so good! When he knew why I'd been so blue and miserable he said he hadn't any right to keep me from doing what would make me happy. And he gave up so much to make it possible that I'm ashamed to go back. We talked it over and over together. I always talked everything over with him."

"A fat lot either of you knew about what you were talking over *that* time."

The leading lady laughed at the Arcadian artlessness of the consultation. "I guess you found that girl from Chicago had given you a lifelike portrait of the profession—what?"

She yawned and turned her handsome, haggard face wearily from side to side. "But I suppose you're like all the rest; you'll grit your teeth and stick it out rather than give in you were a fool."

The girl slid helplessly into the rôle allotted her by this speech. "Yes, I suppose I've just got to stick to it, now I've begun."

"It's the dickens of a life for a woman, if she's not a genius." The leading lady vouchsafed this opinion of her profession listlessly. She tried to lean her head back against the wall, and finding her huge hat in the way began to take the pins out. With a cluster of these in her mouth she emitted mumbly: "First thing you know, you can't *help* it unless you're a big one to begin with; you don't get on fast enough if you don't trade on your looks, and be-



"You been crying! What's the matter?"

ing a woman, and all the rest, and that, even if you keep what they call 'straight'——" She lifted the hat from the swirls and coils of glistening red hair, laid it in her lap, took the hat-pins out of her mouth and concluded clearly: "That is hell."

Her face now for the first time fully in the light, looked rather grimly serious, though she laughed at the expression in the girl's eyes.

"That's not profanity, young one; that's truth. How'd it come if you were brought up by a man, you shy so at language?"

"Oh, uncle's as *particular*! Why I've lived with him ever since I was four years old and never heard a single cross word from him, let alone anything else. He was extra careful with me to make up for my not having a mother. He never married."

This rang oddly to the ear of an inhabitant of a world of easy matrimonial give-and-take.

"Funny," she commented. "I thought all men did, one time or another."

"Well, he *had* a love affair when he was young," explained the girl, "but his girl took up with somebody else and went away. He's just lovely about that! Never blames her a bit and thinks the world of her just the same, though he's never seen her since. He's got a picture of her and once in a while he'd show it to me and say he hoped I'd grow up as sweet as Molly was. It is the darlinest face you ever saw, so refined! You can't help loving her. She's got her dark hair done low in a looped braid at the back, and a little handkerchief sort of open at the throat, and she has big, soft, dark eyes, that make you want to take care of her and never let anything scare her. He's got the picture in a little frame that shuts together, he's so afraid it'll fade, and when I'd been real good he'd show it to me and tell me about her. He does everything to please her, just the same as if she'd a-married him. Why, all the tramps and good-for-nothing folks in town just run all *over him*, because she was so tender-hearted to poor people; and he's always kept the curtains

in the dining room fixed the way she said she wanted them." She drew a long breath. "Maybe he's kind of soft, but I tell you *what*, there ar'n't many men as good as Uncle My."

The actress was fixing her with a bright professional look of attention. "What did you call him?" she asked. "It sounded like Uncle My. You meant my uncle, didn't you?"

The girl laughed. "No, it's short for Myron. His name is Myron Hale."

The leading lady looked at her unwinkingly. "My-ron Hale," she repeated. After a pause she said, "Uncle My, for short. Oh, yes; I see. Of course. And the girl's name was Mary."

"I suppose so. Uncle My always calls her Molly, but perhaps that was a pet name he had for her."

"Perhaps," said the leading lady. She put her hand up to her forehead. "Isn't it as hot as— isn't it awfully hot in here?" she said. "Let's go out; back in the lumber yard, not where the others are. They're such gabbling apes when a person's tired."

She led the way to a pile of lumber glistening white in the starlight. The girl's eyes filled again.

"I don't know what's got into me!" she said. "Every single thing to-night makes me think of Uncle My so! He runs a sawmill, you know, and this woody smell is just as if he was standing here. He always smells so piny and sawdusty."

"Does he?" said the leading lady. She sat down with a middle-aged heaviness out of keeping with the rigidly youthful lines of her figure. "Well, that's a rube smell, all right, but I guess it's better than last night's cocktails—you can say that much for it." She put her hands to her hips and stirred restlessly in the grip of her relentless corset's armor plate. "I came from the country myself in the first place," she remarked.

"Did you?" cried the girl. "Isn't it nice there? Don't a night like this make you wild to get back to it, so clean and quiet? I can just smell the peppermint in the brook near uncle's

house, the way I could nights when I leaned out the window to look at the stars and saw Merton Centre so sound asleep down below. Oh, I think the country's lovely!"

"Well, there're some advantages to it," admitted the leading lady. "If you live there, it don't make you sick to your stomach to catch a side view of your face and see you're getting a double chin. And you don't see your death sentence every time the scales tip you an extra pound or two. Everything don't depend on your looking what you can't be any more."

There was a silence. Then the girl said shyly: "You sound a little homesick yourself, Miss De Laugier. Why don't you go back?"

"Don't call me that fool stage name," said the actress gravely. "My last husband's name was Burke. Why don't I go back?" She contemplated her much-jeweled hand and paused. "Why, to be sure; why don't I go back?" she asked herself, apparently in some surprise. "There's nothing to hinder."

"I think it would be lovely!" breathed the girl. "If I was in your place, so successful and lovely, I would in a minute! Your folks'd be so proud of you!"

Miss De Laugier looked at her squarely. "Do you think they would? Me? Honest?"

"Why, of course. The idea!" ejaculated the girl vaguely.

The actress considered the plan. "Well, now, maybe I might! It would certainly be a rest to get back where folks don't care so much about—why, in the town where I come from there was an old woman." She stopped short and laughed uneasily. "I guess, come to think of it, she wasn't any older then than I am now. Anyhow, she was as poor as poverty, and as big around as she was high, and had a little wisp of gray hair she did up in a tight knob; used to go around in a calico wrapper and a sunbonnet, I remember, with big, loose carpet slippers." She stretched out her own tight and trimly taut bronze slippers. "She was always the one that came to help out if anybody was sick

or was going to have a party or a baby. Everybody called her Auntie, and they sure did think the world and all of her. So far as I knew nobody ever even took in how she looked, let alone thinking any less of her; everybody knew what she could do."

"Yes," said the girl. "There's an old woman just like that in Merton Centre. I suppose there is in every little place. Aunt Liza Ann, we call her. She took care of me when I was twelve years old and had the measles, and I had the best time! All us children just love her!"

"But you have to be able to do something," said the actress irreverently.

"What say?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," said Miss De Laugier. She put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, staring out across the prairies.

"What lovely hair you've got," said the girl. "It shines like gold even in this dim light."

"What? Oh, I haven't got any to speak of that's my own. And it's not this color. I have to wear what's the fashion."

She spoke with a brevity which apparently the girl took for curtness, for she ventured no more personal remarks. She sat quiet, her head nodding heavily, and then slipped down gradually until she was lying in a little curled-up heap on the white lumber. Under the starlight her small triangular face was pearly against her loosened dark hair. The actress, glancing down at her, saw that she was asleep.

She shifted her own position so that she could watch the unconscious face. In the silence the telegraph wires thrilled like an Æolian harp. The stars were innumerable.

After a time a man in a light gray suit and a pearl-colored hat strolled around the corner of the station, his hands in his pockets, a cane in one of them sticking up over his shoulder like a sword. He was whistling a tune popular on Broadway. When he saw the two figures on the pile of boards he laughed.

"Hello, there, what in the world——"

The leading lady motioned him im-



"Sweetsie Conners said she told her, when she joined—eighteen, I think, or maybe nineteen."

peratively first to silence and then to come near. When he stood close beside her, she asked in a whisper, pointing to the unconscious figure: "How old is she, do you suppose?"

He stared. "The kid? Oh, I haven't any idea. Yes, I have, too. Sweetsie Conners said she told her, when she joined—eighteen, I think, or maybe nineteen."

"Any news from the washout?" asked the actress. "Aren't we ever going to get out of this hole-in-the-ground?"

"The station agent says they can't possibly get a train through from that direction, till eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"What time is it now?"

"Half-past two."

"Go away," commanded the leading lady austere. "That's all I want of you."

With an indifference to feminine vagaries, which bespoke a wide experience, the gayly dressed man turned back, taking up his tune where he had stopped it, and disappeared around the station.

The actress put her chin back in her hands and resumed her silent brooding. From time to time she passed her tongue over her lips, and once she drew a long sighing breath.

Across the prairie the headlight of an engine flashed into view and came flying toward the station, silently at first, and then, with a distant rhythmical chant, growing rapidly louder and louder. The locomotive whistled screamingly and the girl sat up.

"The train here?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"Yes," said the leading lady, putting on her hat. "The train's here. Get your things on. Is your satchel in the station? Wait here and I'll bring it to you. I've got to go in, anyhow."

She was back in a moment, guiding the confused girl toward the one car of the train, and helping her up the steps. After she had sat down, the girl's vague sense of something unusual focused in an alarmed:

"Why, where are all the others? This can't be the right——"

She tried to rise, but the older woman pushed her back.

"Yes, this is the right train—for you! It's the train to Merton Centre, and you're going home! Back to the brush for yours! You're dismissed!"

She laughed at the girl's face of stupefaction. "I'm going to send a telegram to your Uncle My, and sign your name to it, saying that you've quit the stage for good and are going home to stay. He'll meet you at the station. Won't you be glad to see him, and smell the piny, sawdusty——"

The girl's face worked like a sobbing child's. "Oh!" she cried. "In an hour! In an hour!"

The leading lady stooped over her suddenly, hesitated, and drew away without kissing her, giving her instead a vague pat on the shoulder.

"I hope you have a good time in Merton Centre," she said. As she ran down the aisle she called over her shoulder: "I'll send your trunk on."

The girl leaned out of the window and beckoned to her.

"How did you know a train to Merton Centre went through here now?"

The actress answered coolly: "You said so yourself."

"Why, no, I didn't," cried the other. "I'd forgotten it!"

"You *must* have," said Miss De Laugier, with assurance. "How else would I know?"

"That's so," admitted the girl helplessly. "You wouldn't, of course."

The train began to move slowly.

"But look here. I thought *you* were the one that was going back, where you came from—home!" The girl fell from one confusion into another. "Didn't you say——"

"Yes, I thought of it," the leading lady called after, "but I decided it was too long a trip back to where *I* came from."

The Naughty Day

I IST been bad all day, I don't know why.

I fed my oatmeal to the pussy cat

Right on the table, an' I made him lie

In the big fruit bowl, an' he wuz too fat;

An' I ist *pushed* him in an' he ist cry!

I ist been bad all day—I don't know why.

My mother said I couldn't have not one

More piece of candy, 'n put it out of sight,

An' I ist mind her, too, but ist for fun

I gived each piece a tiny little bite—

An', oh, 'at candy *ached* me by an' by.

I ist been bad all day, I don't know why.

An' when I poured the goldfish on the floor,

Why, nursie put 'em all straight back in there,

An' wouldn't let 'em wiggle any more,

An' tied me in my little rockin'-chair

Wiv a big towel, an' I called downstairs:

"Please lemme up—I wants to say my prayers!"

An' she called back 'at I could pray right there.

An' 'at's not right at all to go an' pray

A-sittin' in a little rockin'-chair,

An' I ist kicked the rug up any way,

An' wouldn't eat a thing for lunch but pie.

I ist been bad all day—I don't know why.

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.



RULE, BRITANNIA!

BY EDWARD
BOLTWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

"ME good chap," said John Heffren languidly, "you may bring us, b'Jove, two glawsses of Bawss."

Mr. Pickett, proprietor of the Lone Star Café, in Minnesela, suspended the operation of wiping off our table, and glared at John with weary suspicion.

"Don't start nothin' in here, Heffren," he protested. "Don't talk no fancy scrollwork to me. If you want a glass of Bass ale, ask for it like a man, and not like a towerist. This is a quiet joint, and no saddle-warped, Tex-an cowpunch is let to put on the frills of no royal family."

"Right, oh, me jolly old top!" retorted John. "You fetch the wet, and look bloomin' well alive!"

Pickett growled doubtfully, and retreated to the bar; and Mr. Heffren smiled.

"This here October mornin' is a anniversary," he explained to me. "I'm a-goin' to drink Bass ale, and I'm a-goin' to devour what they call Yorkshire pud-din', and I'm a-goin' to part my hair in the middle. This is the day of the year when there's no flies on St. George, nor yet on the dragon. Pretty soon you'll hear me tune up and sing 'The British Grenadine.'"

"Anniversary of what?" I demanded nervously, remembering the Fourth of July, when Mr. Heffren's patriotism impelled him to wreck the Lone Star's pi-

ano, in an attempt to perform "Yankee Doodle" on it with a Colt's automatic.

"Well, son," said John, "it begins with a spring round-up, several years back, and a party by the name of London Mike snakin' me out of a quicksand on the Belle Fourche, after I was bogged to the neck and commencin' to snell the pearly gates." And John tilted his chair against the wall, and sipped his ale, and spun his yarn.

"Yes, sir, I was bogged plumb to the chin and regrettin' my past pecky-dillios," said John Heffren, "when this party sa'nters up with a horse hair rope and yanks me out. I didn't have no Carnegie medal, so I donates him a plug of chewin', and I allows that any time he calls on me, I'll play him the return game for that rescue from everlastin' bliss. But he quit the outfit in a month, before I got even. He was signed 'J. Gladstone Chodd' on the pay roll, and branded 'London Mike' everywhere else—a slim, underdone veal cutlet, who dropped his H's when he talked thick-er'n termatter tins around a chuck wagon.

"Come September, I acquires a letter from this small person. He's 'way South then, in a sheep country, at Cres-cante, and he writes, myster'ous like, how dest'ny has hog-tied him somethin' terrible, and that he don't know any-



"You may bring us, b'Jove, two glawsses of Bawss."

body better'n me to onloose him. Well, I was headin' south, anyhow, on a cattle train, so I pervaded across to that Crescante settlement, never havin' been within two hundred mile of her, and I meets up with London Mike on the station platform.

"I ain't seen such a mis'rable spectacle since Conk Hoover had malaria, bankruptcy, and religion, simultaneous. This London Mike looked as if he'd been on a week's whoop-fa-dingo.

"What for is all this evidence of beastly dissipation?" says I to him.

"He sort o' moans, and leads me behind the water tank, alongside the track.

"John," says he, 'I ain't touched rum for a month.'

"So I up and guessed the toothache, and that conjec'shure seemed to rile him quite peert.

"Tisn't any such a fool thing," says he. 'It's love, that's what it is,' he says. 'I'm enamoured of a girl, which I aims to marry her.'

"Well," said I, 'have you seduced me into this indecent sheep country for the paltry purpose of attendin' nuptials?'

"Nuptials!" he sniveled, wabblin' his Adam's apple. 'Nuptials!' said he, 'I wished I could see nuptials loomin' up, Heffren! I rope for that girl, and rope, and rope, but I don't fasten, and that's the why I sends for you, Heffren—to help me corral the female.'

"Mike," said I, 'I'm your friend, but if you think I'm a matrimonial bureau, you're a lot mistook. I don't know the range, nor the stock,' said I. 'Women,' said I, 'is exhilaratin' and beneficial in their right place, but outside of a dance hall or a la'ndry, I don't have no transactions with 'em. I can get up in my sleep and put the diamond hitch on the worst pack mule in the Rockies,' said I, 'but when it comes to adjustin' the hyemerial knot for anybody, I ain't there.'

"Set down," said he; and we squatted in the shade of the water tank, and he told me the how of it.

"Accordin' to London Mike, the ace card in Crescante was an old settler named Winfield Scott Hubbard, and he was paw to Miss Columbia Hubbard, who was the lady that had Mike walkin' lame, and rollin' over, and playin' dead at the snap of her finger. But this here old Winfield Scott Hubbard had no more use for an Englishman than he had for a tax bill. The old crank stated that all Englishmen, morally and physic'ly, was less account than Jackson grass, and that a squad of Texas rangers could make the whole of the British army look like a mothers' meetin'. Now, that was a wild-cat the'ry, of course, but it so happened that nature hadn't much organized little London Mike to disprove it. At his best, he wasn't no human shriek o' battle, and, 'cause of bein' all lovelorn and locoed that time, he's about as depressin' a sample of manhood as you'll find outside of a tea party for the minister. And so, whatever Miss Columbia Hubbard may think, her paw renigs on J. Gladstone Chodd, complete, and allows he don't pine to have no Britannic shoe leather trampin' down his h'a'thstone.

"Yes, you're sure 'nough against it, Mike,' says I. 'But whereabouts in this international broil do I eventuate?'

"Mike, he looked bashful, and he chipped away with his knife at the brace of the water tank.

"I was calculatin', said he, 'that I might show Hubbard another Englishman, who'd make him think better of the national'ty,' said Mike, 'and thereby wipe out the prejudice he scorns me with.'

"That ain't a bad scheme,' I said, 'and I know some man-size Britishers, too, but they don't inhabit in a sheep town.'

"How would you pass for one, Heffren?' says he, and he grabs my leg.

"Me?' said I. 'Come off! I'm the truest-born American that ever licked an election off'cer!'

"No, you ain't, Heffren,' says London Mike, gazin' at me mighty piercin'. 'Your name,' says he, 'is Percy Archibald Chodd, at the present writin', and you're my brother. You left England

only last year, and you're a specimen of what I'll be, twelve months from now. When Hubbard sees you, Archibald, and sees the American style us Chodds can accumulate, then he'll say to me: "Take her, my son!"'

"You're a liar! I yell. 'Lemme up and away from here!'

"Remember, I yanked you out o' that quicksand, Heffren,' said London Mike, kind o' plaintive.

"I don't care a durn if you had yanked me out o' the tail of a comet! I ejackerlates. 'I wouldn't be nobody's Percy Archibald, not for the Union Pacific Railroad! Lemme up!'

"But I've got it all fixed,' says Chodd, 'and the Hubbards are expectin' of you, Percy.'

"The gall of him seemed to clean choke me, like I'd swallowed the flavorin' of a juicy pipe, and I just mooned at the platform. There was a pink girl, and two men with her, circlin' the far corner of the station shack.

"Jumpin' peaches! I said, complimentary.

"Why, that's Columbia now,' cut in London Mike. 'And that's Columbia's dad, with the piebald whiskers.'

"Who's the husky young stockman there, adjacent to that blonde gem of the ocean?' I says.

"He's my rival, cusses on him!' groaned Mike. 'His name is Wash Lincoln.'

"Your rival, hey?' said I. 'And him named after two Presidents? What chance have you got, you onamerican unicorn?'

"At that, little Chodd's face turns a sickly color and he crumples up. Well, I felt sorry for him, and I took another sight at the blue-eyed miracle on the platform.

"Rise up, J. Gladstone,' I says, 'and introduce your brother Archibald.' To use Cannuck talk I says 'veeva lay moor!'

"So that's how the extravaganza in Crescante got a-goin'.

"You can bet both your stiff shirts that for over a week I made the runnin' in that love mess. Every day you could

see the handicap of bein' a Britisher shrink up like a summer water hole, and the very first time I gave Winfield Scott Hubbard a exhibition of fancy lariat throwin' and revolver play, behind the barn, the old man's eyeballs fair hung on his cheeks.

"I never reckoned an Englishman could be that cultivated," said Hubbard, gaspin' for breath.

"Us Chodds learn quick," says I. 'Brother Gladstone, here, will be doin' the same, come spring.'

"Miss Hail Columbia and Wash Lincoln was roostin' on the fence, too, and I offers, casual, to rastle Wash for two bits. Wash, he grinned and guessed he wouldn't. He was a sensible, good-lookin' youngster.

"I s'pose," says he, 'that back in England you won many a wrestlin' match.'

"Sure," says I.

"What place did you wrestle at, mostly?" he says.

"That question come out as onexpected as a t'rant'la would from a faro box, and it flabbergasted me so that I couldn't think of but one place in the whole of the British country.

"Westminster Abbey," I answers, and I hears London Mike give a snort.

"But shucks! I told him that night that he han't no call to get fearsome the bluff wouldn't go through.

"Dollars to doughnuts," I told him, 'that old Hubbard, nor Columbia, nor Wash Lincoln, don't know nothin' about nothin' beyond of the Rio Grande!'

"Me and Mike was in our room at the 'dobe thing they named the Crescante Hotel, frontin' out on the plaza. I expect there was about two hundred greasers and sheep-herders of population in Crescante village. The Hubbard ranch was over a mile down the railroad track.

"Yes, I think maybe you're c'rrect, Heffren," says Chodd to me. 'We are cert'nly provin' to Winfield S. Hubbard that Englishmen don't quit for nobody. I think,' says Chodd, 'that the manœuvre will result in weddin' bells.' And we goes to sleep as innercent as babes.

"But the next mornin', here comes

old Hubbard, swarmin' into our bedroom like Dewey at Manila.

'Get up, you pair of pride-swelled aliens!' he shouts. 'Let's see what you-all is good for! Get up,' he bellers, 'and defend your flag!'

"I rubbed my eyes.

"What flag?" says London Mike.

"Why, yonder!" said Winfield Scott, and he waved his arm at the window.

"We looked out. At the top of the plaza flagpole there was flyin' a red banner, with a blue corner to it, and a red cross on that; and around the foot of the pole was a bunch of wrathful citizens with a ladder.

"Which there's also a placard on the pole," jabbars Hubbard, 'which it says that flag is in honor of the day when Britain was in a fight for half the world, and can do it again.'

"Waterloo, for a shillin'," said Mike, plenty frustrated.

"So now let's see what you're made of, consarn you!" howled Miss Columbia's paw. 'And I'll watch this fandango out o' the window, from hock to withers!'

"At that, I sized up the foxy old long horn for havin' rigged the flag hisself, just to try us out.

"Come on, Gladstone!" I roars to Chodd. 'Come with brother Percy, and paint yourself for war!' And me and him charged into the plaza, tumultuous and only half dressed.

"Them low-lived greasers dropped the ladder, and scattered like beer froth off a pricked keg. And, partner, you'd ought to 'a' listened to the oration I gave 'em! Say, say! I talked 's if I was a cross between Jim Jeffries and a rotary snowplow.

"My depraved sheep-raisin friends," I says, 'the misbegotten son of a coyote who touches this flag will get heap deceased, and don't you disremember it! I'm here for the day,' I says, 'me, Percy Archibald Chodd, of Choddville-on-the-Thames, and anybody who hankers to elimernate this banner is a-goin' to be split in two and left on both sides of the road! I'm as sour as a woman who's mean to her cat,' I says, 'and before you



"I offers, casual, to rattle Wash for two bits."

pester me, you'd better spruce up the morgue for steady boarders.'

"The Crescantes slunk off to the edge of the plaza, sort o' ridin' herd on us. I knowed that if I quit the pole for even a minute, they'd surge back and pull down the flag, and everlastin'ly queer us with old Hubbard, watchin' in the hotel. So there we set, hobbled.

"The sun turned loose onto us, somethin' fierce, and pretty soon one of them scorchin' breezes percolated in from the desert. It was a day in October, but by Humphrey, I ain't seen nothin' hotter. We chased the shadder of the flagpole, and I didn't p'spire—I gushed. If I could 'a' swapped my seat in that plaza for one in a smeltin' furnace, I'll bet it would 'a' seemed like goin' with Doctor Peary.

"'Mike,' said I, 'if the boy on the

burnin' deck was here, he'd be scream-in' for help. Bring me a Roman candle,' I said, 'for I yearns to spray my throat with what would cool me. When this ornery performance is concluded,' I said, 'bury me in a charcoal pit, and let the choir warble, "The Roast Beef of Old England."'

"Fin'ly, I dozed off, with my hat over my face, and the last thing I remembered of was the whistle of the noon express.

"Well; sir, the next episode of that patriotic drayma was mebbe a hour afterward. It consisted of Winfield Scott Hubbard waltzing out of the hotel and grabbin' of my shoulder, while me and London Mike was engaged in them parboiled slumbers at the flagpole. The first look I gave at Hubbard, I thought the old gent had the hydrophobia. I



"And before you pester me, you'd better spruce up the morgue for steady boarders."

kicked out at him. Winfield, for a while, he couldn't talk an inch. He just pirootted around, and shook his fist at that British ensign, and fetched onnatural noises out of his chest.

"What's wrong?" I says. 'You rigged the flag to test us out, didn't you?'

"By thunder, no!" chokes Hubbard. 'The pestilential varmint did it, onbeknownst!'

I says: 'Who?'

"Wash Lincoln!" gurgled Hubbard.

'And he comes to me at sunrise,' said Hubbard, 'and tells me how you fellers had raised the flag there. And tells me to watch you guard it, all the mornin', and somethin' would happen.'

"I don't care if Lincoln did string up the flag," says I. 'You'll see somethin' happen if he tries to take it down!'

"Somethin' has happened!" yelped Winfield Scott. 'He's done eloped with Columbia, while we three jackasses and the whole of Crescante was busy with this dum foolishness. Nor that ain't

the worst of it," said Hubbard. "He's a Britisher himself!"

Mr. John Heffren sighed pensively and scratched a match on the table of the Lone Star Café.

"How had the elopement been discovered?" I inquired.

"A Chinaman had promenaded in from Hubbard's ranch with a letter to old Winfield Scott," said Heffren. "I kep' the same, for a relic."

He produced the frayed document from his buckskin wallet, and thus I read:

October, 19th.

DEAR MR. HUBBARD: Columbia and I shall be married to-day in Albuquerque. Try to forgive us, and also pardon my trick to insure your absence this morning, and that of the little cockney and his make-believe English friend. I was born in sight of Westminster Abbey.

Sincerely,

WASHBURNHAM FITZ-LINCOLN.

P. S.—Under the circumstances, I am glad to celebrate this anniversary.

"Well, Hubbard forgave 'em, too,"

concluded John, "and took Fitzie into partnership. And, so's to acknowledge the corn, I always celebrate this Britanic anniversary of Waterloo, and once a year I'm a Britisher. I've got roast beef on the stove in the kitchen. Pickett, bring another bottle of English ale!"

"And that almanac from the hook behind the bar, Mr. Pickett," I added.

The page of historic chronology in the patent-medicine almanac confirmed any fears. I told John that he had chosen the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown upon which to become temporarily a subject of King Edward. Being an individual of speedy action, Mr. Heffren slammed the table with his fist.

"So Wash Fitz-Lincoln bushwhacked us even about that, did he?" exclaimed John Heffren. "Hey, you Pickett! Make my order Kentucky Bourbon! And hurry up a dish of pork and beans, in honor of the star-spangled banner! Don't you know what day it is, you blamed immigrant?"



Two Loves

[T was so still, that Sabbath night!
The breath of roses drugged the air;
Against the darkness glittered white
The Dipper's stem and crooked square.

Somewhere, an organ's noble pipes
Called to the silence—trumpet-strong,
Flute-soft; the lessening strain that wips
All fret away, and care, and wrong.

Stars, fragrance, and the night's calm pause
Seemed holy as the chapel near
Or priestly voice—no less because
They spoke too soft for men to hear.

White-hot, the planets blazed like coals;
All else was hush, and dream, and dew;
God leaned the nearer, that our souls
Loved human-wise, and loved so true!

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.



AS IT WAS RECORDED.

By W. B. M. Ferguson.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. LEMON

ONCE I had a discussion with a personalist relative to woman as a wage-earner, and the conditions she confronted in the struggle for existence. I was an impersonalist; that is, I took the optimistic side of the argument because I claimed no female relative who was under the ban of earning her own living. My friend, on the other hand, was a personalist, for he was related in divers ways to the woman who toils; therefore he took the pessimistic end. He argued from the heart, I from the intellect.

We had given considerable attention to the subject. We were biased, and naturally did not agree. Neither could convince the other. I remember speaking forensically of capital and labor, *hoi polloi*, the proletariat and co-labor—every highly eccentric and sociological shibboleth I could remember, and not fully comprehend. I ended by saying with great originality that there were two sides to every question. My friend agreed at last. He said:

"Yes, the outside and inside. Like all impersonalists you argue from the former. I, being a personalist, from the latter. You say Capital is just. I say it is a corruptionist, directly or indirectly. Perhaps I am prejudiced; perhaps you are biased. But the outside and inside must join at some point, and there also will be truth."

I thought much of my friend's words. It was true that truth must lie between my "yea" and his "nay." But who

could find the great adjudicator of all moral complexities—one who could point his finger and say: "This is fact, and that is fiction?" And, thinking, I imagined that the great adjudicator must be the keeper of the Book of Life. And imagining, I had a dream.

I dreamed that my friend and I set out in quest of the keeper of the book. And I dreamed that, after long and many wanderings, we met the keeper, called the great adjudicator, somewhere in the Never-never Land. I remember he was a very ancient personage of Dowielike architecture and garbed in a nebulous kimono on which twinkled in phosphorescent fire the signs of the Zodiac.

Dreams are bound by neither rhyme nor reason, and so I was not at all surprised to discover that the Book of Life was a most wonderful volume. By a variety of omnipotent wireless telegraphy all the complex history of the world—history composed of an infinity of lesser histories, of the daily life of every world inhabitant and his relation with his neighbor—was recorded on its pages.

And I remember the great adjudicator evinced no surprise at our arrival, for it seemed that many men, wise and otherwise, had journeyed to him when beset with the complexities of life. And in each instance he had adjudicated by simply showing a transcript from life, innocent of bias or prejudice. And so now, listening gravely to our several

sides of the question, he silently thumbed over the leaves of the book that was being written upon by an invisible hand before our eyes. And said the great adjudicator, recorder, and keeper of the book:

"This is a transcript from a life that is being lived in a city called New York, touching the question you have come about. I do not know what the story will be, but whatever it is, it will be truth. Watch it recorded and judge accordingly, for man was given understanding."

And so I dreamed that we watched the invisible hand record the following story. For every cross-section of life is but a short story, rising floor-by floor until capped by the cornice Death.

Mrs. Jollop kept what she termed a select rooming house. It was a small museum, entirely surrounded by noise. But Mrs. Jollop's roomers had been baptized in noise, and toil, and moil, and they could not have existed without the grinding shriek of the flat-wheeled surface car, or any of the lesser abominations of sleepless Broadway.

Mrs. Jollop was a majestic personage, addicted to rusty black and too youthful hair. She creaked at the hinges when ascending stairs, and owned a coquettish little habit of placing an obviously washed hand on her bosom with the exclamation of "'Ow my 'eart do palpitate!" As Mrs. Jollop had been born in the Old Kent Road, this elision of the eighth alphabetic letter could not be charged to undue familiarity with

the immortal Dickens. If she were addressing a star roomer of the male variety the unconscious quotation would be accompanied by a delightful little simper, relic of the early Victorian era.

Of course, Mrs. Jollop was a widow. It is bad form to conduct a rooming house unless one is a widow. The defunct Jollop had been full private in some obscure army of some obscure country, but his relict, who since his death had developed a lively sense of

his worth, gave him the steps in rank which his superiors had denied him. She referred to him as "My husband, poor, dear, Colonel Jollop." Thus a majestic military glory was cast about the Jollop museum which the bombazine uniform of its mistress and her respectable and martial-like face greatly enhanced.

To the uninitiated, finding a four or five-dollar room in New York does not seem very difficult. So many are advertised. Marion Daintie thought it would be very easy. It was obviously indecent of

Providence to turn out on the world, most unexpectedly, a girl minus relatives and any commercial training. Many wise people maintain that there must be something radically wrong with such a girl. But it happened with Miss Daintie, and when she came in on the Jersey train she had quite mapped out her plan of campaign.

In the secure old times of early girlhood, she had visited New York about once a month, and because she could differentiate between the Flatiron and



He was a very ancient personage of Dowielike architecture.

the Times Building, and knew that Broadway bisected Sixth Avenue at Thirty-third Street, or thereabouts, and that there was an all-night bank somewhere on Fifth Avenue, she believed that she was a thorough cosmopolite. Her capital was a few dollars over nothing, ignorance, grit, and scrupulous cleanliness of mind and person, together with a collection of advice and proverbs carefully indexed and pigeonholed. Then she was armed with a selection of "want" ads and "furnished rooms to let," gleaned from the *Telegram*.

Miss Daintie's subsequent experiences were those of a few thousand similar female Ulysses'. She discovered, after many shocks to her belief in the goodness of things, that there are streets and streets in the mid-section of Gotham which, advertised as respectable furnished rooms, are merely quarantine stations for the moral leper.

If she had been more sophisticated she would have registered at the "Woman's Christian Association," and that commendable institution would have placed her according to her pocketbook and ability. But this is not a story of a sophisticated girl, nor of one who owned a specialty. She belonged to the legion who do not know.

After a week's experience, by the advice of a stray Christian who did know, Miss Daintie reached Mrs. Jollop's select museum. On her arrival there Mrs. Jollop subjected her to the ocular Bertillon examination, and passed her. Mrs. Jollop classified the girl correctly, but she made the mistake of crediting her with money, as well as good looks and breeding.

So at first she was all smiles and talk, chatting elegantly about the "poor dear colonel," and assuring Marion Daintie that the house was very respectable and high class. But when the girl passed the star room, at ten dollars "per," and, much to the detriment of the estimable Jollop's nervous system, decided instantly on the cheapest room—a cubby-hole up among the stars—why then the landlady sniffed like an outraged war horse and coldly demanded the three dollars rent in advance.

Miss Daintie had already profited by experience. She knew that one is compelled to eat in a boarding house, but not in a rooming house. In the latter one can starve, if need be, with commendable and aristocratic independence. So she paid the three dollars, and after arranging the cubby-hole, tacking up certain pictures and old memories, she sat down on her trunk and very foolishly cried. Subsequently she departed on a foraging expedition.

After an arduous campaign, during which her sense of the fitness of things received many jolts, she located a restaurant where they served a twenty-cent dinner and a little good breeding for forty cents. Miss Daintie, in view of the fact that she had only ten dollars, and no position, decided that she must learn to give up luxuries. She must do without the good breeding.

She finally located one of the many Seventh Avenue "hasheries," where a meal, such as it was, could be procured for fifteen cents.

The price was accommodating, but Miss Daintie could not quite bear the technical atmosphere, or the manager's strict catering to the mere essentials of life. After another foray, she accidentally met with one of the numerous cheap lunch places, run under the same name. Here, for ten cents up, she got a lot of white paint, mirrors, a frigid atmosphere, and something to eat. But it was clean and respectable, even if it did give her shivers. The food problem was solved.

There are those amateur fatalists who hold to the creed of the survival of the fittest; that under all circumstances the bad will be bad and the good good. In the main, these prophets are either men or women who are too unbeautiful to tempt temptation, or who are mercifully exempt from certain conditions.

Miss Daintie, unaided, might not have gone the way of many of her sisters. But it happened that she was aided, for she met Tessie Davis. At first she thought Tessie the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, but afterward she understood that her beauty, like genius, was but an infinite

capacity for taking pains. Tessie was earning fifteen dollars in the chorus. She owned a hard-earned philosophy of life. Though she may have believed that destiny shapes our ends, it had made a poor job of hers.

Mrs. Jollop was not very fond of her, for Tessie was addicted to washing things in the washbasin and sticking them on the window to dry. Also, when rehearsing late at nights, she often extracted the soap from Mrs. Jollop's carefully plugged gas jets, thereby increasing the illumination and the bills. These misdemeanors are accounted crimes in certain rooming houses; as much as converting a trunk into a table and holding a midnight orgy over potted ham and certain strong waters.

But Tessie was tolerated, for she always paid promptly, and Mrs. Jollop had a secret weakness for the footlights. She was wont to refer proudly to her father, who had been on the stage, but she omitted, however, to explain that his histrionic talent had been confined to the role of sceneshifter.

At Tessie's suggestion, Miss Daintie renounced her cubby-hole and shared a room with her, top floor front of the Jollop museum. Besides saving fifty cents a week, Miss Daintie thus procured a few more cubic feet of air, and a refined view of the distant Times Building, for which there was no extra charge. The following day, through Tessie's influence, Miss Daintie secured her first position. They had discussed it the previous night, after the older girl had taken an impartial canvass of the situation.

"You see, kid," she explained through a mouthful of hairpins, "you're not much good for anything. What can you do?"

"I can sing a little, and—and dance, and—"

Tessie turned and pointed a long white arm which terminated in a dramatic "electric" hairbrush. "You mean the stage, eh? Well, forget it, kid. Look at me. Fifteen per, two rehearsals a day, and it's getting so we have to buy our own outfits. You wouldn't last a week. And then there's

the road, and the summer, when you have to chase round the roof gardens for a stunt. All work and little money, with more temptations than you can carry. The stage is full of bums and beauties—you're neither. There's one star born for every thousand that blink out. You let the lights of the Great White Way get playing with you, and it's milky in the filbert for yours. The limit's ten years. After that—flowers, and mebbe a few kind words."

The girl, seated on the bed, swinging her feet, regarded Tessie out of large grave eyes.

"But then there are all the big stars," she protested. "I've heard so much of them, and how they rose from nothing. Every one isn't bad, you know. Some are good."

"And more ain't." Tessie grimaced at her reflection in the mirror. "I'll tell you straight, kid, that ninety-nine per cent. of your great good stars owe their first peep at Broadway to a pull, or selling themselves to a big manager—if they're lucky enough. They'll all howl and say 'No,' but it's so just the same. They're mighty few who would care to go back over their lives. It's best to believe good, if you can, but if you're in the game you needn't play dummy. There's only one excuse for going on the stage, and that is that you can't keep off it. If it's in you, it has to come out—somehow."

"Did it with you?" asked Miss Daintie gravely.

Tessie laughed, combing out her hair. "Do I look as if I was pulling down a couple of thousand a year? No, I've tried everything, from selling insurance to demonstrating the beauties of a folding bed. Honest. I know it all—wish I didn't. The first thing you got to learn is that men have the say of all the jobs in New York. And most of them want a rake-off in one way or another. It may be only a look, a chuck under the chin, a familiar word—or worse. It's according to the man, and you. You see, if you go looking for a job with no backing, you're not a girl—somebody's sister, somebody's sweetheart, mebbe—but a *thing*. You

haven't any identity. No one cares what you are, or where you came from. If you haven't a pull, you're a *thing*. I don't know who's to blame. I guess there's too many of us, and too few positions to go round. Then there's so many sharks floating about that they queer the rest of the bunch. I advise you to try the department stores. I've been there. They're no cinch, but if you can stand the game and keep your eyes open, you may pull through. Then at night mebbe you can fit yourself for some specialty. All the good people say you can, but I've been always too tired to try it."

The following day Miss Daintie secured the position of relief cashier in one of the big Sixth Avenue department stores. Her salary was five dollars per week—fifty cents over the regular amount. She had found that even for such a position one must have a pull, for she won over a long line of disappointed girls simply because Tessie knew one of the head men.

The following week seemed as if it would never end. If it had not been for Tessie Miss Daintie never would have stood the game.

A relief cashier, like all department store help, works nine hours a day—from eight until six. She is forced to take her lunch at ten o'clock, or thereabouts, instead of midday, for at that time the regular cashiers take their recess. Miss Daintie got three-quarters of an hour. She fasted from a quarter to eleven until six; half-past six on Saturdays. In summer, Saturday is a half day—one o'clock.

The duty of the relief cashier is to

relieve the regular cashiers, and any interim during the relief, if her regular duties are not in demand, she employs in the general office, addressing envelopes, etc. Every cashier has a packer—"paper juggler"—and these packers and cash girls, ranging from thirteen to sixteen years, are paid three dollars and three dollars and a half per week, for nine hours' constant toil.

Out of Miss Daintie's five dollars—bearing in mind that she was getting fifty cents over the regular salary—she was compelled to pay for a five hundred dollar bond. Her employers had an agreement with a bonding company, and the cashiers paid twenty-five cents per week until the percentage, two dollars and a half, was paid up.

Then they paid twenty-five cents for a locker key (compulsory), and twenty cents per month dues to the general fund for providing help in case of ill health. If they were ten minutes late they were fined ten cents; for any fraction of time more than that the fine was half a day's pay. If they stamped an address or check,

tore a voucher or lost the key to the register, another fine was imposed, ranging from ten to twenty-five cents. Twenty-five cents, no matter what happened.

On very busy days it is almost impossible to escape one of the many penalized crimes. And a wrong stamp on a wrong check was visited by a ten-cent punishment. All shortages, or counterfeit money, were made good at the cashier's expense. But if she happened to take any "excess" money, due to customers forgetting their change, it was



"Ow my heart do palpitate!"

not credited to her. And the great department stores "raised" salaries at the rate of a dollar a year.

Miss Daintie came to know of girls, who had been there ten years and over, who were getting no more than ten dollars a week, and could get no more. She came to know that the average saleslady received a paltry eight dollars, while the salesmen received a commission, besides a relatively higher salary. She came to know that woman was at cost price and under. For besides the burden of Eve she had to shoulder the curse of Adam—earn by the sweat of her brow.

Thursday was pay day, and often Miss Daintie's envelope, when all the fines and dues had been deducted, hardly contained anything worthy the trouble of counting. And she knew of girls whose salary for a month had been wiped out by a "shortage." And as little girls of thirteen, by the aid of adding machines, made up the duplicate slips in the auditing rooms—duplicate slips that are supposed to tally with those of the cashier's register, slips that may be lost through carelessness—a "shortage" cannot be refuted, though the cashier may know that the one fined personally is not at fault.

Once Miss Daintie found a five-dollar goldpiece in the bottom of her cash box. She could not account for it. She was not aware that it was the great department store's method of testing the honesty of their employees. She did not know, for she never could have imagined any concern openly tempting with a week's salary an underpaid employee. In happy ignorance and honesty, she turned it in as "excess" money.

Miss Daintie, in the long ago, had often wandered through the department store in which she was now employed, and she had often admired the infinite enterprise of man as displayed about her. It seemed to be organized on a vast and generous scale. But now she was on the other side of the curtain.

It was not very long before the moral side of the question confronted her, though she was ignorant at the time.

One night, a week after securing her position, she unconsciously brought the question before Tessie.

"I had a dinner invitation, to-night," she inserted, in the cross-section of the pre-bedtime chat. There was a wistful look in her eyes. "It seems ages since I dined respectably. It's not the mere food, but the lights and the company. I confess I was anxious to accept, it's so monotonous and dreary at the store, but I knew it wouldn't be quite right."

Tessie, with a preoccupied air, dropped her high-heeled pump. "Whose invite?" she asked idly. "I knew this would come, kid."

"Your friend, Mr. Epstein. You know he gave me that fifty cents a week over the regular salary on your account. He said so. You know him well?"

Tessie nodded. "Very," she said dryly. "You didn't go—and you won't?" she asked, an anxious light in her eyes.

Miss Daintie considered. She was very tired and hopeless that night.

"Why?" she shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose all the girls do—if they're lucky enough to get a chance. We've no other opportunity for decent enjoyment. I somehow cannot like the girls at the store, Tessie. They're so—so ordinary. I don't mean to be snobbish; I've no right to be. But I can't associate with the girls. They laugh at my idea of things. I hate 'Maggie' and 'Mamie' and their 'fellahs.' And I hate dance halls, and the skating rinks, and beer, and all that. And yet I'm so lonely at times, when you aren't here. What would be the harm in accepting Mr. Epstein's invitation? He seems so nice. Not like the others. And for some reason he seemed to like me from the start."

Tessie broodingly regarded the other's fresh young beauty. "Sure," she said sarcastically. "I know Epstein. You know what he said to me once? When I said I couldn't live on five a week, the salary he offered me, after I'd been there two years, he said that was all he could pay. Then he looked me over in that way of his, and

added: "But you've your nights to yourself."

"What did he mean?" asked Marion, her eyes widening.

Tessie snorted. "What did he mean? What do all the toads in pants mean who hang around the stores at six o'clock? What do they mean when they pick out a girl, and if she's on, ask her to supper? New York ain't giving suppers for nothing that I know of. There's no evangelists going round doing the thing for the thing's sake. Epstein's the kind that, if a girl's seen in his company dining out, it's all day with her. He makes it clear the first time. You'll see, he'll offer you a good raise—afterward you'll be lucky if you can get his pull to butt into the chorus. He's got influence, all right."

"Into the chorus?" echoed Miss Daintie. She regarded Tessie fixedly, her eyes slowly widening until it seemed her face could not hold them. "Tessie—you!" she whispered.

The other laughed unnaturally, the debasing color slowly coming up over neck and face. "I was like you, kid," she said quietly. "I was lonely, hungry, miserable. I stood it off as long as I could. It came to that or being fired. I had no one to help me, no one to tell me. And then I was in a bad atmosphere. No one thought anything of it. Yes—I know Epstein. Of course it was all my fault. It always is the woman's, you know."

Miss Daintie had been reared in a strict and religious atmosphere, and she had formed certain opinions regarding the woman who sins. She imagined they were a classified and repulsive species, totally lacking in all the humanities. She had imagined that if ever she were unfortunate enough to come in contact with one, the meeting would be a distinct shock to her moral fiber—a physical repulsion that she could not survive. But now, instead, she rose and kissed Tessie, and—"I understand, dear," was all she said.

The older girl laughed, the light breaking in her eyes. "Kid, you're the first straight girl, knowing that, who has kissed me," she said, her lips twitch-



Tessie was addicted to washing things and sticking them on the window to dry.

ing. Suddenly she caught the other to her with fierce arms, looking deep into her eyes. "You—kid," she whispered. "You'll listen to me, won't you? It doesn't pay. I've tried both ends and it don't pay"—relapsing into the grammar of the herd. "You can put up with anything, if you're clean."

"You're so—good," whispered Miss Daintie at length, simply and illogically. "Why should you take the trouble to watch over me as you do?"

Tessie smiled wistfully into her eyes. "Why? Why, kid, because it seems somehow as if you were me gone back ten years and given a new deal. Once I was innocent, as you are. It seems funny, I know, but I look on you as that other me. Do you understand? I ain't ignorant now, and you'll have all the help I can give you, if you'll take it. And mebbe, mebbe there's a mother and sister waiting for you in a little town somewheres, waiting for you as mine waited for me—"

"They're dead—all dead," said Marion quietly.

Tessie nodded understandingly.

"Mine, too. It's best, I guess. Somehow the home folks always think that because you're in New York you're away up with the band wagon. I wonder why you ever came here," she added broodingly. "It wasn't the stage, nor the lights, was it? You don't look that kind."

"Necessity," said Marion. She laughed a little, sadly. But she refused to meet the other's keen eyes.

Tessie continued to regard her gravely. "Necessity," she ruminated. "What was his name?"

"Jack Blake. He's a doctor now, I suppose—" Miss Daintie's voice died away, and a flush was born as she realized that she had been led into betraying what she had hitherto kept inviolate.

"Oh," said Tessie, head on one side. "John Blake, hum!" She was silent. "That's generally the necessity," she added at length. "It was with me—only mine married the other girl. But yours didn't."

"Why?" asked Marion, looking up.

"You don't look the kind to be jilted," observed Tessie idly. With laborious conformity to the key, she commenced to whistle a popular music-hall classic. "Were you keeping steady company? It's bum how fellahs throw you down, ain't it?"

Marion rose, biting her lips. The vulgarity grated on her, much as she strove for insensibility. She had not yet completed her novitiate. There were certain jagged phrases, obtruding even above the kaleidoscopic slang, in the shop girls' vocabulary, with which she had collided every day until they had worn a raw spot in her sense of the fitness of things. Among these were "my fellah," "steady company" and "my lady friend." And the majority of her fellow laborers' contempt for, and ignorance of, the niceties of diction, pronunciation, and general ethics had told on Miss Daintie quite as much as the vitiating atmosphere and concentrated labor.

Tessie was oblivious of the other's attitude—misinterpreting it.

"There, it'll all come right by and by," she soothed confidently. "The ex-

perience'll do you good. We all have our spats. You'll be keeping steady company again."

"Never, never," said Miss Daintie quietly. She changed the subject with palpable directness.

A month passed, and two events occurred coincidentally in Miss Daintie's life which exerted a powerful influence on her destiny. One night she came home as a full-fledged cashier. And that same night Tessie Davis left for a long tour on the road.

"I wouldn't have gone if you hadn't got your raise," she said. "But now I guess you can figure along without me, and I can't let this chance slip. It'll mean a Broadway stunt on my return. Say, Epstein didn't give you the raise, did he?"

"Oh, no," laughed Miss Daintie. "It was Miss Hartmann, the head cashier. I haven't seen Mr. Epstein for a month. I'm getting on at last, don't you think so?" She laughed again. "Fancy, ten dollars a week! It seems a fortune."

Tessie wrinkled her snub nose in amazement. "Ten dollars? Why the regular salary ain't more'n six or seven. Are you *sure* it ain't Epstein, kid?"

"Quite sure." Miss Daintie was secure in her sudden levitation of finance. "It was Miss Hartmann."

"Wish you luck—all kinds," said Tessie tersely and heartily. "But look out for Epstein. He seems to have taken a fancy to you."

Miss Daintie always remembered the subsequent parting. Tessie left in a whirlwind of farewells, perfume, and advice. "Remember what I said, kid," she finished, taking the girl's tear-stained face between her hands. "And say," in sudden recollection, "if you're ever up against it, which I hope you won't be, just call up this number—Two-two-o-five, Thirty-eighth. Mind, if you ever want money, go there, and not to Epstein. I got help there when I was sick once—nothing crooked, mind. Don't forget to call it up, kid. You won't regret it." She thrust a crumpled piece of paper with the phone number into the girl's passive hand, and then,

with another kiss, rushed out to the long-waiting cab—that inanimate press agent of the chorus girl.

Two months had passed. It was seven o'clock of an autumn evening, and Miss Daintie, half dressed, sat upon the little bed of the little cubby-hole room. She appeared older, thinner, more careworn. A frightened look strained her eyes, but a certain repressed savagery twisted her lips. For some time now she had been experiencing Tessie's attempts to make a week's living expenses go into six dollars. And tonight she had at last agreed to capitulate. Body, if not soul, called for it.

For Tessie had been right, after all. Miss Daintie, in course of time, had discovered that her "raise" had been fictitious. It lasted only two weeks, during which period she had accustomed herself to a certain living standard, meager at the best, but luxurious compared to a six-dollar-a-week schedule. And then she had been informed that somehow a mistake had been made and that the regular salary of a cashier was six dollars, not ten.

She saw Mr. Epstein. He was most courteous and kind, but he could do nothing. Then, presumably, as an afterthought, he mentioned that he shortly would require the services of a secretary, and as Miss Daintie appeared qualified to fill the position, he would tender her the refusal of it. He would let her know when the vacancy occurred, and they could have dinner together, and discuss the matter. The salary would be twenty-five per week. Miss Daintie grew dizzy at the mention of the sum. Mr. Epstein kindly said he would give her time to think it over.

She did think it over. She asked the sophisticated packer at her desk, a certain Mamie Riley, what she thought of twenty-five a week for a secretaryship. And she never forgot the Riley's look and grin, or the innuendo in her reply: "Twenty-five per? No girl gets that for being a secretary."

"Oh, yes; for I've known typewriters to get as much as that," expostulated Miss Daintie desperately.

"Not for typewritin'," said the Riley dryly. And Miss Daintie was compelled to understand.

It is somewhat difficult to live on six dollars a week. Try it and see. That is the best way. The following six weeks were very real to Marion Daintie. She became a wizard of contracted finance. She did most of her own washing; her eating was a thing of circumstances and chance. Those six weeks wore down everything that went to make up her girlhood. Her resiliency was sapped to the roots. Proper nourishment can be the greatest moral support. It seemed as if those six weeks had been calculated upon to wear her down.

With physical weakness came recklessness and despair. What did it matter what happened? No one cared. And if it were not Mr. Epstein it would be some one else. She knew of half a dozen waiting moral condors. And so she had given Mr. Epstein her promise to dine with him to-night. There would be the lights, the music, the people—well fed, happy, prosperous. Though not of them, she would be among them.

Miss Daintie rose and began to comb out her tawny hair. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glazed. To-night she would live. She would laugh, laugh, laugh. The department store, the fact that she was a thing—a thing with a number, "B-54"—eternally hungry, eternally tired, eternally harried with the catering to the bare essentials of life—all would be forgotten. She would have twenty-five a week. Her philosophy had degenerated by necessity to dollars and cents. In her world they stood for rank, wealth, honor. Competition had branded the dollar sign on brain and soul.

Miss Daintie was not very well that night. Mr. Epstein was to call for her in a real cab at eight o'clock. It wanted but the quarter hour. Her head felt light, her heart heavy, her body empty. She had lost her moral viewpoint. An old quotation flashed up into her mind: "Vices are but the excrescences of our virtuous essence." Such philosophy was so comforting. So many took the

same view. She was so hungry. She was so very tired and lonely. She thought of Epstein, and another quotation came: "There is no essential incongruity between crime and culture." She thought that fitted Mr. Epstein very well.

Suddenly a phonograph commenced to blare in the house next door. Such abominations are not uncommon in Twenty-seventh Street. The window was open, and Miss Daintie could hear the song distinctly. At the first word she slowly laid the hairbrush on the dressing table, both hands mechanically following. She stared wildly at her pale reflection in the illy illuminated mirror. As she listened, her lips parted and her reflection grew nebulous and blurred. Tears had come to her eyes.

It was a very old, hackneyed song that the phonograph sang—a song ancient as death, ever rejuvenated like eternal hope. And the girl's dry lips mechanically repeated the old familiar words:

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day—

Endearing young charms! She saw in the glass her young eyes, her fresh, pure girlhood. She saw the lights, the lure of Broadway. She saw Epstein. Then the other picture came. That dear other life of the long ago—the memory she had striven to efface. The moonlit lake, a canoe, and a boy singing to a girl; singing that old, old song. And then had come the childish quarrel and the foolish pride. And then, when he had gone away, death had come; death, and poverty, and more pride. And then had come this—this room. Of course he had forgotten. For the world had come between. For woman gives and forgives; man gets and forgets. Of course, of course—

But as the song died away Miss Daintie suddenly rested her tawny head on her arms. "I can't! I can't! I won't! Oh, Jack! Jack!"

A second later, Mrs. Jollop knocked at the door with the information that a Mr. Epstein was waiting below. "Tell



Mrs. Jollop found her on the floor where she had fallen.

him I am not at home—that I will never be at home," said Miss Daintie.

Afterward, Mrs. Jollop found her on the floor where she had fallen. It was a plain case of slow starvation; and the martial Jollop was very unmartial as she twisted her obviously clean hands and chanted: "Dearie, dearie, why didn't you tell me?"

Miss Daintie was very, very tired, and she wanted to be let alone. And she was sorry she had caused such a disturbance, and wouldn't Mrs. Jollop please forgive her? And the three dollars for last week's rent was in that bon-bon dish on the bureau. And she wasn't at all hungry, and it must all be a foolish mistake. She wasn't at all hungry, and that funny little pain she had always had had gone completely. Really and truly. She only wanted to sleep.

"Hunger cancer," said the boyish-looking ambulance surgeon, and he glared like a wolf at the obviously distressed Jollop. He wanted to take Miss Daintie to Roosevelt. He said it would take nip and tuck to pull her through. But Mrs. Jollop, evidently in the throes of remorse, said she would employ nip and tuck, whoever they were, for she really loved Miss Daintie—and what

would that terrible Tessie Davis say if she found out? And here Mrs. Jollop broke down and cried most genuinely.

And so the boyish-looking surgeon said something that sounded like profanity, and he grudgingly left—leaving also certain medicine and pungent advice. He was case-hardened, but Miss Daintie's hunger-stricken eyes had somehow worked past his armor.

And that night Messrs. Nip and Tuck had a very hard time of it, indeed. It is only fair to state that the martial Jollop behaved like a true, if tardy, soldier of the cross. There came a time when the bleak dawn came creeping ghostily through the very inadequate window; a time when the milk wagons rattled and factory whistles blared; when it appeared as though Messrs. Nip and Tuck, most praiseworthy warriors, would suffer defeat.

Life was just awaking in the great city, but Miss Daintie seemed quite ready for a long, long sleep—sleep devoid of the six-dollar, nine-hour schedule; unbroken by the unelasticity of a dollar bill and the mazes of contracted finance. She seemed quite ready and willing to journey to another world; one comprised of "many mansions," where she would no longer be a thing, "B-54," where she would have no longings for a consistently full stomach; where measure for measure is meted with justice, and mercy without respect to race, creed, or color; where the Master has promised rest to the body, and to the soul, peace.

Mrs. Jollop's family doctor, a faded gentleman with an amateur wen and large heart, spoke: "They all go out in the morning." He shook his head. "I'm afraid, afraid." He watched Miss Daintie's profile. It looked strangely pinched and wan. "Hasn't she any friends?" he whispered. "Some one, you know, not a stranger. It would help a lot. It's utter isolation of heart, as well as the rest."

Miss Daintie overheard and opened her eyes. "No one," she whispered, with a smile. "No one would care—except Tessie." Sudden recollection

came and she strove to sit up. "Would you mind getting me that piece of paper out of that old glove on the bureau? Yes, that one. It's stuck down the thumb. Would—would it be too much to ask you to call up this number—Two-two-o-five, Thirty-eight? I don't know the name. Some friend of Tessie's. I want to say good-by to her by proxy. Oh, yes; I know I'm going out, as you say." She laughed a little.

Fifteen minutes passed. Miss Daintie's eyes were closed. A knock sounded, and a perspiring roomer ushered in Tessie's friend. Mrs. Jollop's family doctor rose in mingled astonishment and deference.

"Doctor Blake?" he said. Doctor Blake bowed. "I believe there is a friend of a former patient of mine here —" Then he was on his knees by the bed, his arm under Miss Daintie's head. He did not speak. The girl's eyes slowly opened and she looked up as one looks at a dream specter.

"Jack," she whispered.

The faded gentleman with the amateur wen somehow understood. He dragged Mrs. Jollop from the room.

"But will she recover?" pleaded the landlady, in a bald whisper.

"Yes," said the faded gentleman, using his handkerchief.

"Yes," said Doctor Blake. "For me."

"Yes," whispered Miss Daintie, and already the new-found life was in her voice.

"Thank Gawd!" said Mrs. Jollop, with religious fervor. "Ow my 'eart do palpitate! Thank Gawd!"

Tessie was one of the bridesmaids.

"You see," I said exultantly to my friend, as the great adjudicator closed the book, "it ended happily, after all."

"Yes," said my friend, "But what about the great majority with whom it does not end happily?"

"Well—" I began. But the question was too complex, and so like Man, the dodger of all great questions, I turned over on my other side; awoke, and thus was saved from answering.



Deep Breathing

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H.V. MAYER

“O SAILOR, sailor sitting there
And holding out your tongue,
Why do you gulp the salt sea air
So deep into your lung?”
The sailor lone inhaled ozone
As this here song he sung.

“When I was but a child of three
I scared me nurse to death
By the talent nature gave to me
Of holding of me breath—
‘A long, strong hold ’s as good as
gold,’
So Mr. Shakspeare saith.

“When I was old enough to sail
I sailed upon the *Jean*,

A lily-white and water-tight
Commissioned submarine,
A boat of spunk which sunk kee-plunk
Beneath the waters green.

“One day when we was six miles down
Within that deep-sea boat,
The pretty *Jean*, our submarine,
She plum refused to float.
The air gave out, we couldn’t shout
And terror frizz each throat.

“Our mate he was the first to die,
Then seaman Jones expired;
Next to happen fell our cap’n,
Plum of livin’ tired.
The crew grew blue, a hoodooed hue,
And perished as required.

"But I, from habit learned in youth,
 Began to hold me breath;
 With soul composed me lungs I closed,
 A straight defi to death.
 'Hold on to what you've really got,'
 Is what the Bible saith.

"For seven hours me breath I held,
 I held it eight and ten,
 With paling cheek a total week
 I closed me lungs—and then,
 An oyster-dredger dredged the *Jean*,
 From out that watery ken.

"They quickly ope'd the bonny *Jean*,
 And dragged me forth right soon.
 I grabbed the breeze me teeth between
 Then fell down in a swoon—
 I breathed so deep it swelled me clean
 Up like a toy balloon.

"So from the Navy I resigned
 As soon as I could speak.
 Me pension on the list, I find,
 Is twenty cents a week,
 Which keeps me leisurely of mind,
 In comfort so to speak.

"And now, on breezy afternoons,
 When I of work am free,
 I love to pause with open jaws
 Beside the sounding sea,
 To let the boisterous whirlwinds blow
 Into the inmost Me.

"For drinking is a jovial sport
 For them that loves that same;
 And eating, too, to them that chew,
 Is pleasant as a game;
 But breathing is to me the bliss
 Which makes the rest seem tame."





ILLUSTRATED BY H. VON S. LUCAS

THERE was, as Mrs. Penyer had been delighted to discover upon her husband's appointment to Westwold, excellent company in the place. This was true even when the inmates of the jail itself—unfortunately unavailable for the purposes of relaxation—were regretfully excluded. Among those inhabitants of Westwold who dwelt in the town from choice and not for the good of the State, there were some "really nice people."

This afternoon Mrs. Penyer was preparing to welcome certain of them. Her heart was full of the fortunate housewife's bland satisfaction as she moved about the dining room—an apartment whose vast dimensions and heavy fittings were made delicately charming by the play of flames in the broad fireplace and the splendid showing of green foliage and brilliant blossoms in the long conservatory adjoining.

She counted off her guests. There were to be Senator Boswell and his daughter Eleanor—both indigenous to Westwold; the girl was reputed to complicate her father's work on the foreign committee by her attitude to the foreign attachés; when the secretary of the South Venezuelan legation attempted suicide on her account—his emotions harmfully commingled with absinthe—she mounted almost to the dignity of an international complication. There were to be Mr. and Mrs. Favice, home from a motor trip over the Himalayas or a canoe trip up the Ganges—Olive Penyer never could keep record of their wanderings. And, finally, there was Lornà Trask, with a face delicate and contemptuous, maddening gowns, and a wit that etched in fine lines impressions which time's acid only intensified. These and Doctor Barnard, Walter's old friend and classmate, come home from Paris with some wonderful

new poison tests or antidotes—Olive made no pretense of having a scientific memory—made up her list.

Her servants—she smiled whimsically, half in sadness, half in luxurious content. It was for bigamy, not for the blacker, unindictable crime of poor cooking, that the ex-chef of the Versailles Hotel was sojourning at Westwold; and never had butler been found equal to the silent, respectful, alert Number Seventeen, with his attentive eyes and impenetrable face. It would require a large income to support—outside the prison confines—such an establishment as hers here in Westwold penitentiary. After all, there were compensations in marrying a penologist!

She turned to smile a personal approval upon the green and flowering conservatory on her left. Back of her, the broad windows showed a world of snow blown into waves and rivulets, up the treeless slope at the head of which a sentry paced. The contrast between the bleak and frigid exterior and the tropical annex to her dining room filled her with pleasure, for which she promptly gave herself conscientious chastisement. The poor things who made her comforts—the poor souls!

As the afternoon wore on, a slight anxiety began to curdle the smoothness of her satisfaction. There was nothing tangibly wrong with her house-keeping apparatus, but she was vaguely disturbed. Seventeen's manner as he listened to her directions concerning the table, the decorations, and the confections was, as always, the perfection of quiet attention; nothing was missing of respect, of alertness, of efficiency, from his attitude. But a subtle sense of change was in the air—so vibrantly in the air that she found herself breaking off in the midst of a sentence concerning the candle shades to stare bewildered at him. He waited for her to resume, and when it was apparent that she had lost the thread of her directions, he recalled her by saying: "The yellow under the silver?" and she stumbled on.

The bearing of Alphonse gave her more definite grounds for the unde-

fined worry that began to possess her. He had a Frenchman's mercurial way, always; to-day he was plainly laboring under some excitement. His dark eyes were bright with tension, his address both more florid and more abrupt than usual. But even with him there was no open ground for the tremors that began to shake Olive.

"I wish to goodness Walter would come," she kept saying to herself. He had gone to New York to attend a conference of prison workers, the most distinguished of all being himself. He would not return until late afternoon, when he would bring the Favices and Doctor Barnard up with him. Lorna Trask was visiting the Boswells in their big place on the hill.

"Oh, I wish Walter were here!" she kept on repeating to herself. But he wasn't; he would not be until their guests were also, and there was no use dwelling upon that! After all, there was no indication of anything wrong, except in her own sensitive imagination. Walter's secretary, appealed to, declared that the prison had never been in more orderly, well-disciplined condition. One of the deputies even went so far as to say that he believed that the prisoners were beginning to appreciate what Mr. Penyer was undertaking for them—the reforms in hygiene, occupation, and the rest. So Olive resolutely put away her forebodings, and went on with her preparations.

She was not so far advanced beyond the bridal stage of existence that she had become indifferent to clothes. When the dinner guests assembled in the living room she had a little thrill of gratification because her silver tissue over rose was not less lovely than Lorna Trask's wonderful combination of maize color and black lace and turquoise blue. She hadn't seen much of Lorna since her marriage three years before, but Miss Trask had always represented to her the ideal in elegance of dress, and she was glad that that fair "glass of fashion" should see that marrying a prison-reform enthusiast had not destroyed her ability to wear her frocks like a worldling.

By the way, it was funny that Lorna had never married—Lorna so fascinating, so brilliant, so admired! Why, Lorna must be thirty-five! Certainly she was five years older than she, Olive Penyer—and she was thirty. But the passing years had not yet begun to damage the rare and insolent beauty of the woman, with her ashy gold hair, her finely chiseled features, her deep, mocking gray eyes that darkened the exquisite fair flower of her face.

mented each other. And as she turned from the little rite of hospitality and old friendship, Olive was aware that Doctor Barnard was looking eagerly at Lorna. Another half glance below her lashes showed her that Lorna actually seemed to blush beneath the doctor's greeting. What if—what if—the heroine of countless flirtations, the breaker of hearts, the player with emotions, should at last succumb to a simple man of science! Olive laughed to herself,



"I understand. You regret. I forgive." The six words were hardly audible to her.

"Lorna!" cried Olive, with sincere affection, hurling herself upon her old friend, after she had more formally greeted Senator Boswell and the youthful, dashing, willowy Miss Eleanor.

"Olive!" Lorna's voice was, as always, low, restrained, tender, yet with the note of mockery in its tenderness—as though she jeered herself for feeling or her hearer for believing in any softness. Then they held each other at arm's length, and smiled and compli-

busy at once with the happy wife's game of matchmaking. Then she assigned Lorna to Doctor Barnard for the short procession to the dining room, while Walter took out Mrs. Favice, Eleanor departed with Bob Favice, and she herself led off with the senator.

The dining room was all that her hostess' heart could possibly desire. Stone work, firelight, candlelight, flowers—everything was exquisite. The heavy green velvet portières were drawn across the bay-windowed alcove



Each of the convicts was covered by a leveled revolver.

that gave upon the courtyard, across which the prison proper reared its forbidding pile. That sight, with its reminders, was shut out of the vision of the diners.

They seated themselves, exclaiming a little in intimate gratulation over the charm of the room. They shook their vast, snowy napkins into their laps, kept on with their chatter, lifted their spoons toward their golden grape fruit. Olive's pride and hospitality purred and sang like a contented teakettle.

Lorna Trask, her eyes momentarily directed toward her fruit, was telling a story to which the others were listening with ready laughter and little interruptions of interest.

"'Tike th' tuppenny tube for beynk,'" she was quoting the cockney hero of her tale when she raised her eyes from her dissected grape fruit and glanced toward her hostess, her lips apart for going on with her story. Behind Olive's chair stood Seventeen, his gaze fixed upon the charming story-teller—his imperturbable, unwavering gaze.

The smile remained stonily fixed on her lips, but the color ebbed from her delicately rounded cheeks and the raconteur's light of amusement, of satisfaction, in bringing on a climax was deadened in her eyes.

The frozen stare with which she met the unshaking, unemotional regard of Seventeen's eyes, the silence that interrupted her story, lasted for a full second. Every one stared at her in surprise and alarm. Then her spoon fell from her limp fingers with a little clatter. The noise roused her to a realization of what she was doing. Her features unstiffened, relaxed.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," she said lightly. "I was simply stunned by the awfulness of what I was going to say. The story"—she took up the fresh spoon which the man had laid at her place—"is not one for this mixed assembly. Have any of you ever done a thing like that—caught yourselves on the very brink of a most dreadful *faux pas*?"

Doctor Barnard frowned a little.

His stories and all the stories he approved were innocuous—could be told to all sorts and conditions of persons, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. It jarred upon him that this lovely creature whom he had been inclined to look at with such admiration should have a less wholesome kind in her repertory. Then Olive gave her a cue which restored Miss Trask to her pedestal in his estimation.

"Poor Lorna!" said Mrs. Penyer, in a low tone, under cover of one of Nell Boswell's reminiscences of one of her famous *faux pas*. "I suppose she was going to tell some story about criminals when she realized that one stood behind my chair. There are embarrassments about dining in a penitentiary, after all! Isn't she charming?"

"Very," answered the doctor heartily.

He felt very grateful to Mrs. Penyer for readjusting Miss Trask's halo for him. For the first time he was aware of how much interest he had in that halo. He looked at Lorna Trask again, kindness and apology in his heart. And his eyes met hers, directed toward him with deprecation and—was it fear?—in their depths. He smiled reassuringly. He liked her all the more for the hint of ordinary, womanly weakness in her—the weakness that had been appalled to find itself on the edge of a situation which would wound even a criminal, the weakness that was ashamed of having made a stupid social step. But though she smiled faintly in response, the apprehensive look did not fade from her eyes.

The dinner proceeded talkatively enough, yet with that icy film of restraint which is the terror of an ambitious hostess. Olive fought against it, but somehow it was mingled with those tremors of hers of the afternoon. It required effort on her part to laugh, to fling the right word, to provoke the right anecdote. Paris, India, New York, Washington—they all contributed their quota of gossip, of reminiscence. And yet there was a suffocating sense of weight upon it all.

Lorna had been deliberately conversational after her initial blunder, but there was a strange, incomprehensible change come over her—like one of those in a chemical experiment where a new element, introduced, alters the color of a substance before the experimenter's eyes. Her exquisite voice had suddenly something almost metallic in it. The bloom seemed gone from her face; it was as if an early frost had visited a garden in its glory, freezing the young bud and the green leaf. But she talked, talked restlessly, insistently. And Doctor Barnard's eyes were upon the change that had blown across her. And Seventeen, a stone image of a man, regarded her always.

By and by the conversation drifted, as it has a way of doing, to men and women and the wrongs they do each other. It was an old-fashioned company in this matter, and Woman occupied her traditional place in it—the warm-hearted victim of man's deceit, of man's inconstancy, of his absorption in the practicalities of life. Only Lorna Trask sat silent in the general chorus, a little cynical smile upon the lips grown so suddenly old. And Seventeen, standing near the green velvet curtains that shut out the courtyard and the glooming prison, watched her. By and by she laughed.

"We are all saints, of course," she said. "But once or twice in the history of the world there have been ladies who had some cruelties upon their own souls."

Oh, yes, of course, they all said impatiently; but those women—those Catherine of France and Russia and the like—they were not normal women, were they, Doctor Barnard? Doctor Barnard, however, smiled and declined to commit himself pathologically on the subject of the trouble-making women. But Lorna Trask pushed back her ice and faced them all with an obstinate line about her lips.

"I believe, if we knew the truth," she declared, with a repressed vehemence, "that probably half of those men out there"—she nodded her head in the direction of the tabooed prison

—“are there because of some woman—because some woman was mercenary or vain or utterly cold! Oh, men are bad enough, God knows,” she cried, “but often and often it is women make them what they are. I know it, I’ve seen it, I—”

She broke off abruptly. Seventeen, at the serving table, with the coffee cups at his hand, looked at her. For the first time that evening human blood seemed to run beneath the white parchment of his face; for the first time his eyes had a look more human than that of a death mask.

“My dear Lorna,” protested Olive, uncomfortable at the turn the conversation had taken, “next you’ll be accusing us individually—Bertha and Nell and me, and even yourself, of all manner of crimes.”

“No, I’ll let the rest of you off,” said Lorna, sinking from her vehemence into a sort of languid sadness. “I’ll accuse only myself. But believe me, sometimes—oftener perhaps than we know or we couldn’t bear it—men are our victims, our scapegoats.”

Seventeen’s coat sleeves brushed a cup to the floor, and there was a crackle of fragile china. Olive frowned. Here was something tangibly annoying. She looked around the table, collecting eyes; she wanted to escape from the scene of the uncomfortable dinner. Perhaps the men—dull creatures!—had not been aware of its atmosphere. Anyway they could smoke themselves into tranquillity. At the door of the passage leading toward the kitchen she was aware of a pair of black eyes beneath a cook’s cap. It was the first time she had ever known Alphonse to do such a thing! Her irritation mounted. Her own look demanded of him what his presence meant. But positively he did not see her! He was staring, not at the dinner table, but toward Seventeen and the coffee.

She arose with a determined swish of her draperies. Alphonse faded quickly down the passage. The other women fluttered to their feet; the men arose to wait their exit. Lorna Trask paused beside the curtained alcove.

“What’s out there, Olive?” she asked idly.

Olive, exasperated, “on edge,” had a sudden desire to let the inquisitive guest realize how malapropos is curiosity in a prison.

“See for yourself,” she said, a little curtly, her hand upon the cord to draw the portières aside.

But Seventeen stood at her elbow, his hand also upon the cord—to hold, not to release the curtains. Olive turned in angry amazement. The warden stepped forward.

“Beg pardon,” said Seventeen, but he did not release the portière. “But it’s no sight for a dinner party.”

For a second there was an uncertain pause. Then Olive shrugged her shoulders.

“True,” she said. “And this isn’t the occasion for discipline, Walter.”

She led the women toward the big living room. Not until they were in it, and the men had resumed their seats at the table, did Seventeen let go the cord. When he did, there were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

In the living room the same oppression that had weighed upon Olive all the afternoon remained. She could no more shake it off than she could breathe easily the heavy air that precedes an electrical storm. She was nervous, palpitant, listening—but she did not know for what. Eleanor Boswell, almost inhumanly unsensitive to atmosphere, rattled on, and Bertha Favice seconded her. But Lorna Trask seemed to feel her hostess’ mood and to share it. The man came in with the coffee. He paused a second before Lorna’s chair, which was a little removed from the group of the others.

“I understand. You regret. I forgive.” The six words were barely audible to her.

Olive flashed a sharp glance after Seventeen.

“Did he speak to you?” she demanded, crossing the room to Lorna. “I don’t know what imp has gotten into the household force to-night.”

“He said ‘one lump’ with an inquiring inflexion, that’s all,” prevaricated

Lorna easily. She was very pale and leaned limply against a cushion. "That's not forbidden a prisoner?"

"No," replied Olive dubiously. "But there's something in the air to-day that I don't understand. They're all queer and—— My God! What is that?"

The four women had leaped simultaneously to their feet. The sound that had roused them was a chatter of excited French in the dining room, an oath, a heavy fall, a crash of china,

the convicts covered by a leveled revolver.

"Send Flynn and Graham to me, please, Olive," said the warden.

She sped to the office and gave the message to the secretary and an under-warden. She was back like the wind. The Frenchman was rising to his feet at the command of authority. But he was still glaring murderously upon the butler, whose hand was still on the velvet curtains. "*Traître!*" he cried.



The man whom her idle vanity had driven to ruin years and years before.

and then the authoritative voice of Warden Penyer. With white faces and hands pressed to their lips to keep back their cries, or to their bosoms to still their fluttering hearts, the women crowded to the door. In the dining room they had lately left Seventeen stood beside the green velvet curtains. Alphonse lay upon the floor clutching the tablecloth and dragging glass and china to destruction. The warden and his friends stood on guard, each of

"Search them for weapons, Flynn," said the warden.

Flynn approached Seventeen and jerked him about.

"Don't pull the curtain, sir, if you value your life!" cried the butler. "It's a signal—they're waiting for it over there across the yard—it's the signal that you're all drugged, that the minute is come to overpower the guards there—it's the signal for a mutiny, sir, planned for months!"

Gingerly Flynn kept away from the drawn curtain. The Frenchman mouthed and foamed about traitors and cowards and blood money.

"Call up the men who are off duty, Graham," the warden commanded his secretary. "So a revolt is planned—and that was to be the signal. And you were to have given it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why have you not done so?"

Number Seventeen turned toward the drawing-room door. There was a look—almost a smile—in his eyes, such as no one had ever seen there before.

"I thought better of it," he said simply.

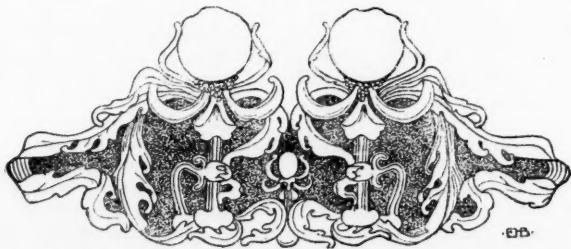
"Better!" shrieked the Frenchman, suddenly twisting himself out of the hands of the man who held him. He snatched the revolver—his actions were swift and unexpected. In the fraction of a second there was a deafening report, a puff of smoke, and Seventeen pitched forward. And Lorna Trask's cry of piercing agony rose above all the confusion and alarms.

At Westwold they still tell the story of the beautiful woman of the great world who came to dine with the warden's wife, and there confronted the convict of her own making—the man whom her idle vanity had driven to ruin years and years before when she was whiling away an autumn in a dull little country town where he was the young bank teller. They tell how she had gone away, forgetting the boy and his adoration, never knowing how all

the little gifts and amusements he had offered her had been bought with stolen money. They tell how, when he had been discovered and sent to punishment, prison finished the work that weakness and vanity and love of a cold girl had begun, and he had become a clever forger, so that, years later, in a strange place, she should meet him expiating fresh crimes, and planning still more. And they tell how her conscience awoke and illuminated the situation for her, and how, enigmatically, she made confession of her sorrow and of her sense of guilt. She was still beautiful and still alluring, and her words aroused memories and affections and yearnings long asleep in the man's hardened breast.

In some highly romantic versions of the story, he recovered from his bullet wound and repented and reformed, and they lived—if not happy ever after, at least as happy as could be expected. But that is the absurdity of romance, and Doctor Barnard's gray-haired wife, a beautiful woman like a flower a little shriveled before it has become sere, knows another ending—a happier one, perhaps; and the private secretary of the penological authority—no longer an active penologist, though—Walter Penyer, also knows this ending.

He is a pleasant-faced man, of quiet manner, a wonderful cataloguer among other things, and a great favorite with the Penyer children, who think that the slight limp with which he walks—due to a bullet that crushed a bone in his leg—rather a distinguished attribute.



SHANGHAIED BY THE SAINTS



BY HOLMAN F DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

CAP'N AARON SPROUL sat on the stringpiece of the wharf at Nausport and gazed commiseratingly out at the three-masted schooner, *M. K. Rawley*. The *Rawley* was at anchor, bow on, and seemed to gaze reflectively back at Cap'n Sproul. The hawse holes served as eyes.

Squinting under his hand, the cap'n observed that her sides were crusted by barnacles and that her sails had been stripped off.

Cap'n Sproul felt a certain kinship with the old schooner. It was a mournful sense of relationship. He felt stripped and barnacled himself, now that he was down within sight and hearing of the sea.

An elderly man who wore obtrusive white trousers came and sat down beside him.

"She's been at anchor three years, shipmate," he remarked.

"I'm goin' her a year better," said the cap'n. "I've been anchored ashore for four years."

"Follered the sea in years past?" inquired White Trousers.

"Well, I've waded across a cove or two at low water."

"Meanin' coastin'?"

"Yes, with Afriky on one side and South America on the other," replied the cap'n dryly.

"Oh, deep water!"

"Deep water. Master of the *Jefferson P. Benn*."

"Well, *she* was mine," stated White Trousers, with a jab of the thumb in the direction of the old schooner. "Bricks and granite out, and Southern pine back. But neither me nor her is goin' to work any more with freights down where they be. I've laid by enough to live on and she can set easy out there, shoes off and runnin' to pasture like these landlubbers say of an old horse."

"I wish I'd kept mine," said Cap'n Sproul soulfully. "I'd cal'late to come down summers and set aboard of her for a vacation. I can stand it inshore for about so long, I can worry through a winter, because I know what it means to be sloshin' round in a gale; but when summer comes I get a hankerin'.

"That's why I'm down here now. Say, what may I call your name?"

"Same as that out there," said White Trousers, with another jab of his thumb at the dingy letters on the bow of the schooner.

"Mine's Sproul. I'm sheriff of Cuxabexis County, and this time of year I'm sick of the job. Me and that old schooner has been settin' here gittin' acquainted. I reckon we feel about alike. I'd like to go out and stay aboard her for a week. I've got some thoughts to think over by myself. What will you tax me for a week's lodgin' on her?"

Captain Rawley gazed at him critically.

"I reckon I know the feelin'," he said at last. He dug into the pocket of his white trousers and produced keys. "Go on aboard and help yourself. No charge. If you think you're under any obligation you can return it the next time I'm sent to your jail. There's plenty of wood for the galley fire. Stock up on ship's stores accordin' to taste and style of cookin'."

A half hour later Cap'n Sproul rowed out to the schooner, his dory piled with groceries. He clambered aboard and sighed with relief as he swung his leg over the weatherbeaten rail. The house was a bit musty, but he opened ports and companionway and let the breezes skylark through. His appetite at supper was a revelation to him. It was a late supper, for he was determined to indulge himself in lobsouse and duff.

Then he hung the battered riding light in the starboard fore shrouds, and lighted his pipe, and lounged in the cabin, gazing with deep comfort on the stained paneling, luxuriating in every detail of the surroundings, listening to the consoling slap of the waves against the schooner's sides. It was like the usual adventure that is unpremeditated and unplanned—its piquancy was all the fresher.

The sense of being alone to think his own thoughts and indulge in his memories was the most enjoyable part of the experience. The Cuxabexis jail and his cares and petty trials were all very far away. Just a little stretch of the im-

agination, and he was once more aboard his own vessel, and the winking lights that he saw through the open ports were the lights of any foreign harbor that had charmed him in the days gone by.

Illusion was assisted by the clang of the bell at the harbor entrance and by the melancholy bellow of a whistling buoy so far away that he had to strain his ears to hear.

He got out his notebook and a stubby pencil, and began to compose a log that was a real marvel of invention. He went up and struck eight bells to relieve the anchor watch with only a dim comprehension by this time that he was playing at seafaring.

He dozed over his second pipe and awoke to see men coming down the companionway. His first thought was wonderment that the man on watch had not notified him of callers, and he turned and took two strides toward the coach-house stairs with the intention of cuffing the man into wakefulness. Then he remembered, and swung around to meet his visitors.

There were four, and the man ahead towered so that his head barely escaped the cabin beams. His long, sal-low face reminded one of the countenance of a horse. His eyes were wide apart and he fixed Cap'n Sproul with solemn gaze.

"You have the marks of a mariner," he observed, after his scrutiny. "Have you been down to the sea in ships and visited far countries?"

"What be you, takin' the census or startin' conversation in an evenin' call?" inquired the cap'n. "But whatever it is, I ain't ever any backward about my record as a seafarin' man. I've sailed thirty years as master mariner, and I never put a keel against anything harder than a jellyfish yet."

The tall man came into the centre of the cabin, towering above the stubby cap'n. The other three men ranged themselves behind their leader. They were also sal-low individuals with solemn visages. Each had a little book tucked under his arm. The party had a sort of pervasive air of being Sunday-

school superintendents, so Cap'n Sproul decided. And as a master mariner, bearded in this fashion in his own cabin, he also decided that he did not like them.

"And those thirty years went all for the profit of Mammon," declared the tall man.

"They went for the profit of them that owned shares into the *Jefferson P. Benn*," returned Cap'n Sproul.

"Yet not one saintly thought came to you as you sailed the seas," persisted the other.

"It looks to me as though you'd made a wrong turn to the left and got into a vestry where you wasn't looked for," remarked the cap'n, after glancing them over carefully once more.

"We are mariners like yourself," the tall man proceeded. "But we do not sail the seas to lay up treasures on earth. We do not take shipping to collect the dross of this world's goods."

"Then you must do some lively dodgin' to keep away from the owners, unless you peddled all the sixty-fourths out to angels," commented the cap'n practically. "Say, what's your name, anyway, and who invited you on board here, and what do you think you're tryin' to do? Them's some questions that have a bearin' and I'd like to have 'em answered."

One of the men stepped forward.

"A little more respect, sir, if you please. You are talking to a great and good man. The worldly know him as Elder Inch. We, the saintly, know him as the Prophet Elijah, visiting the earth for a second time. And this," he went on, pointing to a short, fat man whose breast

was covered with a fan of red beard, "is Moses, reincarnated. Now, take good care of your tongue."

Cap'n Sproul took rapid survey of the walls of the cabin, apparently in order to assure himself that he was not dreaming about this invasion.

"You say you are wise as to the ways of the sea," the man went on. "Very well! Listen to our prophet."

Elder Inch straightened till his head was fairly against a cabin beam. He raised his hand over the staring cap'n.

"You are commanded to leave and follow," he declared sonorously. "From henceforth your knowledge of the mysterious ways of wind and ocean belongs to us. You are called. We hold commission from the saints."

"They may be all right, though they never owned into anything I ever commanded," said the cap'n. "But if you gents expect me to get interested in this



He got out his notebook and a stubby pencil, and began to compose a log that was a real marvel of invention.

conversation you want to come into the wind and fill away on another tack. Provided there's one of you four that ain't livin' on earth a second time and tryin' to do business on the basis they used three thousand years ago, suppose he explains what this is all about. You've been talkin' backward so far!"

Elder Inch glowered. But "Moses" stepped forward, raking his beard with pompous fingers. He was brusque and businesslike.

"We came aboard here to get a man who can command a vessel. You seem to be simply loafing here. There are no sails on this craft. So, if you are a sailor, and you look like one, you are open to an engagement. We hereby take you as sailing master of the good ship *Saints' Delight*."

Cap'n Sproul, devoted student of the shipping news of his country, jerked his pipe out of his mouth. He stared from one to the other of the four men.

"Are you critters off'n that floatin' combination of an insane horsepittle and a revival camp meetin'?" he demanded, with some heat.

"The *Saints' Delight* lies yonder in the stream," said "Moses," with dignity. "We have had some trouble in navigating with spiritual guidance, and so we—"

"Trouble!" echoed the cap'n. "You've gumped every rock and raked gouges in every clam flat between here and Quahaug Bay where you started from. I've seen about you in the papers. I read shippin' news—you needn't try to fool me on that! A little trouble with spiritual guidance, hey? Well, if old guidance had out master's papers the inspectin' board would be chasin' him up to cancel them after the showin' he's made since you started out. I reckon you're right in what you just said—you need somebody that don't take a course out of a hymn book."

"We call on you," boomed Elder Inch.

"And when you've finished your call—which I reckon is about now—you can back up them companion steps, sayin' good night," retorted Cap'n Sproul. "Don't you second-time-on-

earthers know a vacation when you see one? I'm on mine, and I don't want to be bothered."

"This is not an invitation—it's a mandate," stated Elder Inch threateningly. "You must come. The higher forces command. This is not a matter of the vain world."

"I'd like to see the man that can induce me to join your pack of lunatics for a cruise," stated the cap'n.

"The world calls us lunatics—that is true! We do not do as the petty, coward, money-grubbing souls of earth perform. But we know from what source comes our commission to act," cried the giant elder. The gleam of lunacy began to glow in his hollow eyes. "It has been revealed to me that the cause needs your wisdom—even as it has called upon my spirit of prophecy and Moses' spirit of leadership. So you must come. And the great day of Armageddon is too near for us to waste time in foolish argument."

He advanced on Cap'n Sproul and penned him in a corner of the little cabin. He reached and took him in his mighty grip. The cap'n struggled, kicking out with his heavy shoes, but the gigantic elder held him off at arms' length and pushed him to the companionway. The cap'n had never experienced such strength as this man displayed, his dementia aiding his natural might. He had to go along. To be manhandled in this fashion was a new experience, and it made the sheriff of Cuxabexis feel very foolish.

There was a yawl at the foot of the *Rawley's* ladder. The three saints descended first, and the muscular Elijah dropped the struggling cap'n over the rail into their arms. By this time his anathema had become hideous. He had been shanghaied so suddenly out of the perfect calm of his isolation on board the old schooner that the experience still seemed something like a nightmare. But he was determined to express his opinion even to the creatures of a dream.

When the elder had taken his seat in the yawl he clapped a broad hand over Cap'n Sproul's mouth.

"You are plainly a man of sin," growled Inch, "but we have taken you in time. We will conquer the demon that is in you."

The cap'n, in imminent danger of suffocation, managed to get his face out of the clasp of the mighty hand.

"Keep that jumbo jib off'n my face," he shouted.

"Then restrain vain speech in the presence of the saints," advised his captor.

And the cap'n, gasping for breath, restrained himself. It occurred to him that in this case might spelled right, and resistance was useless. He crouched on the thwarts of the yawl wearing the expression of a captive bear, and in much the same frame of mind.

When they approached the *Saints' Delight* he surveyed her with some interest in spite of his rage. She was an old brig that he had known in his seafaring days as the *Rebecca P. Rodd*. He had followed her vicissitudes in his daily column of shipping news. He had read with vague, impersonal interest that she had been bought by the "Saintly Rollers." That interest was now acute.

That heavy hand on his collar suggested to him that he was about to make an intimate acquaintance with that brig and its new owners. He tried to remember what he had read concerning the ways and the nature of the Saintly Rollers. He was too mad to collect his thoughts.

Many heads appeared along the rail. He descried women as well as men. A flush came to the cap'n's cheek in the gloom. To have women behold him sacked aboard like a kitten held by the scruff of the neck troubled his sense of pride. He surlily, intimated to the elder his willingness to go on deck without assistance.

"The leaven is working," declared Mr. Inch solemnly. "Even the heathen cannot rage long in the presence of the saints. The demon is hiding himself in the recesses of your soul, but we will have him forth."

"I hope if I have got one in me he's

as big as a Bengal tiger and relishes human meat," muttered the cap'n to himself as he climbed the ladder.

He found some twenty-five persons of both sexes on deck. All carried the little books under their arms. A woman came forward and thrust one into his hands.

"The prophecies and revelations of our new Elijah, dear brother," she informed the cap'n. "A charm against evil, an inspiration toward the good. Never part from it. You may now give me the kiss of the Saintly Family of Rollers."

The cap'n looked sourly at the slit of a mouth under her hooked nose.

"I hain't played 'needle's eye,' nor 'copenhagen,' nor any other kissin' game since I was ten year old, and I don't propose to begin again now, marm."

Elder Inch thrust his loin-of-beef hand down upon Cap'n Sproul's shoulder.

"As the head of the family I shall not see you insult a saintly sister," he declared menacingly. "Brothers shall dwell together with sisters in unity. Make your peace with her that has so sweetly greeted you."

But Cap'n Sproul, on the quarter-deck, was on familiar ground and felt his self-possession returning to him. He had been backing to the rail. He put his hands behind him and pulled two iron belaying pins from the rack.

"I'm aboard of here in durance vile," he exploded. "Shanghaied by a pack of prophetizers, led by a human elephant, and it ain't any discredit to an ordinary man to have to lay down when he gets hold of him—and I say so that all females present can take notice and make due allowance. But I serve notice that the critter that tries to start me out on a kissin'-bee mission will wake up in hell in about two minutes with holes in his head ready for the horns to be set in. Now, you take a good look at me and figure over whether you want to start anything."

He brandished the belaying pins.

"You're still a man of sin, with the demon rampant within," stated Elder Inch. "Leave him to his wretchedness



Elder Inch thrust his loin-of-beef hand down upon Cap'n Sproul's shoulder.

for a time, Sister Boorah. He is not prepared to enter the family as yet."

"Moses" came forward and leveled a menacing finger at the cap'n's nose.

"Demon, will you come forth tamely and depart, or shall we tear you out and scatter you upon the air?"

"I'd give a thousand dollars this minute," declared the furious and insulted sheriff, "if I was a kennel with about a dozen healthy demons in me. I'd let 'em loose—you needn't worry none about that."

"The demon speaks and is intractable," stated Elder Inch.

He mounted upon the booby hatch and pointed to the expanse of the main deck. The men and women promptly threw themselves prostrate upon their faces. The elder lifted up his voice in strange, sonorous song. He sang over and over:

"Roll, roll the saintly roll, for the truth
e-tarnal!
Roll, roll out of me all that is carnal."

While he droned the words, repeating the couplet, his followers began to slowly roll themselves along the deck, taking up the song. When they were in

full operation the elder turned to the goggling cap'n.

"Down, sir! Down with your demon! Roll your iniquity out of you?"

"Meanin' me?" inquired Cap'n Sproul, tapping finger on breast.

"Meaning you, sir."

"Meanin' that I get down and roll over like a pup beggin' doughnuts? Not by the great tin-edged damsite, you old hoss-faced Goliah, you!"

Elder Inch stood not upon ceremony when quelling mutiny. He had found that argument did not prevail with his new acquisition. He leaped off the booby hatch, seized the cap'n, tripped him handily, and began to roll him along the deck, mellowing him with his fists as he did so. Even his belaying pins had been useless to protect the victim against the gigantic leader. Inch had plucked them away and tossed them into the scuppers.

Two turns along deck, from mainmast to foremast, and back, sufficed to settle the cap'n's opinion that discretion was better than valor. He began to yell for mercy. Every corner on him was sore, and the elder's prodding fingers seemed to be boring holes into his flesh. When his tormentor finally desisted the victim sat up on the deck.

"I quit," he declared. "It's a new one on me! I quit. I hain't ever backed down before for Portygees or pirates, but I quit now, if you'll let up on this devilish performance. I'll roll over, jump through, sneeze, or play dead. I'll even kiss old parrot-nose!"

But he added, in the depths of his outraged, boiling soul: "I'll get even for this, if I never do anything else this side of Gehenna."

"The demon is quelled. Now drive him forth from this tenement he has profaned so long," commanded the elder.

The men and women formed in line and marched around the cap'n, sitting on the deck. Each person, passing him, slapped palm against little book close to the victim's face, and he blinked at each concussion till his eyes took on the rapid motion of a patent cigar clipper.

"Now," declared Elder Inch, after he

had called a halt, "we have gained both a soul and a sailing master."

Forthwith he dragged Cap'n Sproul below and locked him into a stateroom.

For an hour the cap'n sat on the edge of his berth and allowed his thoughts to riot.

"There may be some folks," he mourned, "who can plan out a quiet vacation, and go off on it and mind their own business, and be let alone and come back relaxed and refreshed. But it ain't me. Last summer, when I was out after relaxation, I got loaded down with a lot of cussed, cross-eyed Chinamen that I had to team acrost country—and if anybody had told me there was Chinamen within a hundred miles I'd have called 'em liars, and backed it up. And this year if any one had told me there was anything desp'rit 'bout goin' aboard a stripped schooner I'd have said the same thing, only stronger. And yet here I be, on a two-masted lunatic asylum, black and blue and dented full of holes and locked up like a rabbit in a box, and with about as much spirit left in me. After this when I hanker for a vacation and relaxation I'm goin' to take plenty of cut plug and matches and go and smoke a week in a powder factory and call it safe and soothin'."

His troubled slumbers were interrupted at daylight. Elder Inch came in and stirred him with finger like a sled stake.

"A fair wind and a smooth sea sent by directing Providence," he announced cheerily. "We will give praise by a saintly morning roll, break bread, and set our sails to the favoring gale."

Cap'n Sproul glared at him.

"I trust that you have not allowed the demon to reënter, after all our efforts," chided the elder. "I surprised a look in your eyes that does not accord with your saintly professions of last night."

"He ain't got back," the alarmed cap'n hastened to assure him, groaning out of his berth. "The dose don't need to be repeated."

He edged out of the stateroom, keeping as far away from the elder's clutch as he could. When he was on deck he slunk behind the men of the

party, out of reach of any sister who might be inclined to take him into the family, according to the code promulgated the night before. He was so gratified that he was able to escape the osculatory toll that he got down and rolled with the others at command of Elder Inch, masking horrible oaths under the drone of the chorus of the saintly roll. To roll and curse relieved his feelings somewhat. To roll of his own volition was an improvement over the forced exercise of the evening before. But as he gritted his teeth and tossed toilsomely along the deck the rage that seethed inside him fairly frightened Cap'n Sproul himself.

After the frugal breakfast Elder Inch seated himself on the booby hatch, in a mood that was thoroughly complaisant.

"Now let the breezes waft," he commanded.

"Well, where be you goin' to waft to?" growled the cap'n, chewing on a toothpick, and trying to muster courage to jump overboard and take his chances.

"All parts of the world belong to the saints," replied the elder serenely. "Let spiritual guidance direct."

"Oh, gallant master of the ship, take us where the weary soul can be at rest," counseled the hook-nosed woman at the cap'n's elbow.

Cap'n Sproul, not relishing the languishing glance she threw on him, made haste to busy himself. His anxiety to keep clear of this too friendly "sister" impelled him to his duty more forcibly than any interest in his employment.

The men that he assigned to the task of heaving the anchor short did that job with alacrity, for it required only main strength. But the attempts to make sail under his orders whetted his ready ire to a wire edge.

He roared commands till his throat ached, and then stamped about the quarter-deck, slatting perspiration from his brow with his fingers, and gasping for breath.

"Why this heat and torment and rage about so purely a peaceful occupation as spreading our sails to the favoring gale?" inquired Elder Inch, his elbows on his upcocked knees.

"The brindle-snooted, wart-eyed, gum-fingered sons of an unbunged scuttle butt don't know the difference between lift tackle and a bath of saleratus biscuit," roared the distracted mariner. "Every line that's made to pull down on, they've pulled up on. They ain't fit to man a chiny nappy sailin' in a tub of suds. Overhaul them main halyards and keep your jeeroosly lard hooks off'n that watch tackle, you goat-whiskered old imitation of Moses, you!"

The man with fan of beard left his task and came aft promptly.

"Are you using that sort of language to me, sir?" he inquired pompously.

"I apologize," choked the cap'n.

"That is well," acknowledged the other, casting gratified eye on the sisters who came flocking about.

"I apologize for the language," Cap'n Sproul went on. "It ain't up to my usual mark. I'm flustered to-day. I've been inshore a few years and I've forgot a lot of words that I had handy once. But if I was up to my usual trim, you dog-faced spinnaker boom to stretch whiskers on, I'd lay the language onto you so thick that you couldn't get it off with a scrape knife. Now you get off'n this quarter-deck to where you belong, or I'll take a grip on them whiskers and throw you there!"

Elder Inch, without rising, reached for the cap'n and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Do you realize that you are addressing that talk to the reincarnation of Moses?" he demanded.

"I don't care if he's the reincarnation of John L. Sullivan and a dozen more prize fighters rolled into one," roared the cap'n. "I'm sayin' what I mean, and I—"

But the elder choked off further speech by applying his thumb to Cap'n Sproul's Adam's apple.

"Now, less talk among the saints," he said, releasing the cap'n after his face had grown black. "To business!"

"Moses" returned to his duties, after casting malevolent gaze on the man who had tongue-lashed him. The cap'n choked a little while, and then, with

palm caressing his throat, went on trying to bring some order out of the chaos that reigned forward.

"There was only one crew that I ever took to sea that was any ways in your class," he groaned to himself, between frenzied commands. "That was the Scotzæ Ancient and Honor'ble Firemen's Association—and even them silo-chawers did know enough not to pull both ways to once on a rope that runs through a block. Make fast that fore-ryal lift!" he yelled. "It ain't no use—I've got to go for'ard and play tag gool on them halyards before we'll ever get a sail set," he mourned, after several more despairing commands.

And he went among them, running about and indicating the tackle that he meant by his orders. Every time he came near the red-bearded man he expressed his opinion of him in guarded tones. "Moses" replied with a vehemence that showed he had considerable human nature below the saintly exterior.

"There'll come a day of reckoning," he informed the cap'n, in one of these passages. He jutted his chin and frisked his beard across the cap'n's convulsed visage.

"There will, and I hope it will be on a desert island, with just you and me there. I'll take you by them whiskers and use you for a dumb-bell. I'd do it now, if I had a fair show and no old double-fisted Goliah back there to butt in."

Then he hurried aft and took the wheel.

The old brig clumsily butted her way out of the harbor, an offshore breeze



"And as Noah, greatest of all navigators, I salute you."

permitting Cap'n Sproul to make his offing without calling on his makeshift crew to tack ship. For that mercy he was thankful. He wondered no longer at the varied disasters that had overtaken the *Saints' Delight* since she had sailed from Quahaug Bay, and he was now thoroughly enlightened as to why Elder Inch had shanghaied him with such desperate resolve to make him come along.

The elder kept his seat on the booby hatch, the women of the party grouped about him. He cast benignant gaze on them, and on sea and sky and blue haze of shore line.

"Thank God it's summer and settled weather," mused the cap'n, casting practiced eye on the fleecy clouds. "I'll let her run before the wind, so long's there ain't sailing orders. If I should try to tack ship now, before I get rested, and my mind at ease, I should have a stroke of apoplexy, or lose my mind. I

reckon I need to do a little thinkin' on my own hook. I've got a scrape to get out of, and I hain't got the course out charted as yet."

After a time Elder Inch came and towered above him at the wheel.

"You see now, dear brother, why I was so certain that my revelation concerning you was correct, and why I urged you to come with us."

"Urge is a good polite word to use for what you done to me," growled Cap'n Sproul, giving the weatherbeaten wheel a twirl.

"Yet it was for your own good—you shall forget worldly dross with us in this sweet companionship. I found you living in mournful solitude on a craft without a sail to spread to the favoring gales. I rescued you and brought you to the company of brave men and fair women—sisters and brothers of saintly mind. The light in your cabin window directed me to you—the light, and my spirit of prophecy. I recognize in you a new Noah, commissioned to pilot the saints safely over the tossing seas. Elijah, Moses, and Noah! A happy reunion of kindred souls!"

"I've stood a good deal—I can stand only about so much," snarled Cap'n Sproul. "You call me Noah and I'll mutiny."

"But the spirit of revelation is not to be gainsaid," protested the elder firmly. "You are now one of the saints, and no worldly name shall profane you. I declare you to be Noah, reborn! And as Noah, greatest of all navigators, I salute you."

The cap'n kept his eyes straight ahead, choking back the impulse to leap for the nearest belaying pin.

"We are all reincarnations on board," went on Elder Inch suavely. "Only such can be admitted to this saintly company."

"If you hain't picked up your Ananias, yet, p'raps I can introduce a few candidates," suggested the cap'n morosely. "Better get the gang all together."

"Remember who you are and do not profane your name with levity," coun-

seled the elder with dignity, and only thinly veiling a threat.

He went back to the booby hatch, leaving the newly created Noah chewing on his sullen wrath.

One by one the sisters came to him, directed by the elder, and called him by his new name, and paid him fulsome compliments. He did not turn his head. He was steering so as to pass as closely as he dared to a three-master schooner that came thrashing up on the port tack. He entertained the nebulous and desperate notion that he might hail her, or leap overboard and effect an escape.

It became promptly evident that the crew of the three-master recognized the *Saints' Delight*, and had heard of her recent misadventures. The skipper hailed the brig jeeringly through a megaphone.

"You're off your course, Rollers," he yelled.

"What do you mean?" boomed the elder, before Cap'n Sproul could voice his despairing cry for succor.

"There ain't no rocks to bump out here. You're missin' your fun."

"You're a man of sin," roared the elder in his best orotund.

Cap'n Sproul left the wheel and leaped for the rigging. It occurred to him that he might use his sailor prowess in climbing, keep out of the reach of pursuers, and make the crew of the schooner understand his plight. But the giant elder grabbed his leg before he was two strides up on the shrouds.

"Sailors, stand together!" he shrieked desperately. "I've been shanghaied."

Elder Inch jerked him to the deck and clapped that ready muffler of a hand across the cap'n's face.

"What say?" was the hail across the water.

"Pass on, man of sin," shouted the elder. "Do not disturb Noah in his task of navigating!" He returned the sailing master of the *Saints' Delight* to his post at the wheel with no gentle hand. "If you allow that demon in you to speak again," he admonished, "I'll gag him with a bucket handle."

"Where bound?" inquired the megaphoned voice.

"To the haven of peace," replied the elder, complacency on his features, for the cowed cap'n had brought the brig once more on her course, conscious that his hour of escape was not at hand. His ears grew red at the jeering laughter that followed them from the mouth of the megaphone.

"I reckon I'd better get into a mild, comfortable condition of craziness, and sort of dull the edge of this cruise whilst I'm on it," meditated the cap'n despairingly. "It'll be better to be comfortably crazy than to be a ravin' lunatic, and that's what I'll grow to be inside of two hours, if I don't get that edge dulled."

He turned his head and beckoned to the hook-nosed woman, by tilting his chin. She came to him promptly.

"Was you one of that bunch that was on the ark with me?" he asked. "My mem'ry's a little faulty on things that happened back that far."

"The flood was before my time, dear Noah. I thought you knew that I'm the Queen of Sheba."

"Just comfortably crazy—that's what I've got to be, to keep the edge dulled!" muttered the cap'n to remind himself. "Them was great days in the ark, marm. Of course no such frills as you folks put on in Sheby, because we didn't have no accommodations. We was crowded for room, and you take critters on the water, all penned up, and they ain't easy to handle. Comfortably crazy!" he muttered in an undertone.

"You have a delightful and common-sense view of reincarnation," she said admiringly. "So few persons understand it. So many persons of the ignorant type jibe at the belief, but how natural the theory is, after all! Nature repeats in all her forms. Why not in the most wondrous form of all—the human entity?"

(The further adventures of Cap'n Aaron Sproul on the cruise of the *Saints' Delight* will be related in the November number of SMITH'S.)

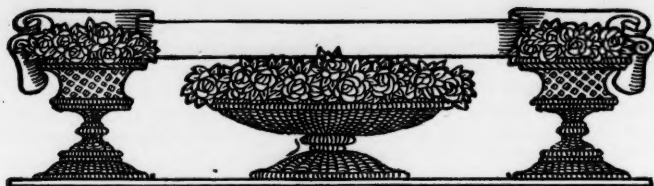
"I don't know why not, to be sure!" commented the cap'n, squinting at the top-hammer. "Ease off that stays'l sheet!" he yelled to the red-bearded man, catching his malevolent eye. "No, not that one—keep your paw off'n that lift, you—excuse me, marm, but you take a man that's been through what I went through with them critters on the ark, and he gets rough. Say, you, keep taggin' ropes till I tell you when. There! That's it! Now loose it up and let it slip! When! Make fast! Yes'm, marm, them was stirrin' days. Now if it ain't an impolite question, when did you find out that you was Queen of Sheby—second time, you know. It has come kind of sudden to me that I'm Noah, and I want to get posted."

The hook-nosed woman sat down by the wheel and began her discourse on the revelations of reincarnation, and Cap'n Sproul, listening and feeling that he was somehow living a nightmare, and therefore not bothered much by what might happen, realized that he was "gettin' the edge dulled."

So he steered the old brig out into the salty sea, listening to the babble of his companion, and trying to think of nothing more important. As to what might come of that unspeakable cruise he dared not ponder on too particularly. But when he caught the ugly gaze of "Moses" directed his way, he indulged himself in hopes.

He allowed himself one grim reflection; for a man who sought the simple form of rest and relaxation on his summer vacations he truly did manage to land in a storm zone. But he steered on, allowing his ancient craft to wallow along with the wind, hoping that he would never be called on to tack ship before good fate got him out of the position in which he found himself.





A Friend's Advice

By Madeline Bridges

SCENE. *A little study in a country house. ELIZABETH seated at a desk. TOM enters through the window from veranda.*

ELIZABETH (*glancing up from her writing*)—Well, what are you looking for?

TOM (*nonchalantly*)—Nothing.

ELIZABETH—You have come to a poor place to find it.

TOM—You mean—

ELIZABETH—I mean that *I'm* not nothing.

TOM—Are you so very sure I came to look for you?

ELIZABETH—No; you may have come to look for the cat—knowing that I never permit one in my presence. Tom, will you let me give you a friend's advice.

TOM—Friends don't give advice. Only critics and carpers.

ELIZABETH—The advice might be good, all the same. It is meant to be.

TOM—Good advice is usually an insult.

ELIZABETH—That's when we feel it is badly needed. (*With a little air of surprise.*) Oh! Are you going to sit down?

TOM—Don't you want me to?

ELIZABETH—I have not indicated any preference.

TOM—I'll go, then.

ELIZABETH—Is that *your* preference?

TOM—It is not; but I'd rather go than wait to be sent.

ELIZABETH—Would you? How nice—I mean, you don't generally anticipate your dismissal.

TOM (*sitting down on the arm of a chair*)—Elizabeth—I hope you enjoy your power of sarcasm.

ELIZABETH—Oh! So you really perceive it—for once!

TOM—For once? There is not a single hateful or snubbing or severe or sarcastic word you have ever said to me that I have not understood, and remembered, and treasured up against you! Not one! Now! Reflect on that!

ELIZABETH (*biting her lip*)—What an enrichment for the mind and spirit! You would serve yourself and me much better by sweeping such rubbish out.

TOM—It would be simply sweeping Elizabeth out.

ELIZABETH—It ought to be.

TOM—I'm not saying "no" to that.

ELIZABETH (*after a pause*)—Are you saying "yes" to it.

TOM—Hardly. Perhaps the friend's advice you mean to give me might help me further in that direction.

ELIZABETH (*suddenly*)—Tom, will you believe me when I say I had no idea—never dreamed—you—noticed—my—my—the things I said to you that were not kind?

TOM—I am less stupid than you supposed?

ELIZABETH (*earnestly*)—You are far more noble and broad of mind.

TOM—Please don't talk in that strain—it makes you seem an utter stranger! I shall feel like asking some one to introduce me next.

ELIZABETH (*as before*)—But it pains me so to realize that you felt all my sarcasm without resenting it! I know you had idealized me—

TOM (*promptly*)—Oh, I hadn't.

ELIZABETH—Yes, you had! You thought me much more womanly, and gracious, and sincere than I really am.

TOM—I didn't at all.

ELIZABETH—Yes! Yes! you—

TOM—I mean, I didn't think you were womanly, and gracious, and all that, to any great extent.

ELIZABETH—What?

TOM (*reassuringly*)—No, indeed. I had no reason to, had I? Had I?

ELIZABETH—Then, why have you been so devoted to my whims and wishes, ready to come or go, or stand and wait?

TOM—Well, don't you know, it gave me a sort of pleasure?

ELIZABETH—A sort of pleasure?

TOM—That's true, strange as you may think it. I feel a sort of pleasure running your errands and bearing with your whims, and I consider it a duty, anyway.

ELIZABETH—How a duty?

TOM—Oh, I'd be the same to any guest of Aunt Mary's on principle, you know, especially if she were clever and pretty-looking, and I certainly consider you both. Besides, I've known you all the days of my life—nearly.

ELIZABETH (*quietly*)—You have never known me.

TOM—Well, you've known me! I'm sure I'm easy enough to know.

ELIZABETH—Ah—still less have I known you!

TOM—Oh, let me see; we've met here every summer for seven years, and before that even we used to meet. Remember?

ELIZABETH—I remember. And in all that time never have I treated you, for

one day, with kindness or consideration.

TOM—You have, too! Then, why haven't you?

ELIZABETH—Because I— No matter now. I have been—yes—the fool. I will say it.

TOM—Instead of Tom, eh? Well, you must be the judge of that. I know I've not been the fool in this affair. I haven't been puzzled or tangled up for one second and a half. It is just five years ago, the seventh of this month, since you began to think I was in love with you—at least that is the time you began to treat me like— No! You're very fond of dogs; you never can see one without patting his head or giving him a hug, so I can't say you treated me like a dog.

ELIZABETH—Tom!

TOM—Never mind; you know how you've acted toward me, and I know. Well, I was going to remind you, Elizabeth, that it isn't easy for a man to walk up to a woman and tell her: "See here, I'm sorry to undeceive you, but I'm not in love with you." Yet, that was the only way I could set myself right. Don't look so forlorn. Are you sorry that I'm not in love with you? Or, do you mean to declare that you never thought so?

ELIZABETH—But, Tom, how could I think you weren't? You did everything possible to—

TOM (*with decision*)—To make your stay pleasant—not one other thing! I carried your wraps and umbrella, I sat and walked in your shadow, I listened while you talked, until I thought you'd never stop—

ELIZABETH—Oh, thank you!

TOM—Well, sometimes I thought so. Now, if I had had anything more important to say to you than good night and good morning, what was there to prevent my saying it? I consider myself your equal; I can offer you a fairly good position; what should hinder me from speaking my mind? I might be afraid you would say "no"? I am not afraid to hear the answer to any question I have the courage to ask.

ELIZABETH—Oh! I am wondering

why you have chosen to give me this pain. We shall part to-morrow—at least you are going back to town—

TOM—That's the reason I thought it best to make you understand. It's all right—only I was never in love with any woman in my life! I'd scorn to be! Can you guess why I'd scorn to be? Because, to be in love means to be out of it again, and that's *all* it means.

ELIZABETH—What queer, queer thoughts you have!

TOM—Not half so queer as they're true.

ELIZABETH—Oh, but it is sad, if you can never know the deep, the best experience of life; if you have never, and can never, love.

TOM (*energetically*)—Who said I had never loved? I like that. I know all about the verb in all its moods and tenses. "I love," "I have loved," "I shall love." *Not love, indeed!*

ELIZABETH—You told me this minute you *never* were in love.

TOM—Oh, but the difference between being in love and loving! Oh, Elizabeth, say! It is as far as heaven from earth! If you imagine I have never loved! But you don't. You are perfectly aware that I love most dearly the—well, if I must speak the blunt truth,

the girl who deserves it least of all the girls I know.

ELIZABETH (*after a silence*)—You mean—*me*?

TOM—If you are the one that least deserves it! Are you?

ELIZABETH—You're not in earnest? Tom, it is *impossible* you should be in earnest!

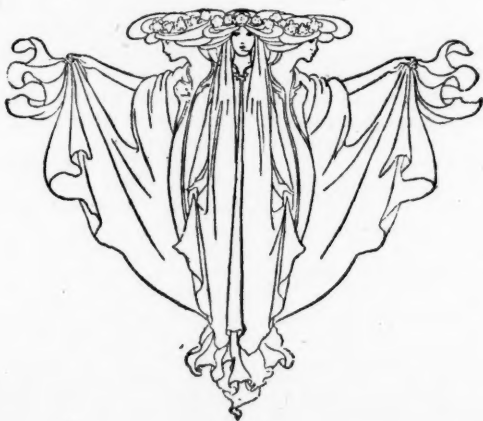
TOM (*gravely*)—It is impossible, but I *am* in earnest. Now, wait—I'm not pleading for anything. I have learned that what belongs to us in this world will come to us. It walks straight up to the door and knocks. Commanding, exhorting, or entreating have not the slightest effect. So, what's the use, Elizabeth? If you like me enough to love me you'll tell me so without losing any time. If not, don't say a word. There's nothing to be said. But I made up my mind to find out to-day.

ELIZABETH (*after another long silence, in a low tone*)—Tom, I suppose if I had not liked—

TOM (*firmlly*)—That's the wrong word.

ELIZABETH—Loved you—I never would have dared to treat you so—so—so—

TOM (*joyfully*)—Well, dear, that is what I thought when you treated me so!





THE GIFT WIFE

BY
Rupert
Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

[The first installment of "The Gift-Wife" appeared in the July number of this magazine.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GLADSTONE BAG.

AT last the effendi ees on the job!" This was Jebb's greeting from a ponderous Turk at the door of a shabby *khan*. The man had all the look of a retired athlete whose sinews of steel had degenerated into swaddles of fat.

He recognized Jebb on the instant, and he was big enough to be memorable on his own account; but Jebb could not recall an ounce of him.

He had been on earth long enough, however, not to offer the insult of non-recognition, and in Turkey long enough not to come bluntly to any business in hand. So he declared, honestly enough, that he was glad to see the wrestler again.

Hafiz Mustafa bustled about making coffee and preparing a narghilé for his honored guest. He spoke what English he had with a strong flavor of the Bowery, in whose environs he had picked up his smattering.

"How you like my little *khan*, eh? He ees not so worse, I theenk, huh?"

"It is beautiful," said Jebb, though he could not imagine a more doleful spot. He had come at it by way of the tumbled walls, ancient-looking as those of China, and he had felt a personal grief in finding the Mosque of Mirima standing all lonely with its one minaret overlooking the long line of crumbled walls spilled up and down the bleak hill. It had nothing to do with his Miruma, and the princess in whose honor it had been reared had lain in her *türbeh* these four centuries, but it saddened him in its deserted solitude. Outside the walls all was graves, graves, and in the late afternoon they made a dismal company. But Jebb had forgotten that the Turkish soul takes a comfort in his cemeteries. Hafiz Mustafa was saying:

"It ees not soch a dam racket out here as in New York Ceety, eh? For long tam I had a—how they say?—a hash house on Washeenton Street. Yes. I get lots of the long green in America, and I buy the leetle hash house from an Osmanli who ees homeseeck for Stam-boul. Bimeby I get the homeseeck, too. Eet ees too much noise in Washeenton Street. All the tam such a hullaballoo

a fallow cannot take his *kief*. Turkish mens who did come in were all the same like Yankees. They say: 'Get a move on, Hafiz, I gotta git out, and sell some more genuine rugs imported from Massachoosing.'

"So I sell out for big pile of dough and come home. Eet ees not such a much business here, but I can rest and theenk. Eet ees a small walk out to the beeg fields where the tombstones ees nice to seet on, and smoke and dream the nice long dream. And she ees out there, my little *hanum* what I breeng from America."

"You brought your wife from America?" Jebb inquired politely.

"*Evvet, effendim*—I mean, sure, Mike, I bring her. She ees dancer in music hall on Bowery."

"A Turkish dancer?"

"Not on your life, bo. She is pure American blood, comes from the great ceety of Weesconseen. I see her dance one night. I thenk she ees mos' beautiful theeng what ever ees—she wear the leetle trunks, and the seek tights, and the—spangles, and she stand up on her toes like she enjoy it. Bimeby she ees love me, too, and we get married. She say she ees sick of that tarrible life, and so when I buy pretty leetle hash house she help me. One day she ees make the coffee in those beeg boiler they have in America and the water spills over, and she ees tarrible—how do you say—scalded. Her pretty face ees tarrible burned."

"Too bad! Too bad!" was all Jebb could find to say. The Turk went on rapidly as if to hurry past that tragic pain:

"But she ees still beautiful to me, and her body ees still the body like a *seraili* from Circassia. But after that she hates to go out in the street.

"I tell her: 'You come home to Stamboul where honest wives ees wear the *yildirma*'—the veil, you know, *effendim*. The veil ees very kind thing. It keeps all women the same. Eet ees more equality than the hat.

"I tell my wife about Allah and Mohammed, and bimeby she wants to become like me, and she ees become good

follower of Islam. She learns the prayers in all the posections. Bimeby she dies. She was most goot. Her name in Weesconseen was Annie Meetchel, but I geeve her new name—Osmanli name—Nayima. Eet ees one nice name—yes?"

Jebb said: "Beautiful!" He thought it was not so pretty as Miruma, but a great improvement on Annie Mitchell.

The Turk sat solemnly puffing the grumbling narghilé, sipping his coffee, and musing with no thought of time, Jebb was tempted to say:

"So the marriage of the Turk and the American was happy?" But he did not risk the speech, he only cherished the thought of how happy his marriage would be with a certain Miruma. When he had taken his *kief* in this blissful thought, he came back to earth:

"The Gladstone—they tell me you found it? Where?"

"The Gladdastone, effendim? What is that?"

"The bag—the valise—the—that thing of mine, you found."

"Oh, yes, effendim. We must talk of that—when the effendi has rested from his long walk."

In despair of prodding him out of his leisure, Jebb tried to show a polite interest in his host's affairs.

"You speak of the—er—hash house. I thought you were a wrestler."

The huge jelly of the Turk's bulk began to shake with reminiscent laughter.

"Surest theeng you know, effendim. Long tam ago a beeg friend of mine goes to America. You have heard of him, perhaps—Youssouf. They call heem the Tarrible Turk. He wrestles in Madison Square Gardeen and once in Meetropliteen Opera Hoose and all places. He makes hees pile and takes the steamer for home. He ees on the—*Bourgogne*?—yes?—the beeg Franch boat what seenk." Jebb nodded. "My poor friend Youssouf ees seenk, too. It ees hees money that drowns heem. He was afraid to take the paper, and the checks, and the drafts, so he put all in gold and the gold round hees waist. When the boat ees seenk, he cannot sween, not for all hees beeg mos-

cles, and the gold ees take him to the bottom of the sea. I hear of the gold. I say: 'I go to America and get money, too. I take paper, checks, any dam theeng that floats.'"

Jebb had not come all these crooked miles to hear the biography of a professional athlete, but he could not deny his host a pretense of interest.

"Did you win many matches?"

The Turk laughed craftily.

"I make more money by not win. You Americans, you very clever mens. Everytheeng beezness—the sport also. When I get ready for my feerst match, the manager he comes to me and says:

"'Look here, Horrible Hafiz'—that what they call me—Horrible Hafiz—nice name, huh?—'if you win thees bout you make one hundred dollars, yes?' I say: 'Yes, and you bet your sweet life I'm goin' to win.' He says: 'Wait a minute, bo. If you lose, it will be worth two hundred to you!' At feerst I cannot understand. Then he explain the side bets and the—how did he say?—the fleemslam.

"So I say: 'I come here to make money, not medals. Give me the two hundred and a baby can spread me all over the mat.' And so it goes. One tam I lose, nex' tam I win. As my friend says: 'You gotta keep the suckers guessing.' So you see every time I lose I win.

"When I make money enoof by thees frame-up business, I get tired and fat, and I buy that restaurant. Then I marry Nayima and she gets herself so tarrible burned and I come here. I tell all my friends here I am the champeen wrestler of the world, and they believe me when they see the beautiful *khan* my American dollars is buy."

He floated away in a *kief* airship, so beatific that Jebb hardly dared bring him to earth. But at last he murmured:

"The bag, please. The bag I left you."

"Oh, yes, of coorse! Another cup of coffee, effendim."

After another thimbleful of coffee another mouthful of smoke, Hassan rose, and, entering the *khan*, brought

forth the Gladstone bag. Jebb recognized it with intense delight. He wanted to caress it. It was the first material link to his unsubstantial past.

He rummaged the contents with a sharpness of eye that might have offended a subtler Turk than Hafiz. But Jebb was taking invoice of a dead man's effects.

"All is there, I theenk?" Hassan asked, and Jebb nodded as he recognized every document he had collected in John Thatcher's cause. But he had cherished a wild hope of finding something more. With some embarrassment, he asked:

"You didn't find ten thousand dollars in here, did you?"

The Turk smiled. The Yankees always joked. His politely amiable smile was more convincing than any other disclaimer could have been.

"Oh, yes," he chuckled, "I find ten thousan' dollars—in a peeg's eye." Then he blushed, because his American slang had stumbled into the mention of the unclean animal, and he muttered "Molten lead in the devil's ears," so that Satan might not hear the odious allusion, and he prayed that evil might be warded off his guest. But Satan was probably listening to the things Jebb was saying.

It was a heavy blow to Jebb, learning that his fortune was still hidden in the murk where Cynthia was lost. He clicked the bag shut, and said:

"Would you mind telling me where you found this?"

"Sure I'll tell you, but not unteel the boss has sometheeng to eat."

"Oh, thank you. I'll go back to the Bristol Hotel for my dinner."

"The Breestol—not on your teen-type, bo. It is so late you never get there. You must take a—how did they say?—a snack with me."

He would hear of nothing else, and Jebb was forced to resign himself to the delay, hoping that perhaps some clue might yet transpire to aid his further search.

The wrestler waddled out to the tiny garden, where he spread a table with



"You didn't find ten thousand dollars in here, did you?"

the aid of a fair-skinned boy whom he introduced as his son.

"Shake hands weet my boy—and Nayima's. He has her face a little—before she was burned. He ees goot boy."

With a strange mingling of Turkish and American in his manner, the lad poured water over Jebb's hands, gave him water to rinse his mouth with, and served the dinner to his father and his father's guest.

The Amen was coffee and tobacco. When Hafiz Mustafa had ensconced himself luxuriously and crossed his legs nationally, though with some difficulty in disposing of his surplus flesh, he began like one of the story tellers that still flourish in his land:

"The day I feerst laid my eyes onto you—the old Padishah Abdul Hamid—whom Allah preserve—if it please

Allah—was still wearing the great sword of Othman. But it was after the people from Salonica had come down and made him call back the constitution. He took it off the ice—see?

"When feerst the Young Turkes come to town, some of the ladies think everything going to be turned upside down. They throw off the *yildirma* and go out to the streets, even to theatre. Some of them ride in car-

riage with their husbands. Some of them wear beeg hats from Paris. This make the releegious people mad like what if in New York all the ladies ees wear bathing suits on Broadway, yes? All right on the beach—but not on the Broadway—yes? So here went the hat.

"The people won't stand for it. The merchants in the bazaars growls at the ladies, and will not sell them theengs.

"Me, I tear off more as fifteen hats—and some hair comes weet the hats—some of the hair comes from Paris, too.

"The ladies ees scream and glad to get back to the *haremluk* where the lattices on the windows is protect them. When they come out next time—they wear the *charchaf* and the *yildirma*, and no man is look at them. And that ees what they call the War of the Hats."

Religious wars were diseases Jebb could never understand, odd as they were. Had not Cain and Abel begun them on a matter of the form of sacrifice? The news he was after was the manner of his own arrival on the horizon of this wrestler. He felt that he had done his duty by Turkish etiquette, and he urged:

"But you were going to tell me how you got hold of the Gladstone."

"Do you not remember?"

"Well, I'd like to hear your version of it."

"You sidestep my question—but no matter. I tell you. Me and some pals ees stopping a carriage and telling a lady she better go home and put on her veil or she's going to be sorry." She ees educated Osmanli lady, she writes poetry and edits a magazine, but she reads too many French novels, she goes out in the high-heel shoes, the tight clothes over the immoral corsets—and her face ees naked. She ees scream when we tear off her big feathers. First theeng I know, somebody grabs me. I turn round, it ees you, and you say: 'You beeg brute, I'm going to break every bone in your body if you say another word to that poor child!'"

The huge wrestler looked at the slender physician, then at his own boaconstrictor arms, and laughed. There was no insult in his superiority. It was the elephant's amusement at the effort of an absent-minded giraffe to shove him from the path.

Jebb smiled, too, at the magnificence of his Vanderbilt-Pierpontism and asked:

"Why didn't you beat the life out of me?"

Hafiz smiled. "I see right away you are American, and the Americans ees so nice to me—my Nayima ees American, and the words you use they listen good to me. So I take your wrists and I hold you very gentle and talk to you nice and say in Eengleesh: 'Please, mister, kill me, but spare me the life.'

"You say: 'If you let that lady go, I let you live a little while.' I turn round and the lady is already vamoose. The other mens ees want to have your

blood, but I tell them you are a friend of a friend of mine, and they go away.

"Then I say, 'Boss, it's my treat,' and we sit down at a little table in a little *khan* and I blow you off to coffee. Bimeby, you say you got a date wit' the Padishah and I say: 'So-long, old pal, I stay and feenish thees narghilé!'"

"So you go and I stay. Bimeby, I see you have leaved this—Gladdastone, yes?—on the ground by your table. Nobody knows your name or where you live at. I go to the American consulate. Nobody knows you. They say: 'Leave the bag here. We give it to him.' I say: 'Nix on the hot air. I know about the American politeecian and his little graft. I keep it till my friend calls for it his ownself.'

"I wait long tam, but at last you are here, and here ees the Gladdastone. And that is all."

Jebb sat in deep reverie, deeply dejected. His demon had walked off and left the precious bag and forgotten it, as calmly and absolutely as he had doubtless walked off and left the child somewhere outside of Constantinople. He longed to throttle his other self; he prayed that some miracle might drive the devil within him into a herd of swine where it belonged, and that they might rush down some steep place into the sea.

Then he shook off the old sorrow, and prepared to go. He wondered what reward Hafiz would think appropriate. That is the hard thing in Turkey, to know just whom to insult with bakshish and just how much of an insult to offer. He decided to throw himself on Hafiz's mercy.

"I can't thank you enough, for finding this and keeping it for me. And now how—how much do I owe you?"

Hafiz stared. Then a blush stole about his swart jowls; he looked hurt. He wanted to get mad, but he could only feel hurt.

"Look here, boss," he groaned, "have I acted like a piker, have I? I thought you and me was friends. I was doin' this as one American to a pal."

Jebb took his big limp hand and tried to wring it.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Let her go at that," said Hafiz. "Cut it out, and clean it off the slate. When you git back to New York, if you'll stop in at some Osmanli restaurant down on Washeenton Street or somewhere, and tell them you know Horrible Hafiz, and I was lookin' not so horrible, and sent my best regards—they'll blow you to the best there is in the joint, and I'll call him square."

"I promise," said Jebb. "And now I've really got to go."

"It's kind of dark. I walk weet you part of the way."

He would not be refused, and, hunting out his fez and a lantern, he dragged Jebb up a street, down another, and so on and on till they reached the Golden Horn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RED-HEADED MAN.

The next morning Jebb took a closed *araba* to the offices of the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd. Nobody there remembered him. No one could help him to find out his port of embarkation, especially as he had no idea of the date.

There would not be another boat till the following Saturday.

He killed the rest of that Saturday by purchasing a guidebook and stooping to "seeing the sights." He thought he would be safer from discovery in the streets than at his hotel. He found more to interest him in the new Children's Hospital than in any of the century-stained reliques of history. But Cynthia was in none of the wards. He would have been glad to find her even there, if only he could find her.

The next morning was really Sunday, and he was so desperate that he went to church—the Episcopal chapel of the British embassy not far from his hotel. After the service he sauntered in the park of the Petits Champs and sat at a table to watch the crowds pelling past. He ordered coffee as a payment for his seat.

A band was playing the new Consti-

tution March. A regiment of soldiers strode past like a wave of red fezzes. Yellow dogs sauntered and foraged. Carriages shot through the dodging crowds. European women, of various grades, rode or walked past under broad hats, mere trays full of feathers bobbing aloft. Black-veiled mysteries with untidy ankles shuffled past like ghosts caught out in the daylight. An old Turkish porter, with trousers as loose as an elephant's, and with a green turban indicating him as a descendant of the Prophet, crept by under a mountainous burden.

White-bearded pashas, spectacled members of parliament, smart officers, sleepy bootblacks—Jebb watched the parade, but nobody he knew was in it. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was so unexpected that he jumped as he turned. He glanced up into a grin entirely surrounded by red hair. He heard a voice which seemed also to grin:

"Hello, how's electricity?"

He found a freckled, red-haired hand opened toward him. He seized it with an energy that was more curiosity than cordiality. Here was the answer to the riddle that had vexed him since the Galata Bridge, and he was tempted to demand at once:

"Who are you? And what have I to do with electricity?"

But he had found it more profitable to listen than to disclose. All he said was:

"Sit down, old man, and have something to drink."

"I'd give a finger for a cocktail, but I suppose I'll have to take coffee."

Jebb was fermenting with questions, but the stranger seemed content to watch the crowd and wait for the *kahvéjé* to fill his cup. He waved his hand at the passing crowd and observed:

"Reminds you of Paris."

"Doesn't it?" said Jebb, meaning: "Not in the least."

Another silence. The mysterious guest seemed willing to bask forever on the bank of the human stream. Finally Jebb ventured:

"How do you like Constantinople by now?"

"Oh, I've always liked the old town. Not quite as lively as Chicago in some ways, livelier in others. I suppose you will stir things up a bit."

"Perhaps," said Jebb, still baffled.

More silent contemplation of the crowd passing in review; then the stranger:

"Funny old town, Constantinople; nearly as big as Philadelphia and older than all get-out, and not an electric light or trolley car in the whole village."

"It is funny."

"You'll change all that, eh? I suppose you've found the new sultan a little more open to reason than the old,

not so afraid of his people. Have you found it hard to get at the bosses?"

"Not very."

"I suppose there's the same hand out for graft here as everywhere else."

"Well, I haven't had any special trouble in that line," said Jebb, growing weary of fencing in the dark and getting ready to throw himself on the other man's mercy and cry: "Who do you think I am?"

But he compressed his soul in patience. Eventually, the stranger said: "You really think you'll pull it off?"

"I hope so."

"I don't suppose I'd dare ask whether you represent the General Electric or the Independents."

"That would be telling."

"I judged from your talk on the steamer that you were acting pretty much on your own."

"Yes," was all Jebb dared to say, his mind taking a new whirl at the word "steamer."

"I judged from your talk, Mr. Pierpont, that you had enough capital in your jeans to dazzle the city fathers here."

Jebb's heart sickened. So this was more of Vanderbilt Pierpont's brag. But to the stranger his silence



He dragged Jebb up a street, down another, and so on and on till they reached the Golden Horn.

was only an evidence of a fine taciturnity which he always envied as a business principle, but could never acquire.

"I suppose when you go back you'll go by land. Those Austrian Lloyd steamers pitch and toss atrociously, and the *Franz Josef* is the worst of them all. I've got used to it, but you seemed terribly unhappy."

Jebb laughed as much as to confess. And the red-haired man went on:

"Yes, sir, when you got on at Trieste I said to my wife: 'I'll bet that fellow has a sad voyage.' You looked sort of greenery-yellery and off your feed."

"I wasn't in the best of health."

"You're all right now, though, I judge. That's the effect of a few weeks in Constantinople. She's a great old town in spring, eh?"

"She certainly is. By the way, you remember the little girl?"

"What little girl?"

"The one I had with me at Trieste."

"You didn't have anybody with you—not that voyage, anyway. I noticed specially, because they were just pulling the gangplank in when you jumped for it."

Jebb's heart lurched, but he kept a rigid face.

"Oh, of course, the little girl wasn't with me at that time. Have some more coffee."

"No, thanks, I must get back to the hotel. I'll be mighty glad when you get your electric plant installed. The illumination of this town is something fierce. You'll make a fortune if you'll rig up a bulb shaped like a crescent. That's the favorite design for their illuminations."

"That's a good idea," said Jebb.

"There's no charge for it," laughed the red-headed man. "Well, so-long, see you again, Mr. Pierpont."

"So-long—old man."

A useful phrase that "old man" in a language that has no "monsieur" or "mein herr" to call a man whose name you don't remember.

And the red-headed person was gone. Jebb had not learned his name or his business or anything about him. And he never learned them. But Jebb did not

care. He had learned something about V. Pierpont, the wandering plutocrat who was going to trollify Constantinople. He had learned that that imaginary being of the imaginary millions had left Trieste some weeks before on the steamer *Franz Josef* and had failed to take the child abroad with him.

Instantly he was done with "non-chalant Stamboul," eager only to shake its dust from his feet, and be gone. All his elaborate plans were rendered useless. He did not need to wait any longer upon the multitudinous affairs of Shekret Pasha and Niazi and Enver Beys. He paid his bill at the *kaféné* and hurried round the corner to his hotel.

He must learn at once just where Trieste was, and what was the quickest way of getting there.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOCHA-STONE RING.

Fate—or that algebraic equation formed by the additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions of numberless x's and y's and z's of plus and minus values, which we call Fate—came out for once to Jebb's liking.

Having learned, of a Sunday, that he must quit Constantinople, fate prearranged that the thrice-weekly Orient Express should depart the next afternoon at the most convenient hour, leaving just time enough to secure the necessary papers for travel.

This burden the dragoman at the hotel took from his shoulders, as doubtless some undiscovered dragoman at some other hotel had secured the *teskére* for the errand V. Pierpont when he had decided to push on to Salonica. In both cases a small fee and a reasonable bakshish overcame all the legendary bogies of Turkish travel. Hoping that some word from Miruma waited him in Vienna, he telegraphed the Union Bank to forward his mail to the American consulate in Trieste.

Distances are magnificent in that part of the world which our schoolboy geographies squeezed into such small space and which our mental geogra-

phies distort completely. The journey to Trieste required six days by boat; the journey by rail was forty-eight hours plus a delay at Budapest.

By the time Jebb had settled his hotel bill at Constantinople, bought his ticket to Budapest, and paid the high price of the sleeping car, so serious an inroad had been made on the moneys he had accumulated at Uskub that a new uneasiness began upon him. The prospect of being marooned in Europe without friends or funds was visible on his horizon. He was glad that he had brought along the mysterious ring at least. What had been pawned once might be pawned again, and for a higher price perhaps.

Leaving Constantinople, the train retraced for many miles the same rails he had taken from Salonica. The winding Erdene River was inscribed in flowing script on the plain, like a name written in water; to Jebb it seemed to spell Miruma, Miruma, Miruma. Then the river Maritsa scrawled the same characters along the track. What beautiful names they had here!

It was strangely comforting just to be in motion. Whatever awaited Jebb at his destination, at least he had a destination, and the swift flight of the express was exhilarant. It was a *train de luxe*, and Jebb sat in the smoking compartment, tilted back in a wicker armchair. He dined in the *waggon-restaurant*, and for the night withdrew behind the draperies of a flying couch in the *waggon-lit*. In his berth was an electric light, and he read himself to sleep. Principally he worked over the Baedeker chapter on Trieste, studying the map of the town like a general planning a campaign against the city.

It was in Trieste that legend placed the prison where Richard Cœur-de-Lion was immured till Blondel found him with a ladder of song.

When at last Jebb switched out the light and fell asleep, he dreamed that Cynthia Cœur-de-Rose was also imprisoned in Trieste, and that he roamed and roamed the streets singing "I had a little pony" until finally he heard a tiny voice float down in antistrophe,

"Hith name wath Dappy Gway." Then Cynthia leaned out from an aerie and laughed and waved her hand to him, calling: "Hello, Nunky Dave." Her cry woke him, and he could hardly believe that he was in the curtained palanquin of a sleeping car. It was broad daylight, and he raised the shade to look out on a city whose traces of Turkish occupation were contradicted by jouncing trolley cars. He rang the bell for the porter, and asked:

"What place is this?"

"Sofia, monsieur."

He had crossed the Balkans into Bulgaria. Somehow he felt a pang almost of homesickness for Turkey. He had learned much of the better side of that maligned nation, emerging like a young America from old tyranny into the chaos of new liberties, new problems, new jealousies.

Yet it was not Turkey as a nation that Jebb regretted to leave; it was the good individual souls, the kindly simple people, the warm, hospitable hearts, the sober, tranquil humans. Above all, it was the veiled beauty, the Sun-and-Moon seen and felt as through a thick mist.

Frontier crossings were frequent on this journey, for Jebb went from the Turkish to the Austrian empires over the Bulgarian and Servian kingdoms. But the procession of customs inspectors made little trouble for one whose entire luggage was a suit case and a Gladstone bag—not to mention a new money belt in which Jebb had folded and buttoned the John Thatcher documents, along with the remnants of his own wealth.

He breakfasted his way out of Bulgaria into Servia, and prepared to stretch his legs at the next stop. It proved to be—Nish!

The word came with a shock, sending him back to his first wakening in Turkey, and the first sound of this barbaric word on an ear that found Uskub equally harsh. And now somehow through the mellow enchantment of memory, the word Uskub always fell with music on his senses.

Late afternoon brought Belgrade on

the scene. Here a new passenger got aboard and bulged into the smoking compartment with the crass aggressiveness of the worst type of traveler. He made himself nasally audible. He behaved like a crowd. He explained and defined the term "train hog," coined for his sort. He had all the question-asking, information-volunteering impudence that half a century of satire has not entirely suppressed in all the Americans at home or abroad.

"Whew!" he began. "But these foreigners are a pack of damned scoundrels and fools. It's tip, tip, tip all day long, everywhere you turn there's a palm up. You're an American, too, eh?" Jebb nodded. "My name's Ludlam, Charles Ludlam."

"How are you?" said Jebb, who was dreaming of Turkey, where the swine is unmentionable.

He felt the man's implied question, "What's your name?" but he chose to withhold it out of pure irritation at the fellow's personal offensiveness and his flamboyant advertisement of himself. Ludlam soon began on Jebb anew.

"Goin' far?" he said.

"I change at Budapest," was all Jebb answered.

Silence seemed to be intolerable to Mr. Ludlam.

"Where'd you get on?"

"Constantinople."

"Awful hole! Can't stand the Turks. Servians are bad enough. Been hunting there. Those woods are full of bear and wild boar. Had some great times with 'em. They're great sport and bully good to eat."

"You eat them?" Jebb exclaimed rather than asked, and wanted to add: "You cannibal!"

"You bet. But sport is only a diversion with me. I'm interested in the prune market. They raise an A-one prune here. Are you fond of prunes?"

"I prescribe them sometimes," said Jebb.

"Oh, you're a doctor, eh?" Jebb was angry at giving the man even that information.

"Great food, great medicine," he said; "I've got a sample or two in my soot case."

And nothing would do but that Jebb should test his wares.

"Talk about your undeveloped American resources, doctor," Ludlam rattled on, like an encyclopedia that must disgorge its load, "the true field for Americans is over here. I'm making a specialty of this country. The silk industry, for instance; they make silk rugs by hand here. I'm importing machinery, building a factory. Been working mighty hard. Now I'm going home for a spell—combine business with pleasure. Going to stop off at Munich

and see my sister Jennie. Going to surprise her. She'll be tickled to death to see me."

The nature that is frantic to exploit itself is common enough, but it never ceased to be marvelous to Jebb. Why should a man desire to tell a total stranger that he had a sister Jennie and was going to surprise her? Why should he imagine that the total stranger would be interested in his sister Jennie, or that he would care at all whether he surprised her or not.



But Ludlam flowed on: "Guess I'll try to get Jennie to cross the pond with me. Great country, America!"

"Isn't it?" said Jebb, with a feeling of skepticism in the presence of this by-product.

To escape the insistent autobiographer, Jebb flung away with regret a half-finished cigar, and said:

"I think I'll go to dinner now."

"Good idea," said Ludlam, and invited himself along.

At the table he flaunted the odious hospitality of the "wine opener."

"Got to celebrate this, doctor," he said. "Don't meet up with a fellow countryman every day out here. What'll it be, doc?"

The abbreviation had come sooner than Jebb expected, but he answered with a smile of sickly politeness:

"Nothing, thanks."

"Aw, go on—of course you will. What do you say to a small bot of champagny?"

Ludlam could hardly believe that anybody could resist such an opportunity. To Jebb's declension he opposed that fanatic determination of confirmed "treaters" to force liquor down the throat of anybody they fasten upon. They constitute themselves militant missionaries for the god Bacchus.

It began to look as if Jebb would have to break a plate over the man's head to escape his despotic hospitality. But at length he persuaded Ludlam to believe him, and Ludlam, more puzzled than ever, endured the ordeal of drinking alone.

His eye studied Jebb's face and garb as examingly as his curiosity pried into his history. But the dinner was half over before he noticed the ring on Jebb's left little finger.

He looked up quickly into Jebb's face, then back to the ring. He choked on his wine, and something seemed to trouble him. Even his bravado hesitated over this matter, and he finished the dinner in silence.

He followed Jebb back to the smoking compartment and compelled him to accept one of his own cigars.

"Try this, doc," he said. "Real Ha-

vana. Kind you don't get over here. I have 'em imported specially for me. It's an Invincible."

Even the suave luxury of the innocent cigar, as portly as its donor, himself of invincible size, could hardly sweeten the leaf to Jebb, tobaccophile though he was.

As he gazed at the descending sun glowing on the horizon like a huge ruby in a setting of hills, his left hand lay carelessly caressing the wicker of his armchair. The diamond in his ring seemed to chuckle softly and to wink as if it had eyelids. The other stone was dull and dreamy like a sleeping forest. Jebb had failed to notice that Ludlam was staring at the ring. In fact, he was noticing Mr. Ludlam as little as one could notice so looming a presence.

He was wakened from the reveries that sunset and twilight crowd upon a dreamer, by Ludlam's voice.

"Odd-looking ring you got on, doc."

"Isn't it?" said Jebb, returning to the sunset.

"Came from Servia, didn't it?"

"I don't know."

The gathering dusk muffled the shifting features where suspicion was at work.

"You don't know where it came from?"

"No."

"That's funny."

"Think so?" was all Jebb found to say.

"It's a Servian design all right."

"Is it?"

A long pause. The sun was hulled down before Ludlam spoke again.

"And you don't know where it came from?"

"I don't know where it came from."

The tone of Jebb's echo was rather alkaline, and the sun was only a disk.

"Ever been in Belgrade?"

"Passed through it to-day."

"I mean—ever stop off there?"

"I don't think so."

"You don't think so!"

"I'm not sure."

"That's funny. Don't remember whether you've been in a place like Bel-

grade! I can't imagine a man being in Belgrade without remembering it."

"Can't you?"

At last the man had pushed his way beyond the outer ramparts of Jebb's right to privacy, into the citadel of his secret. Irritation gave place to the chagrin and dismay Jebb always felt whenever he was hard pressed on this weak spot in his walls. He wanted to escape, and rose with a rather unconvincing yawn.

"I think I'll go to my berth and take a nap."

"Sleepy at this hour?"

"Travel makes me drowsy."

He was indignant at having to justify his actions to a total stranger. But a sense of uneasiness akin to guilt robbed him of the courage to resent the impertinence.

"Before you go, doctor, would you mind letting me look at that ring?"

"Does it interest you?"

"Yes."

Though he wanted to jab the man in the fat face with it, Jebb held his hand out meekly. Ludlam took it in a greasy and clammy grasp and scrutinized the ring closely, dragging the hand, and Jebb with it, to the window.

"Would you mind if I took it off?"

"Is there any reason why you should?"

Ludlam looked at Jebb with a crafty truculence that more than insinuated suspicion.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"None whatever," said Jebb.

Instantly the ring was slipped from his finger, and Ludlam was holding it close, his piggish eyes staring into the inner surface.

"Ugh-hugh!" he snorted like an angry boar. "I thought so."

"You thought what?"

"See those initials, C. to J."

"Well."

"Well! How do you come to have it?"

"My name is Jebb."

He was furious at disclosing it to one who had tried so hard to learn it.

Ludlam was disconcerted for a moment; then he demanded:

"But who does C. stand for?"

The question was a poser. No answer was ready to Jebb's lips. All he could manage was a weak evasion.

"That's my affair."

"I'm not so sure of that, young fellow. I've been kind of suspicious of you all along. You're so blamed close-mouthed, I thought there must be some reason."

"Your thoughts and suspicions don't interest me. Give me the ring and keep your opinions to yourself."

"Oh, I guess not. This ring says, 'C. to J.' My first name is Charlie, and my sister's is Jennie. She was born in June, and her birthstone is a moss agate, or a mocha stone, as they call it over here."

"So that's what that is," said Jebb, an old riddle answered. "Just a plain moss agate!"

"Yes, and I had this big diamond put in for luck, and I sent it to Jennie on her last birthday. I had it specially made for her by an old Turkish silver worker in Belgrade. There couldn't be two rings just alike with the same inscription and all, could there?"

"Couldn't there?"

"Of course there couldn't. Now tell me how you came by it."

Jebb's head was in a whirl. The man was of so repellent a personality that Jebb felt incapable of taking him for a father confessor. He felt a perverse, malicious desire to baffle the man and conceal himself from him.

When Ludlam repeated with increasing ugliness: "Tell me how you came by this ring," Jebb simply stared through him. But his thoughts were working furiously. At length Ludlam said:

"I guess I'll have to have you arrested, doc."

"Arrested? Arrested for what?"

"For stealing this ring."

"Stealing it—you—oh, I can't even get mad at such a fathead as you, Mr. Ludlam. But just to humor you, let me ask you how you could have me arrested?"

"For having this ring in your possession."

"Is it your ring?"

"No, but—it's my sister's."

"Is she here?"

"No, but—I know it's hers."

"Can you prove it?"

"Well, not just now, but I could give an affidavit."

"Anybody can do that. How do you know she didn't sell it to me?"

"She wouldn't sell a birthday present."

"How can you tell? She may have needed some money very badly."

"Nonsense, she's got a private fortune of her own."

"Then how do you know she didn't give it to me?"

"Why should she give you this ring?"

Jebb cast about for any sort of theory to use as a club. He asked:

"Is she married?"

"Not that I know of."

"Maybe she exchanged it with me as an engagement token. Wait till you see her. You may find a ring of mine on her finger."

This random shot staggered Ludlam. But it had a backfire that bowled Jebb over, too, for the frightful possibility suddenly presented itself that the other member of the firm, V. Pierpont, Esquire, copartner in the Jebb-Pierpont soul, might actually have taken a fancy to this Minnie Jennie Ludlam and proposed to her. She might be some pathetic old spinster who would jump at a proposal from anybody.

As for "Pierpont"—Jebb hardly felt that he knew him well enough to call him by his first name—Jebb could not believe him capable of stealing a woman's ring; he seemed to be far too ostentatious with his money for that. But it was quite possible that he might have flaunted himself before some poor old maid and deluded her with stories of his vast wealth till she accepted him.

This was the most unkindest of all the unkindest cuts V. P. had dealt to Jebb. For one member of a firm to get the firm betrothed to somebody that the other member had not even seen, was not playing the game. Jebb felt that

he would be justified in breaking the engagement. But he wondered if an action would lie for breach of promise. Could Jebb be forced to marry V. Pierpont's fiancée, and if he did, would not Mrs. Pierpont-Jebb née Jennie Ludlam, be guilty of bigamy?

While Jebb's brains were eddying with this fantastic, yet very real, chaos, Charlie Ludlam was also silently pondering just what he should do, just what he could do, in the matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INSIDE-POCKET.

Meanwhile the train was pushing on through the dark. An iron bridge at Neusatz carried it rumbling across the Danube and into the plains of lower Hungary.

Finally Ludlam, having failed to discover a solution, threw the burden on his prisoner, and demanded:

"Well, what are you going to do about this ring?"

"You have it, haven't you?"

"Yes, but——"

"Keep it, and call it square."

"Oh, no, you don't. I want to know how you got it. There may be some foul play here. I haven't heard from Jennie for nearly a couple of months, and——"

The mention of foul play was so ridiculously melodramatic that Jebb condescended to reason with his captor.

"Even if there had been foul play, you have no proof that I did it. I might have bought the ring of a pawnbroker."

"If you had, you'd have told me so quick enough. You're coming with me to Munich."

"Munich? I get off at Budapest."

"If you do, I'll get off and swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"You haven't a scintilla of evidence."

"They'll detain you till I get it. I've got friends in Budapest."

More brain-wringing for Jebb. He was eager to reach Trieste, yet he had no assurance of finding the child there. He had probably passed through Munich on his flight south from Cologne.



His eye was caught by the white label of a tailor.

Munich might be the very spot where he had lost Cynthia. Perhaps this Miss Ludlam might give him the exact clue he wanted. Trieste would always be there, while Miss Ludlam might start to America. He addressed the bewildered Ludlam:

"You say your sister will meet you in Munich."

"Yes, she lives there most of the time."

"Well, I'll go along with you."

"You will!" Ludlam was of that super-suspicious type that cannot be lulled either by opposition or acquiescence. By nature he was like the woman who let down the folding bed and immediately knelt to look under it for a burglar. The moment Jebb consented to do what Ludlam wished, Ludlam

began to wonder what the trick was.

He was soon furnished with grounds to justify him, for it pleased Jebb to take a semi-whimsical, semi-sensible stand.

"I'll go with you on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you pay my expenses there, and back to Budapest."

"Pay your expenses? Well, I guess not. Why should I?"

"I never heard of a prisoner paying his own fare, did you? If I get off at Budapest and make a fight, it will cost you a lot of time and money. There's an American consul there, no doubt, and I could keep you there for a year. You're not such a fool that you can't see how ridiculously weak a case you have against me. It would really save time and money for you to take me along as your guest."

The idea of a bargain appealed to Ludlam.

"All right," he growled, with none too good a grace.

It was nearly midnight when the train pulled into Budapest, and there was more than time enough for Ludlam to go to the booking office and buy tickets for Jebb. The train sat there for two hours, and Jebb took a childish delight in saying:

"Say, Mr. Sheriff, would you buy a poor convict something to eat?"

Ludlam was hungry, and he was afraid to let Jebb out of his sight. So he stood treat. But, this time, he did not volunteer to "open wine."

That night, in the berth that Ludlam paid for, Jebb slept uneasily, for his dreams were a nightmare of war be-

tween his Miruma and Pierpont's Jennie over the possession of their Siamese lovers.

He would have slept so much better had he known that Ludlam sat up all night to make sure of his not escaping.

Breakfast time found them at Vienna, and Jebb ordered everything he could think of; not that he believed in early-morning dinners, but because it gave him such exquisite pleasure to torment the heavy-eyed Ludlam, who begrudged but dared not deny.

He smoked Ludlam's expensive Invincibles till he made himself dizzy, and his jailer was heartily glad to see Munich arrive in the late afternoon of the dreariest day he had ever spent.

The finishing blow was the discovery that sister Jennie, never expecting her brother, had gone to Vienna for a week's visit. The concierge gave her address as the Hotel Bristol—a familiar name to Jebb.

"It serves you right, old man," Jebb chortled. "Anybody who inflicts a surprise visit deserves the unpleasantest surprise he can get."

He had come almost to like Ludlam. It is impossible not to be endeared toward those who amuse us.

And poor Ludlam was so woebegone and so sleepy from his all-night vigil that Jebb felt sorry for him. There was a night train to Vienna, but Ludlam was too large for the berths and he longed for a stationary bed. Jebb had won the confidence a patient "trusty" inspires, and Ludlam felt sure of keeping him by the simple device of withholding his return fare. He engaged adjoining rooms and waddled off to bed. It was not long before his snores came trumpeting through the thin partition. Jebb settled back in a chair in his own room, to figure up his expenditures and find how he stood with the future.

When he reached for a fountain pen he kept in the inside pocket of his coat, he found that it had dropped through a hole and was lost in the lining.

He slipped off the coat, and, emptying the pocket, turned it inside out to examine the opening.

His eye was caught by the white label of a tailor. Jebb had often wondered where he had got this suit, but had never thought to look for the maker's imprint.

But here it was:

MAX WANDL
SCHNEIDER
14 Lindenau Strasse, Dresden
HERR V. PIERPONT
Datum, 2te April, 1909

This was the clearest clue Jebb had found yet. He cursed himself for having carried it in his own inside pocket all this while. He might have telegraphed or written from Uskub. He had idled about Salonica and Constantinople, trying to retrace his steps, when he might have taken this short cut and picked up the thread far back, near its beginning.

A crepitation from the sleeping Behemoth next door reminded Jebb that on the morrow he was booked for Vienna, a wild-goose chase far down the line; a foolish tryst with one of V. Pierpont's flirtations.

A surging impulse to get to Dresden at once swept over him. He threw on his coat and hurried down to the office, where he learned that an express for Dresden left in an hour.

He did not wait for the dolorous lift; he ran up the stairs, threw into his suit case what little he had taken out, and, retrieving his fountain pen from the depths of his coat, wrote Ludlam a note:

DEAR MR. LUDLAM: Sorry, can't accompany you to Vienna. Called elsewhere suddenly. Will join you at Hotel Bristol as soon as possible. Kind regards to sister Jennie.

Yours hastily,

D. JEBB.

He pushed this under Ludlam's door, and, rushing downstairs, leaped into a cab and called to the driver "*Chapouk!*" He had forgotten that he was no longer hiring *arabas* in Turkey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

Little Max Wandl was circumambulating a hugely globular Saxon, and recording the distance with a tape measure. He was making the round in installments, and was just adding up the surprising total of his client's periphery, when the sum was knocked out of his head by the incursion of an excited American, whose chief characteristic, from a tailor's-eye view, was that his waist measure was of the sort that permits a poor tailor to make a little profit out of his saving in cloth—and yet he was so tall that he would use up the cloth that way. Poor Wandl sighed at the difficulty of life, and put on his best-customer smile.

But the American did not want a new suit made; he wanted to learn the history of an old suit. Herr Wandl was properly put out at such an interruption, and the customer, who stood on the block like a beef to be auctioned off by the hundredweight, was even more impatient.

Schneider Wandl, like other artistes, was easily upset, and when Jebb finally made him understand that he must know just where he sent the suit he had made for "Herr Pierpont" on April second, the tailor refused to leave a present client to oblige a past.

If mein herr merely wished to satisfy an eccentric curiosity as to an old address—which he should be able to remember without the help of a tailor, Herr Wandl being a *Kleidermacher* and not a *Polizei* agent—why, then, would Herr Pierpont, *bitte*, till three o'clock wait, when Herr Wandl would a little more leisure than at the present-of-the-whole-day-busiest hour have. Besides yet, the information Herr Pierpont sought could doubtless be from the registration bureau of the police more easily secured.

But Jebb preferred not to enmesh himself in the ponderous system of German civic bookkeeping, except as a last resort. He promised to return at three.

This meant several hours to kill. After exhausting various sights, the

Johanneum Museum and the Albertinum Museum, the Grosse Garten, the Grüne Gewölbe, and the Opera, he found himself before the palatial Zwinger and the Royal Art Gallery.

He dawdled from room to room, plastered with masterpieces, till all looked alike and each killed the other, to his lay eye.

Suddenly he felt himself rushed down upon by a great floating figure, as the visitor to the Louvre almost cowers before the imminent majesty of the Winged Victory. Only this was no marble stride of a warlike maiden, a Greek Valkyr; it was the skyish promenade of a young mother with a divinely amiable child in her arms.

Even the untutored Jebb did not need to ask his catalogue what master work this was, for nearly every home in America has its copy of Raphael's Sistine Madonna. She drifted forward to him from an atmosphere of cherubim clustered like iridescent bubble froth; she was too girlishly astonished at being the bride of God to note a mere pope and a mere saint kneeling at either side of her cloud-spurning feet. And over the base of the frame leaned that familiar pair of winged infants.

The ambrosial contentedness of the scene threw a sunlight over Jebb's own soul, and as he halted before other paintings, he kept turning back to give his eyes one more draft of the light from this window of heaven.

He noted that one of the dawdling attendants was smiling at him curiously. Wherever he turned he found this old man's features seemingly wrestling with a grin that would not rub out. At length Jebb approached him. The old man turned his eyes away uneasily from the apparent irritation of Jebb's question:

"Warum schmünneln—Sie über mich?"

"Bitte, lieber herr, ich habe nicht über Ihnen geschmünnelt."

"Ja freilich, sie schmünneln immer über mich. Warum doch?"

When the old man was cornered he flushed with confusion and timidity, and the dialogue ran on in German.

"I could not help it, mein herr; it was so much to laugh the last time you were here."

"How so?"

"Do you still want to buy"—his mutinous smile overpowered his fear—"to buy the Sistine Madonna!"

"What nonsense are you talking?"

"Don't you remember? You asked me how much the government would take for it, and when I said I did not know,

you said that you would write to your friend the kaiser and find out. Did you, mein herr? And what did his majesty say? Perhaps you have been to Berlin to see him. Or was it all one of your American jokes?"

This sounded so much like Vanderbilt Pierpont that Jebb only shook his head and walked off humbly, wondering from what braggart ancestor he had inherited His Royal Pierpontship.

The old attendant followed, driveling on:

"America must be a wonderful country to breed such millionaires that you can buy Sistine Madonnas. You have bought everything else that is not nailed to the wall. I should go to America myself if I were not so old. My sons have all gone there, and I have grandchildren, fine young Americans they are, mein herr—one of them is about the age of your little daughter."



He knew she knew, but he whispered it again: "Miruma!"

"My little daughter!" Jebb gasped. "You remember her?"

"Ach, yes. Himmel, how she was indignant when you told her that she looked like one of those Sistine cherubs—the one with his chin in his hands." The old man's eyes watered with senile laughter. "She stamped her tiny foot and said she wasn't a boy, she was a little girl. These children! These children! I hope she is well, and— Ah, thank you, sir."

This last for the coin that Jebb suddenly offered him. On second thoughts Jebb poured a handful of coins into the wrinkled palms till they spilled over.

"Those are for the little girl's sake."

"God bless her and you, too, sir," the dotard chattered, as he doddered about chasing the scampering coins with Jebb's help. The old man understood so few things nowadays that he was hardly bewildered at this sudden largess

from one he had just laughed at. He could not know how the whole gallery had seemed to rock with earthquake at his mere allusion to Cynthia. Jebb had found her little footprint at last on the dreary sands of the world.

"Did I—did I tell you where I was going?" he asked the old man.

"Oh, no, sir, why should you?"

"I thought perhaps I might have told you to wrap up the Sistine Madonna and send it to my address."

"I think not, sir; or, if you did, I don't remember. But then my memory is very leaky nowadays. I—"

But Jebb was not listening. He was hurrying away. As he fled, he cast a look over his shoulder at the Virgin Mother of San Sisto. It was probably the shifting light and the agitation of his own quick steps, but she seemed to nod reassuringly to him and to smile him hope.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FATE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

At three o'clock the little tailor of Lindenau Strasse was waiting for Jebb with the information that he had delivered his suit at the Hotel Bellevue. He had made it in great haste—the Americans always wanted their clothes overnight—but if Herr Pierpont wished another suit on the same time and terms, he would be glad. Jebb thanked him, no, and offered to pay him for his trouble.

When Herr Wandl declined, Jebb did not pause to insist. He hastened to the Hotel Bellevue on its high terraces over the Elbe River. As he walked to the desk, he was met with a bow that was almost a salaam, and with these words in approximate English:

"Goot efternoon, Meester Bierbont. Pleasst to see you again."

It amazed Jebb to see how well everybody remembered that man Pierpont. In the first place, however, it is an innkeeper's, as a politician's, prosperity to remember names and faces. In the second place, V. Pierpont had a magnificent carriage that made him hard to forget. And he scat-

tered memorable tips. But mine host was saying:

"You liked Vienna?"

"Vienna? Oh, yes."

"But you have come to Dresden back. That is right. You have us your ledders to forwart getoldt, but he did not came any ledders."

"Let me see, where was it I told you to forward them? I was away from Vienna so much that—" Jebb found it useful not to finish sentences.

"I can find it out, if you permeet me a minoot." He consulted a ledger. "*Ach*, yes, it is the Grand Hotel. I remember you said you liked the name."

"Yes, yes. And no letters came?"

"Not any. Will you have again your old room overlooking the river? And is your little—what it is a sister's child?"

"Niece?"

"Yes. Is your liddle neeze vit you again? So dear a child never was here. She throws me soch a sweet kiss when she goes the hotel for the last time out."

Jebb sighed as he answered:

"No, she is not with me. And I just stopped in a for a—for a cigar. I'm going back to Vienna at once."

"Shall we still forwart the ledders to the same attress, Herr Bierbont?"

"If any come—please! Thank you! Good-by!"

Several hours of feverish delay before the train started, and then ten hours in a sleeping car brought him to Vienna. He hurried to the Grand Hotel to pick up the next trace of himself and Cynthia. To his unutterable dismay, there was no evidence that V. Pierpont had ever visited the hotel.

When he expressed his disbelief of the clerks, they showed him the register for the whole month of April. There was no hint of V. Pierpont.

Thanking them for the trouble, and pretending that Pierpont was a client he was eager to find, Jebb backed off and left the hotel. Evidently Pierpont in his irresponsible way had blandly forgotten to go to the Grand Hotel—perhaps even to Vienna.

More miserable than ever from the

sudden quenching of fresh-lighted hope, Jebb stood looking up and down the sweeping glory of the great Ring Strasse, the gleaming horseshoe boulevard that replaces the old walls of Vienna. He remembered how the city had glittered in his eyes when he came here as a young medical student. He could remember so many incidents of that far-off time, but between him and last month—what black smoke!

Just across the street from him he saw the Hotel Bristol. His flesh crept at the thought of sister Jennie. Still he had given his word and he would keep it—at a later hour. It was too early for a call even upon the prospective better half of one's worse self.

Meanwhile, he would go to the Union Bank and see if by any chance there might be a letter there. He had written that address in his farewell note to Miruma, and he felt all shot through with little lightnings as he thought of finding a message in her hand. He had never seen her writing—he had hardly seen her. Her spell was all the more resistless for that.

He called one of the carriages fitted up with mirrors and cushions till they looked like apartments on wheels, and the hilarious driver stormed through the gorgeous Kärntner Strasse after the manner of his Viennese fraternity, to the short thick Graben, bulging as if with its swollen traffic.

At the bank Jebb was met with a new facer. Two letters—both from Turkey—had indeed arrived for Herr Jebb—his heart leaped at the glorious news, and at the sound of his own, own name—but according to his recent telegraphed instructions, they had been forwarded to his address in Trieste.

So impatience foils impatience. In his eagerness to have Miruma's letter at the first possible moment, Jebb had sent it farther away than ever, like a clumsy bumpkin who, in stooping for a prize, kicks it out of reach.

But perhaps the letters were not from her—he had given Von Hellwald the same address. In any case he must see them.

He went to the nearest telegraph

office and wired the consul at Trieste to return the letters at once. His thoughts were in commotion like the seething traffic about him.

Then he proceeded to the police bureau or Polizer-Direction to make official inquiry of Cynthia.

After a maddening delay, he was informed that the search for the child was being continued, but that if he himself obtained any information they would be glad to make use of it.

Of all sad souls in gay Vienna, Jebb was the least gay. He felt desperate enough now even to face Miss Jennie Ludlam and her brother—if indeed Champagne Charlie had not popped off like one of his own corks when he woke in Munich to find his prisoner flown.

When Jebb reached the Hotel Bristol, he asked if Mr. Ludlam were registered there. No, but Miss Ludlam was. He sent his name up, and asked for her brother. Word was returned that Mr. Ludlam was absent, but that his sister would be down in five minutes if Mr. Jebb would wait in the reception room.

A woman's five minutes! Jebb retained his cigar and tried to imagine what sister Jennie would look like. Would she resemble Brother Charlie? What would she say when she found that Doctor Jebb and V. Pierpont were the same man? What would—but here he was discounting the future again. How dared he assume that he had ever met her, even as V. Pierpont? Suppose V. Pierpont had bought the ring of a thief?

He kept his eyes on the clock, and when the five minutes were gone, he threw away the cigar and sauntered into the luxurious reception hall, wondering how large a section of an hour sister Jennie's five minutes represented.

It had been a long time since he had sat in a fashionable Continental hotel and watched a peacock-alley parade. The women are nowhere better gowned than in Vienna, and the corridors were busy with ultra-fashionable meeting, waiting, flirting, quarreling—everything fashionably.

About most of the women their costumes hung as naturally as if they

themselves had fledged them. They floated sumptuously like swans for grace, but with the alertness of the wild duck and the impudent allure of the Viennese capital. Women whom Jebb recognized to be American or guessed to be French, Spanish, Russian—all seemed to feel the scandalously vivacious atmosphere of the imperial city.

But among the women moved one who caught Jebb's eye by some subtle differentness from the crowd. He could not see her face, though the back of her head, the glimpse of an ear or a cheek strongly implied beauty. Her form was beautiful, too; and she was graceful. And yet there was something unusual in her walk, in her attitude when she paused, in her poses when she sat.

She seemed not to belong either to this circle, or this room—or her own clothes—or something. And yet the clothes fitted perfectly, the room seemed none too fine for her, the crowd no whit superior. Rather she seemed better than her environs, like a young queen married into a foreign country and bedight in a new, unusual robe. This strange woman had just that shy haughtiness, that sense of royalty ill at ease.

She passed a while aimlessly, paused to look aimlessly out of a window, sat down at a desk, decided not to write, rose, took another chair. She was waiting apparently for no one, waiting apparently only for time to pass, but always—almost as if by some intention—she kept her face from Jebb's scrutiny. At length, however, she dropped into a chair with a visible if not audible sigh of ennui and stared at the floor.

And now Jebb could study her face. At once he knew that he had met her somewhere—but where? She was wonderfully beautiful, but where had he seen her?

Her timid eyelids rose and her gaze ran about the room, as if she were lonely and afraid. Her eyes did not see him, but he saw her eyes. There was no mistaking those eyes.

He tried to leap to his feet, but his knees were like broken reeds, and he sprawled on his divan, helpless to rise as when he met her first. He tried to call her by name, but his pale lips commanded only a murmur:

"Miruma! Miruma!"

The whisper just reached her. She started, turned, saw him, checked a cry with a swift hand to her mouth. Then she rose—as she alone could rise, like a lark—came to him fleetly, lithely, oblivious of her unwonted costume. Their hands met in a fierce clutch, and she dropped at his side.

Had he been Samson he would have pulled the building down upon the crowd for the sake of a moment alone with Miruma. He would have given an empire for one kiss upon those lips which were revealed unveiled to his eyes for the first time. He felt all the romantic anarchy of all the Marc Antonys, Tristrams, and Paolos, but—he was in the reception room of a fashionable hotel, and what he actually said was:

"I—I didn't know you at first in those clothes."

He could have cursed himself for such sublime inanity, but she was contentedly reading the ecstasy in his eyes, and though her bosom was throbbing with the raptures of Cleopatra, Isolde, Francesca, her greeting was small improvement on his:

"Didden you know me? I knowed you the feerst meenute I heard you wheesper."

They stared at each other, and she flushed a little deeper as she asked:

"But you didden' call me Hanum Effendi or madame like you used to. What it was the word you call me joost now?"

He knew she knew, but he whispered it again:

"Miruma!"

She closed her eyes and breathed deep, as if the sound were perfume. And then tears were suddenly present among her lashes, glistening there while her lips smiled.



Romance in a . . . Restaurant.

BY
EDITH
SUMMERS
UPDEGRAFF.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. LEMON

IT was a small, semi-clean "Tables for Ladies" restaurant, with a remarkably brilliant red-and-green wall-paper, a row of tarnished, gilt-framed mirrors along one side, and a subtle odor of fried onions, that had been fried a long time ago. To Virginia, however, it breathed freedom, romance, adventure, Paris boulevards, enchanting public-library novels—everything that one thinks and dreams about and that makes life worth living.

Besides, it was the most glorious blue-and-gold spring day that ever set the feet of youth tripping, and the eyes of youth dancing, and the heart of youth dreaming. And Virginia had on her new fawn spring jacket and Easter hat; and the hat was turned up at the side, and was all pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

It was with a delightful sense of independence and grownupness, and a delightful thrill of expectancy of—she knew not what—anything new and wild and romantic, that she walked sedately down the aisle between the tables and seated herself at an unoccupied table in the rear. The bill of fare, scrawled in purple ink, stood propped between the vinegar bottle and the mustard pot. Virginia drew it forth daintily, her heart swelling with pride and fluttering with suppressed excitement. It was the first time in her life that she had ever eaten alone in a restaurant.

"Chicken salad and French-fried potatoes," she fluted in her clear little

voice, looking up at the somewhat greasy waiter, who had posted himself at her elbow.

"Yes, miss. Tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, please."

It was all over, and nothing unusual had happened. Ordering was not nearly so difficult a matter as she had supposed.

Within a reasonable space of time, the chicken salad, the French-fried potatoes, and the coffee were placed in front of Virginia, who immediately fell to upon them with the zest of novelty and the healthy appetite of sixteen. Such a lovely salad, with such lots of onion in it! They never put onion in the salad at home. And such delicious French-fried potatoes! At home mother always had them boiled, because they were better for you. And then the coffee! And the bread, with its nice, crisp, Frenchy crust! What fun it was to eat in a restaurant! And how good the things tasted!

All last term, Virginia had eaten cold sandwiches in the big, bare, dreary lunch room at school. Henceforth, however, all that was to be changed; Virginia had succeeded in persuading her mother that it was not good for her to eat a cold lunch at noon. How much pleasanter it was to get away from the humdrum old schoolhouse and come out here, where one felt oneself really a part of the world, and eat nice, hot, oniony things, and be waited on by real waiters, and watch the other people



"Chicken salad and French-fried potatoes."

come and go, and wonder who they were and what they did, and fancy all sorts of things about them.

Virginia liked people, especially strange people, for with the unknown all things are possible. That old gentleman, for instance, with the handsome, refined face—in reality a retired street-car conductor—might well be an old German musician who was living in some nice romantic garret. That slim young lady in the tailor-made suit—a saleswoman in a five-and-ten-cent store—might be a governess with a romantic love affair.

Virginia thought she would like to be a governess when she got through school; something interesting and exciting *always* happened to them at the places where they were engaged. But

this was only a secondary preference. What Virginia desired most of all was to be an "author," and go to New York all by herself to make her fortune, and live in some old Bohemian garret, with a box of flowers in the window, and an interesting stranger, preferably an artist, across the way; and eat all the time in cunning little restaurants, where they gave you real wine and Italian things.

At this juncture she happened to glance into one of the side mirrors, and her meditations on the subject of the delightful hidden possibilities of a governess' or an author's career were cut short by the reflected gaze of a pair of very dark and very expressive eyes. Virginia dropped her own gray ones immediately, but not before she had seen that the owner of the eyes was young and handsome, and very "interesting" looking.

The suppressed excitement in Virginia's breast was intense. Here, at the very outset, the mystery and adventures were beginning. In novels they always began very much like this. He looked as though he might be French; perhaps he was a young

French nobleman in exile, or something! Virginia adored the French language and people. From her first lesson, when she had learned to say *oui, non, bonsoir, and pardon, monsieur*, the French language had exerted over her a fascination scarcely equaled by "Red Riding Hood," when she was six, or "Her Fatal Wedding Eve," now that she had attained the age of sixteen. Such sentences as, "Have you the inkpot?" "No, but my aunt's grandmother has the mustard," with all the attendant *mêlée* of pens, paper, shoe polish, earrings, mothers-in-law, and vinegar, were irradiated to Virginia by the halo of romance. And now that she had begun to read "La Belle Nivernaise," with much consulting of her small, dog-eared dictionary, the de-

lightful vista of the possibilities of French was growing longer and more alluring with each laboriously construed paragraph. There was something so nice, and strange, and foreign, and romantic about French. And in novels the French characters were always very handsome, or witty, or clever, or all of these things at once. Virginia hoped that he was French; and from hoping it was but a step to being convinced.

There on the spot she made up her mind that she would put him in her novel. A week ago she had started a novel, written out very neatly and carefully with violet ink on foolscap paper. It began like this: "It was in Paris—dear, charming, delightful Paris, in the year 18—," Virginia wasn't quite sure just what the story was going to be about, so she could easily put him in without disarranging her plans.

When she next ventured to take a furtive look into the mirror, the very dark eyes had vanished. Would they appear again to-morrow? If they didn't, then there was no truth in novels.

Virginia walked back to school that afternoon on rose-colored clouds and star dust. What did it matter though the mathematical teacher stamped his foot with impatience and told her that she was the most inattentive girl in the class, or though the teacher of classics marked her zero for not knowing her passage in Cæsar? What does anything matter when you can live altogether in a beautiful world of dreams

and visions? Through the study period, when nothing was expected of her but to be quiet and appear studious, Virginia gave perfect satisfaction to the teacher in charge. She sat motionless, her Cæsar open in front of her, her eyes bent on the page; but her thoughts were far away from the dusty schoolroom, traveling the primrose path to the wonderful Land of Visions, whose barred gate only Youth knows how to open.

"A penny for your thoughts, Virginia?" whispered Blanche Matthews, Virginia's bosom friend, who sat across the aisle from her, and was engaged in alternately drawing caricatures on the margin of her Latin grammar and reading a novel under her desk; the latter pastime being pursued whenever the teacher's eye was sufficiently removed. Blanche was very dark and very pretty and very romantic, and was in love with a drug clerk over on the corner of Jones Street and Aylmer Avenue.

"I'll tell you when we get out," whispered Virginia, in answer to Blanche's question.

When afternoon school was over, and the two girls were walking home together in the yellow sunshine, Virginia unbosomed herself; for one of the principal joys of having a delicious secret is to confide it to a sympathizing friend.

"And, you know, Blanche," she concluded, after having related the incident with great attention to detail, "he looks exactly like that picture of Bassanio in



Alonzo.

'The Merchant of Venice,' only I'm sure he's French, not Italian."

Blanche was impressed. Her own deep and tender regard for the drug clerk faded into momentary insignificance beside the mystery and romance of Virginia's unknown hero.

"I wish I didn't live so near the school," she mourned. "I should just love to eat my lunch in a restaurant."

"It is nice," said Virginia, as they parted at the corner.

The next day at lunch time the testimony of the novels was nobly upheld. When Virginia, after many inward flutterings and misgivings, at last made bold to lift her eyes to the magnetic mirror, there, glowing from its depths, was the same pair of very dark eyes. This time, when they met hers, the eyes smiled unmistakably. Virginia blushed, and transferred her attention to her chicken patty.

Day after day passed; and every day the handsome young stranger looked and smiled at Virginia through the mirror. And every day Virginia dropped the gaze of her big gray eyes to her plate and blushed all over her delicate flower face, up to the roots of her amber-colored hair.

Some day a happy accident would bring them together. Virginia felt sure of that; she had read too widely not to know how such things turn out in grown-up life. In the meantime, her days were measured from one luncheon time to the next, and Saturdays were deserts drear. She floated about on the rosy clouds and the star dust, dreaming through long, quiet study periods, and even through fractious lesson hours, untouched by the sordid smudges of reality. She had put the owner of the dark eyes into her novel as Count St. Etienne, a name she had selected from the list in the back of her French dictionary; and gradually she grew to think of him under this distinguished and euphonious title.

There came at last a much-begged-for Saturday in May, when Blanche and Virginia were allowed to go "down-town" together and spend the day as they chose, eating luncheon together at

some restaurant. To the schoolgirl living in a city, large or small, those rare and blessed Saturdays of freedom are red-letter days, days of department stores and matinées and restaurants and delightful sauntering along crowded thoroughfares, days to be looked forward to with wild anticipation, and back upon with lingering and delicious recollection.

Virginia and Blanche outlined the day's program somewhat as follows: In the morning they would "do" the department stores. For luncheon they would go to the restaurant, and afterward take a stroll in the lower part of the town, where there were narrow, winding, romantic streets, and musty old clo' places, and pawnshops, and old curiosity emporiums, and all sorts of attractive things. They would wind up by having an ice-cream soda at the drug store where Blanche's hero officiated. They spent hours in planning it all out.

Virginia took great pains in dressing for the auspicious occasion; for was she not to see her hero to-day, not as a schoolgirl, but as a real grown-up young lady, who went shopping and lunched out on Saturdays. When she had finished adjusting her new pink-and-white sprigged muslin, and put on her locket and her silver chain bracelet, she stood for a long time before the mirror, thoughtfully stroking her thumb and forefinger down her little white nose, to train it to go *down*, instead of *up*. Virginia's nose, through being slightly retroussé, caused its owner no small amount of mortification and chagrin. She had never read of a single heroine with a turned-up nose. She gave the refractory feature a few final downward strokes, assured herself that it really *did* look a little longer, carefully adjusted her hat on her curls, patted and pulled for a while at the big white bow that tied back her amber hair, shook out her pink-and-white muslin skirts, looked down at her neat little oxfords, to make sure that there was not a speck of dust on them, and finally put on her gloves, and tripped downstairs, and out into the street.

Blanche, arrayed all in pink, was



"Isn't he perfectly handsome?"

waiting for Virginia at an appointed street corner. Here they took a car which landed them in the heart of the fashionable shopping district.

It was a blue spring day, full of soft airs and golden sunshine. As the girls tripped along through the busy throngs of shoppers, or loitered before attractive display windows, their cup of bliss well-nigh overflowed.

"Do you know," whispered Blanche to Virginia, as they stood looking into one particularly fascinating window, "I think Alonzo must be going to propose or something, some time soon."

Alonzo was the name she had bestowed upon the drug clerk.

"Why?" inquired Virginia, eyeing a certain lace collar, and making mental calculations as to her funds.

"Why, yesterday, when I was in there for some wood alcohol for mother, he asked me if I wouldn't have an ice-cream soda *on* him. Of course I refused, you know; but you see he really does notice me a lot."

Virginia made some answering remark, but without much enthusiasm. What was a drug clerk to her? With the egotism natural to her years, she felt a little sorry for Blanche.

Toward noon, when they had feasted their eyes on everything that the department stores had to display, and Vir-

ginia had purchased a love of a lace collar, and Blanche a yard and a half of pink ribbon to make a tie and belt, they climbed into a street car which took them to within a block or two of the famous restaurant. As they walked the remaining distance, Virginia's heart began to palpitate wildly. She did not know his Saturday habits; supposing he had already gone, or had not yet come, or supposing he did not come on Saturdays at all! What a flat and dreary thing the long-anticipated meal would be if he should be absent!

Her fears were set at rest, however, when they were seated and, after some preliminary heart flutterings, she ven-

tered a furtive glance into the mirror. He was there, and more gallant and smiling and handsome than ever.

"He's here, Blanche! Don't look just yet," whispered Virginia, pretending to be very much occupied with her menu card. "Now, then—there by the second window! Isn't he perfectly handsome?"

Blanche looked, and dropped the menu card she was holding, almost overturning her glass of water into her lap.

"Virginia," she gasped, clutching frantically at the glass of water to save it. "Virginia, it's—it's—oh, Virginia, it's the drug clerk!"



The Goal

(An Autumn Song)

THE trumpet wind of Autumn blows,
While Indian Summer, cool and sweet,
Flicks down the varicolored leaves
To crisp beneath our feet.

In town or country, here or there,
Pale gold dust dances merrily,
While o'er the hills a blue mirage
Floats like a canopy.

Sweet idleness, with summer blooms,
Has long departed. Lo, we face
Grave-eyed To-morrow! Fleet and sure
We're panting for the race.

Our starting master is the Wind;
How sweet, and high, and shrill, and clear
His trumpet signal blows as we
Go speeding down the Year!

The trumpet wind of Autumn blows;
The race is on; the goal is plain;
The runners fly along the track,
And none need run in vain!

For though you stumble, falter, pale,
Take heart of grace, oh gallant soul!
In this one race no man need fail
Since Honor is our Goal!

ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN.



AS he turned from the trail into the long-remembered road winding through the hills of his youth, Cathcart urged the colt forward and peered hopefully down into the tree-strewn valley.

"Hurry along, old boy," he called in companionable tones to the pack horse. "Another mile and you may rest. We're going to have a real lonesome time to-night."

The next moment the travel-jaded colt surprised and nearly unseated his rider by leaping to the side of the road. The object that had aroused him was an empty bonbon box.

"Huh!" Cathcart growled. "Petticoats!"

The curiosity of the rider caused the

colt to feel the sudden prick of the spur. A little farther along a fresh banana peel threw out another threat of a disturbed solitude. Rounding the nose of a hill, Cathcart came plump upon six young women, apparently glued to the seats of a wagon.

The colt, thrown into a panic, tried to face about; but a tightened rein and a liberal use of the spurs brought him, halting, snorting, protesting, alongside the wagon.

"You won't shoot, will you?" inquired an anxious voice from the rear seat.

"No! Well, yes. If this colt doesn't let me stay here, I may—at him."

"We thought you might be a—a——"

"Bandit," supplied another.

"Don't be rude, Sally," said the one who had been tactful enough to leave the sentence unfinished.

"The evidence is against me. I'll admit I must look desperate. But you must excuse the colt and me for appearing excited. We really did not expect company. At your service, ladies."

"Will you tell us what to do?" inquired the mellow, distressed voice that was Sally's.

"If you'll begin at the beginning."

"The beginning is miles and miles away."

"Then begin at the end. Why are you here?"

"Because we're here," sang the girls, with a surprising unanimity that suggested a mutual feeling of despair.

"And because our wagon is broken," said Sally, after they had laughed until they felt well acquainted.

"Now, we have a starting point."

"That's good news. We were afraid we never would get started."

"For our reasoning. You have only to ask the unfortunate man who discovered your unfortunate plight to mend the wagon, and then you can proceed."

"Are you a blacksmith?"

The level tone in which the question was asked was disconcerting. The driver had turned for the first time to face Cathcart. He realized instantly that his manner had been one of good-humored patronage. The bearing of this other young woman made his air of superiority fall away from him.

"I can at least make a faithful effort as an apprentice. I regret, now, that I did not learn the trade. Perhaps—it's possible, you know, that the wagon isn't very badly damaged, after all."

"Spoken like a man," sniffed the superior creature at the reins. "Perhaps—it's possible, you know, for us to skim over the country on three wheels."

"A wheel gone? Then I should also be a wheelwright. My opportunities are increasing."

The young man's attempted levity found no reflection in the stern gaze of the driver, who evidently thought it was his duty to help her and her companions out of their difficulty and to expect no gratitude. Her assumption nettled him, while her ease and grace embarrassed him. The five girls he had quickly classified as belonging to well-defined types to be found in any town, but the sixth, well, he felt that the way to conversation should have been paved by a formal introduction; at least she chose to make him feel that way. His eyes, however, persisted in fixing themselves upon the sunburned beauty of her face,

and the rich abundance of her dark-red hair.

"Since you are not used to hardships," he said, addressing her, rather than her companions, "you have probably magnified the difficulties of the situation."

"If your only suggestion is that we walk a dozen miles before bedtime, we can assure you that we have already thought of that."

She turned toward her horses, and her shoulders radiated displeasure.

"Since walking is not fashionable," said Cathcart, recovering himself, and smiling at the five pathetic faces, "I should recommend driving to the nearest ranch."

"But we can't," said the loquacious Sally. "There are only three wheels to our wagon."

"Sally! You little stupid! Do you want to be laughed at?" reproved the driver, in an undertone.

"That's so. I had forgotten about the wheel. The thing's so very serious that I'm afraid I'll have to depend on your captain for suggestions."

Cathcart nodded in the direction of the recalcitrant red hair, and five grins spread across five worried faces.

"Don't mind her," said Sally reassuringly. "She's only piqued because she has met her match; that is, because she can't run things any longer. We have been taking orders from her all day, and you see where we are."

"To escape further abuse I desire to resign," said the driver solemnly. "I feel like a minority candidate after the convention."

Cathcart looked searchingly at the coil of red hair. The last remark had sounded distinctly personal; but as the girl could not know he was rejected of a convention he decided to make no retort.

"Then the opportunity is mine," he said, dismounting and making a hasty examination.

"You see, it is a bad break," volunteered the girl nearest him.

"You haven't broken your wagon at all; you have only lost a bur and the



"It's possible, you know, that the wagon isn't very badly damaged after all."

wheel has slipped off the axle and gone down the hill."

"Then if you will find the bur we can go right on," volunteered Sally, with enthusiasm.

"Well, yes, if we had the bur I could probably get the wheel up from the creek in a couple of hours, if it hasn't gone to pieces on some of those rocks. But we haven't the bur. It might also have rolled down the hill, and there is no telling where; it is possible for a wheel to remain on the axle long after the bur is gone."

"Then even an amateur blacksmith can't mend the break," said the driver, with a smile. "It has been suggested that we walk, girls. Let us make a start."

"Never," said Cathcart. "You must depend on me. I have been so excited over rescuing six young women from the talons of the wilderness that I haven't been able to think clearly. What kind conspiracy of events placed you here, and where are you going? We must begin at the beginning again."

"We are bound for Chimney Creek Basin, and our camp to-night is to be

at Wild Horse, wherever that is," said Sally, with a catch in her voice that was almost a sob.

Cathcart whistled softly and clicked the lid of his watch.

"It is forty miles in a straight line to Chimney Creek, and Wild Horse is half-way. This is the only road out of this place, and it has brought you ten miles in the wrong direction. It is now five o'clock."

The wagon was the scene of a small panic. The driver sat up very straight, but did not join in the exclamations.

"Oh, Jule, tell the gentleman how we got here and he may tell us what to do," wept Sally.

"How we got here I don't know," said the buxom Juliet, "except that we drove in. We kept going and here we are. I don't know why we are not somewhere else."

"Perhaps the responsibility will be assumed by your chaperon," said the young man, hoping to draw fire from the driver. The only immediate response was a giggle from a girl addressed as Gene, who was silenced by a whisper.

"Our chaperon is not with us," corrected the fair Imogene hesitatingly. "She went on in the mess wagon with her husband, who is our utility man. We stopped for lunch, and the Lord knows what they are doing now."

"I see what you have done," said Cathcart, trying to show a sympathy he didn't feel, for he was obstreperously happy in the rôle of guardian. "You should have followed the main road which leads up the gulch on the other side of these hills. But you didn't."

"That enables us to get our bearings, but it does not stay the gnawing hunger or put a wheel on our wagon; our last candy and bananas went hours ago," said a blonde on the front seat.

"Rosalind, criticism does not alleviate our distress," chided Sally. The slender Rose apologized very prettily.

"I am impressed," said Cathcart, somewhat oratorically, "that you are overwhelmed by circumstances entirely beyond your control. My policy is to make the best of any situation. Therefore, I would suggest, if I may, that you camp here for the night."

The protest was emphatic. "Why we couldn't think of it," cried a black-eyed midget. "Our beds are in the grub wagon, and we haven't any night—anything to wear."

"Sue, do keep still; you always blurt out the wrong thing," whispered Imogene, blushing rosily.

"You have blankets in the wagon seats and lap robes, and we can make out with these and the outfit in my pack. I can sleep in my saddle blankets; it will not be the first time. As for the change of clothes, I never carry them when camping. You may be able to get along for one night."

"We will follow the suggestion," said the driver, facing about unexpectedly, "if the gentleman can assure us supper and breakfast from his pack."

"Do you think it will be proper?" inquired Imogene hopefully.

"Scarcely less proper," said the driver, "than starting on a twenty-mile walk at night."

"And more sensible, for you will find you are starving when you get over

your excitement. There's enough in the pack to feed this party for a week. It's good, too, for I bought it with the sole idea of keeping on good terms with my stomach. Besides, I can cook."

"And yet possessed of such remarkable social and conversational accomplishments. One would not have suspected it. But we will not impose the drudgery upon you."

"As host I shall prescribe my own duties," said Cathcart testily.

The garrulous five relieved him from the danger of further colloquy with the self-possessed creature at the reins. With responsibility shifted to the shoulders of a man they became boisterously cheerful. Noisily discussing the possible contents of the pack, and the chances of finding a good camp site, they flitted down from the wagon, while Cathcart made a cheerful pretense of assisting them.

"The sun drops out of sight easily in these hills; we must proceed to business," said he briskly. "It's a long way down to the creek, and we can't camp here. Do you see that meadow between the trees? That is our camp. It has the three essentials—wood, water, and grass. If you will take the blankets straight down the hill I will lead the pack horse around until I find a trail. We will soon have something to eat."

The five wholesome girls started recklessly down the hill, running and sliding. Cathcart turned from watching them to find the driver at her post of duty.

"What shall I do with the team?" she asked, in a tone that implied that she had been neglected.

For answer Cathcart threw off the harness and drove the horses down into the waving bunch grass.

"They are provided for. Will you join the others?"

She stepped to the wheel and he assisted her to alight. He discovered that she was tall and very fair, but it took him so long to make the discovery that he stared, as she had evidently expected him to do. She smiled and tilted her head in the direction of the colt.

"If you will lead your saddle horse

I will walk around with you, since the others have deserted me."

He stepped back to pick up the reins. "I think I may feel honored," she added, "in being permitted to walk with the 'Cowboy Orator,' the 'Sagebrush Statesman.'"

The colt began to back away and Cathcart had to make a rush for the reins, thus covering his embarrassment.

"May I ask," said he, as he came back, leading the reluctant colt, "how you came to know?"

"Easily. The papers print pictures of noted men. Did you win in the convention?"

"No. They turned me down."

She laughed merrily, waving her hand in the direction of the stream.

"Then, I suppose this is Salt River?"

"On the contrary, they call it Syrup Creek."

"Then it should soothe the distress of an infant politician."

"It might, if he were permitted to dwell in peace and solitude on its banks."

She laughed at this display of ill humor.

"Oh, we'll think of you kindly as our benefactor, and I shall ask the girls not to tease you."

"They are all jolly good fellows, but you have treated me shamefully."

"You were very patronizing at first, but since you are humble we may be friends."

Smiling, she extended a gloved hand which had a very firm grip.

Fifteen minutes later the pack horse followed them into the midst of the hubbub at camp and waited patiently for his burden to be lifted. Cathcart became a man of action, while the girls grouped themselves in a radiant crescent about him as he worked.

Hastily loosing ropes and straps, he piled sacks, pans, and pots into a miscellaneous heap. As the horses galloped off to roll after their day of sweaty toil he grabbed an axe and demolished a pile of brush, which furnished fuel for a roaring fire. His industry was the admiration of the sextette. They tried to help, but after a great deal of mirth-

ful confusion they realized that they were only getting in his way. Quickly he separated the necessary kettles from the pack, washed them in the stream, filled them with things to cook, and ranged them about the fire. Leaving the girls to guard the cooking supper, he cut great piles of fir boughs for springs and soon had two luxurious couches prepared for his guests. His own slender bed he laid out of sight of camp around a point of the hill. Then he returned to the fire, gave each kettle the necessary stirring and seasoning, and, in spite of the protests of Sally, made an oven of bread with his own hands.

Within an hour they were all seated about the banquet sward, as Juliet happily called it, and Cathcart noted with satisfaction that the quondam driver faced him and was pouring the coffee into such tins as could be made to serve as cups. The man of many activities became now the genial host.

"We shall be eternally grateful to you, sir," said the lady opposite.

"But first I propose to be internally grateful," said the incorrigible Sue, reaching for a biscuit.

"Gratitude is a thing I have so seldom deserved that I do not know how to receive it gracefully, and before I accept it from so fair a body of people I must know who you are and how you came to give me this pleasure. But for you I would be sharing this valley with my horses, the wild cattle, and the coyotes."

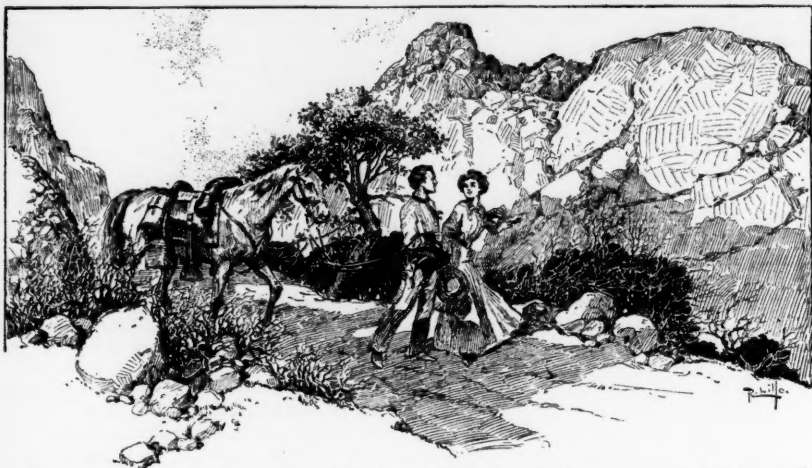
"But for you we would be sharing the grass with the cattle and joining the coyotes in wailing at the moon," said Susan.

"You were seeking solitude and solace," said the lady of the coffeepot, "and we spoiled it for you. The pleasure is ours."

"I thought I told you all about ourselves," said Sally, holding to the point under discussion.

"You may have thought so, but you didn't. You left out the essentials and most of the details, wherein you proved yourself a remarkable woman."

"You have prepared trouble for your-



She laughed merrily, waving her hand in the direction of the stream. "Then, I suppose this is Salt River?"

self," warned Rose, "and shall hear every item back to our babyhood."

"Don't get Sally started," said Imogene. "The story of our misfortune—our good fortune, sir—is brief. I'll tell it myself. We are from Boise—hard-worked women out for a cheap vacation because we can't afford a trip to Europe. A wise old man was employed as our guide, counselor, and friend, and his wife as cook; and we have lost them. Now, who is our host?"

"You were so sudden that you didn't give me time to think up a plausible story about myself, and I must tell the truth. Although now a notorious individual, traveling in disguise, I also am from Boise—one hundred miles and ten years from it. They raised me on a farm down there among the calves and colts. I used to spend my summers in these hills tending my father's herds, and that's why I drifted back."

"We are also farm products, and would be milkmaids yet if we had not got caught up in the whirl of town sassiety," said Sue. "I'll bet a dollar we know you."

"Your very names are like the wraith of a memory. You were obviously very young when I left home, but I suspect we have been introduced."

"It's my turn," said Sally, becoming excited. "I'll make new introductions to be safe. This is Susie Jones, and this Gene Barlow, and this Juliet Brown, and this Rose Nichols, and I'm Sally Biggs, and we all went to the same country school, except Kate, who doesn't count, for she has always lived in town when she wasn't camping in the hills."

"Well, you sunburned wanderers! Here I meet you in a wilderness after we had forgotten each other; and I have flirted with your older sisters, and fought with your brothers, and pulled the pigtails of every one of you. While you are trying to remember me I am going to shake your hands all round, and I give fair warning I am going to squeeze them."

"But I have not finished my introductions," said Sally. "You are Jimmy Cathcart."

"The Honorable James Cathcart," interposed Kate.

"Who went away to school," mused Sue, "and studied law, and is now a rising young attorney, or a struggling lawyer."

"We were talking about you to-day," said Juliet sympathetically. "You were running for congress. Did you win?"

"Now, none of your sympathy. I didn't. The gang got my scalp in the convention. I'm not taking to the woods, either. I'm glad of it. This trip was planned before the politicians hunted me up and made a martyr or a goat of me. I would have stopped off in the valley if I had not been too tired to be entertained. But this is home to me. These are the scenes that creep between the covers of my book and make me tired of the crowds and the asphalt. Here is where I dreamed my dreams."

"And you never thought of us," pouted Juliet.

"How fortunate I did not. If I had I would have gone to town and missed you. But, really, I did not forget you. I was afraid of your sympathy."

"Do you want us to say you would have made a ridiculous congressman?" asked Rose.

"The opposition papers had enough to say on that point. Please don't confirm my own opinion."

"We don't share it, sir," said Kate gallantly.

"At any rate, I'll enjoy myself better in these hills, particularly in this company. Besides, I have a serious purpose in coming here, and that is how I am able to explain to myself that the trip is not a piece of extravagance. I am an adventurer at heart and expect to find a gold mine. Prospectors filled these hills once, but they could not find the main ledge, and when news of another strike floated in they drifted out. I was keen on the hunt for that ledge, but the sheep began to take the country and my parents decided to quit cattle and send me to school."

"Then the sheep made you famous?" said Kate, brightening.

"They also made me feel murderous. And that reminds me. Is old John Shannon still alive? He is the only sheepman I can remember kindly. When the sheep had devastated the lower hills he brought his herd into this basin. The fight between us and his herders had almost reached the shooting stage, and he was sent for. I went out to meet him, and I must

have exhibited amazing nerve for a youngster of eighteen. He professed to like my style, and since he was very tolerant we effected a compromise. My vanity helps me to remember his remark, following my threat to fight for my rights. 'Young man,' he said, 'you seem to have grit, and that counts more than anything else. We'd better be friends. I have a puny little girl at home. I'd give the whole herd if she were a youth like you.' After that we got to be chummy, and he used to insist that to make amends for not being his son I must marry his daughter when I grew up. Of course you know him, if he is still living down there."

There was a long silence, during which the girls looked at their plates, and Cathcart understood that there was a mutual sympathy to which he was a stranger.

"Some of you must know him surely?" he said.

After a while Kate spoke very quietly. "I am that puny little girl," she said, trying to smile at him across the table.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, in sudden embarrassment. "I did not know. Sally mentioned your first name only. I have been curious, but I never suspected. You cannot believe that—"

"Excuse me," said Sally boisterously, in an obvious effort to relieve the tension of the situation. "I forgot you two had not been introduced. Miss Shannon; Mr. Cathcart."

The two arose, bowed formally, and uttered some social platitude about being pleased. Then everybody laughed uproariously, while Cathcart turned to heap up the fire.

"This has been a day of good fortune," he said.

"To all of us," said Sally, beginning to sing.

The girls included him in a circle, holding hands and dancing in the fire-light like children as they sang:

"Dame Fortune has been kind to me
Through all the chastening years;
She keeps me busy as a bee,
And leaves no time for tears."

Afterward they became reminiscent, like old folk, and it was midnight when Cathcart left the fire and sought his bed. As the first rays of dawn began to shoot above the hills he arose, took hook and line, and began to follow the stream. The crisp air invited activity, and he walked briskly, fishing intermittently for the trout that bit readily. He had wandered far amid familiar scenes when, as he rounded a clump of willows, he came face to face with Kate Shannon. Her face had the flush of youth and health, and under her arm she carried his rifle, which she had taken the liberty to unpack.

"Hello, Diana! You won't shoot, will you?" he exclaimed.

They laughed as they recalled the timorous query of the evening before. "No, I'm at peace with all the world. Was ever such a morning invented before?"

"And such mornings never come anywhere else in the world."

"Pure sentimentalism! But it makes a sentimental appeal to me, also, since you told us that father once camped here. He is an old man now, and we are no longer rich. I shall tell him that you remember him, and he will be pleased."

"I cannot forget him soon—or his daughter."

This last was a bold experiment. It thrilled him to note her slight start, but she chose to ignore his unconventional remark.

"That's a fine string of fish you have, and I have an appetite that will do justice to them. I brought your gun hoping to surprise the camp with a grouse, but your fish will be better. Do you add angling to your other accomplishments?"

"Not an accomplishment; merely an accident of youth."

"And you are a miner, too?"

"Only a person with a lust to discover a gold mine. I acquired the habit through association with prospectors. See those holes scattered over the hill-sides. They were made during the rush. The main ledge was never found, only croppings here and there. Good

ledges surely run through these hills, though."

"You'll make a miner of me, too, I am afraid. I wish our permanent camp was here. We might make a discovery. 'Dame Fortune has been kind to me.'"

As they chatted they wandered downstream toward their camping place. When they approached the ridge jutting down the creek and separating them from the camp, Cathcart looked up toward the road.

"Up at that point," he said, "is where I first saw you."

"That is where we lost our wheel."

"Then it came down this ridge. It must be in pieces; look at the sharp rocks."

"It made a frightful noise, but it was whole when we last saw it. There it is now," she said, pointing across the creek where the wheel lay, still intact, on the slope which it had tried to climb after its swift descent.

"Some of the rock followed it down," said Cathcart, pointing to the broken quartz at his feet.

He picked up the rusty rock and examined it for a long time in silence. Then he began to sing: 'Dame Fortune has been kind to me.'"

"Are some of her blessings in that rock?"

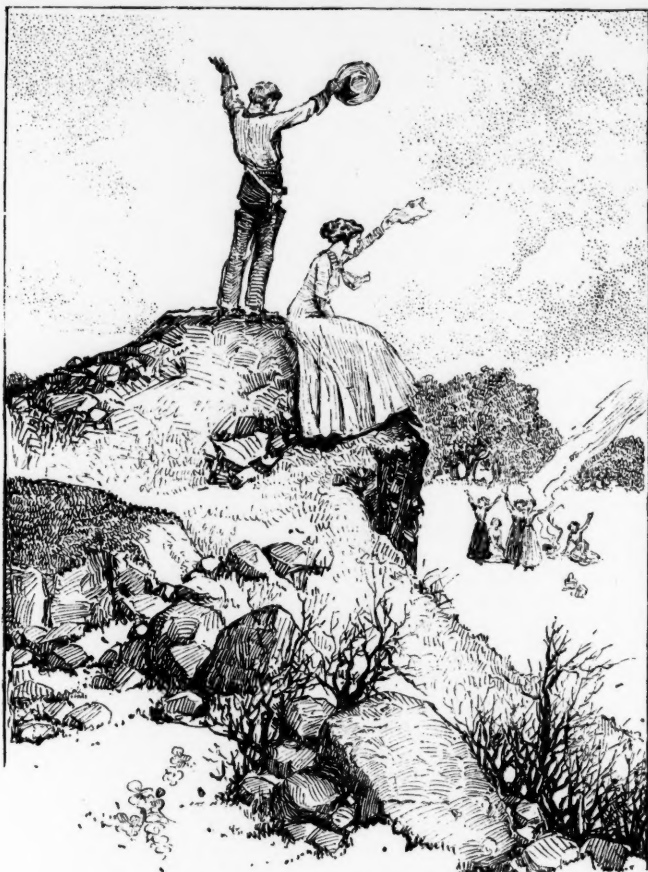
"It's gold!" he shouted, his face pinched and tense with excitement. "This is quartz—real gold rock. It's rotten—it's lousy with gold. If there is enough of it up there we're rich."

"It is a very sudden way to acquire a fortune," she said, smiling at his enthusiasm.

"We must make sure of the ledge," said he, trembling in his eagerness. "If you will hold the fish I will climb up to see."

"Indeed, I will not. I don't have an opportunity to discover a gold mine every day."

They threw the fish and the gun upon the grass and, hand in hand, began the steep climb. When they were out of breath they stopped, he clinging to the bushes and she clinging to his arm.



Catheart shouted until the hills echoed the enthusiasm of the discoverer.

"I'm confident we have found a mine," he said abstractedly. "Have you figured out what kind of a house we'll build?"

"You're excited," she said, loosing her hold on his arm. As she did so her feet began to slip and she flung out her hand for him to grasp in his palm. "I'm ready for another climb," she said.

The sun was shining brightly when they reached the level spot beneath the battlement of rock whose treasure had been exposed by the vagrant wagon

wheel. Before putting their future to the test they turned to look about them and recover their breath. The valley lay in shadow, but the hills to the eastward were swathed in golden clouds.

"Look!" cried the girl. "It is a good omen. The hills are covered with gold."

"Gold everywhere," said the young man, letting his gaze fall short of the clouds. "I did not know that your hair was of such a beautiful golden hue."

"Your enthusiasm knows no bounds. Let us climb to the top of the rock."

The wheel had plowed a great cleft in the loose quartz. Seeming to forget the girl, Cathcart pounced upon the rock and began to claw at it, using his fingers as effectively as if they had been a pick. He tore out the rock and examined piece after piece, growing more absorbed as he worked. Hurrying from one part of the ledge to another, he dug miniature prospect holes with sticks until sweat oozed from his face and blood from his fingers. The girl watched him intently and fired a volley of questions at him; but he did not hear her.

"The fools! The fools!" he said, under his breath, as he worked. "They prospected all over these hills. They spent thousands in digging tunnels, and never found rock good enough. And here is a mountain of it."

The girl touched him gently on the arm.

"If you are sure you have found it let the miners do the hard work with the proper kind of tools."

He sprang to his feet, caught both her hands, and swung her out at arms' length. "We're rich, Kate. Do you understand that?"

"If you must be impetuous, shout to the girls and announce your discovery," she said, withdrawing her hands from his grasp.

They could see the camp from which the fire was sending up a long spiral of smoke in the clear air. The five girls were busy in the preparation of breakfast and had not noticed the prospectors. Waving his hat above his head, Cathcart shouted until the hills echoed the enthusiasm of the discoverer. The girls looked up with startled glances and huddled together in affright. Then they saw Kate Shannon standing beside the man, and waved back their greeting.

Recklessly, over shelving rock and slippery grass, the discoverers, as messengers bearing good tidings, raced down to the camp, clinging for support to the shrubbery and to each other.

"Whatever were you doing up there?" asked Rose. "Are you sun worshippers?"

"When we found you both gone we thought it was sure an elopement," said Sally.

"Didn't I tell you that Jimmy Cathcart would never let one of Mr. Shannon's lambs escape?" said the irrepressible Sue.

Volubly, to cover the embarrassment of both discoverers, the "Cowboy Orator" told of the big strike. "And," he concluded, "we are all rich, for when the Wagon Wheel Gold Mining Company is formed we will all have share and share alike. You can hire servants and make trips to Europe."

"We have had a golden accident," exclaimed Sally. "What a blessed discoverer of us and our fortunes!"

"We are all going to shake," said Sue, "and we give you fair warning that we are going to squeeze your hand."

They did, and then they danced like nymphs in a circle around him, singing the song that had acquired new meaning since they sang it together in the twilight.

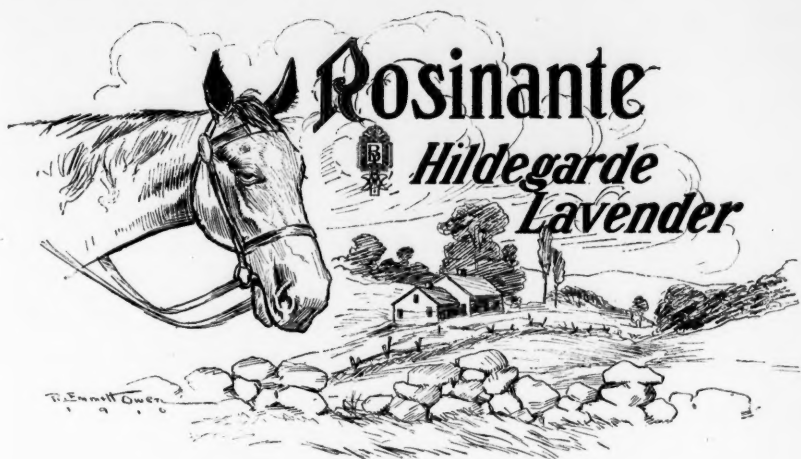
In the middle of the song there was a rattle of rocks and brush, and they turned to see a man on horseback coming straight down the hill from the forlorn wagon on the road. The horse, bracing himself and sliding, fetched up within a few feet of the camp.

"Ah, vat relief!" said the driver, mopping his worried brow. "I haf feared me that you vas lost. I ride since dawn. I find vere you leaf the road and I vas scared. I find your broken wagon and I vas horrified. I think maybe you vas eaten by vild beasts. And here I find you happy. But I find here also a gentlemans. Vat vill the missus say to that?"

"Oh, never mind, John," said Rose, laughing. "Kate is boss, and she is willing to vouch for the man."

Kate blushed to the roots of her golden hair, and Cathcart turned to talk to the man who had rushed, uninvited, into Arcadia.

"If you vish to do me a favor," said the practical John, "you can tell me vere is the veel to the wagon. I haf found the bur that vas lost."



ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

THEY are a little conservative, perhaps," I admitted in reply to Lawrence's tirade against his neighbors. "Still I shouldn't get so riled about it. Their backwardness will not do us any harm—unless we should develop apoplexy, losing our temper over it."

"If that isn't just like a woman," was the not unfamiliar generalization of my husband. "Because their pig-headed determination not to do what is best for themselves doesn't directly harm me, you expect me to remain calm and cheerful under it. Has civic——"

"I don't expect you to," I interrupted gently, with only the faintest stressing of the verb. "I only advise you to."

Lawrence was too deeply moved on the theme of his neighbors' lack of progress to appreciate fine verbal distinctions. He blinked at me for a second, not entirely perceiving my taunt, and then frenetically began again.

"That Tall Tom flint corn shells at least fifty ears to the bushel less than the sorts they plant around here," he complained bitterly. "It's been proved over and over. The experiment stations at Amherst and Storrs both say so. I showed it myself on the three-acre field last summer. But no! These

mossbacks by whom we are surrounded stick to the kind their great-grandfathers planted. They won't be convinced. They say that last year was an unusually good corn year, or my Tall Tom would not have ripened. They say I must have fertilized more than the difference in the yield was worth. They say anything except that they'll try a patch next season!"

"After all, you aren't an agent for a seed house, dear," I soothed him, selecting a fresh thread for the blue star beginning to twinkle in my doily. Lawrence looked at me with the husband's frequent glare of momentary hatred, and departed from the piazza, still bubbling with wrath over what was, as I had tactfully tried to point out to him, none of his business.

By tea time, when he reappeared, his rage had simmered down to moroseness. He saw no hope for Eastern agriculture, little for agriculture in general, unless, indeed, forward-pressing, intelligently experimental men like himself should abandon their various pursuits and devote themselves to the application of modern business principles to farm problems. I quote his oratorical flights. Apparently his plan included the ousting of the present

farmers from their holdings, and the cession of these to the progressive spirits who were to usher in the better agricultural day. Lawrence had been "farming" summer week-ends for two seasons, now; though perhaps it is supererogatory to define what sort of farmer he was.

"But are you never going to concede," I asked him, "that perhaps agricultural life itself breeds conservatism?"

"Conservatism?" I am sorry to record that Lawrence snorted. "Pig-headed, crab-motoned cowardice!"

"And that it might be you and the other apostles of progress who would be made over, and not agriculture at all?"

"Sometimes, Phoebe, you talk the blamest nonsense for an intelligent woman!" observed my candid spouse. "Will you kindly tell me why tilling my own soil and living on my own land should rob me of what sense Heaven has been pleased to grant me? Why should harvesting my own crops make me forget the very fundamentals of business? I fail to see why a man who has held his own in New York should be made over into a paleolithic troglodyte by becoming a farmer!"

When Lawrence grows scientific in his language, I retire from the unequal combat. Besides, our argument as to what is cause and what effect in the conservatism of the farmer is a perpetual one, laid aside at pleasure with the tacit understanding that it may be resumed at the convenience of either antagonist. So that now I felt I might surrender without prejudice to my cause. I did so as he gulped a second cup of tea upon his large words.

"Perhaps you're right," I answered. "Anyway it doesn't matter. You are not yet exclusively a farmer. Come on, there's time for a little drive before dinner."

A little drive before dinner is a bait to which Lawrence always rises. He assented and departed to the barn.

It happened to be one of those golden weeks, interspersed somewhat scantily through the summer, when we were in

happy possession of a "hired man," who actually spent his time in work and not in hiding in inaccessible spots from the toil-demanding eye of his employer, or in imitating, at the end of every furrow, a contemplative Buddhist, or in making himself gloriously drunk upon the contents of a bottle neatly secreted at the back of the wood pile. Therefore we were enjoying ourselves. We dared absent ourselves from Hillacres more than an hour at a time, fairly secure that the house would still be standing and the work going forward when we returned.

So that it was with a little sense of luxury that I heard Lawrence preparing our steed for the drive, heard his amateurishly noisy "Whoa," and "Back, Rosey, back I say. Back, you old rack of bones, *back!*" Then followed the accustomed peaceful silence, denoting that Rosinante had consented to move back between the shafts of the buckboard and had reluctantly lifted his head from the grass before the barn long enough to be fastened between them. But I scarcely thought, as I listened and smiled, how Rosinante was to add an argument to that intermittent, perennial warfare which Lawrence and I had been conducting ever since we sowed our first packet of seeds and thereby considered that we had qualified as agricultural experts.

Of all the bargains which have fallen to us since we acquired Hillacres—and they are, I modestly claim, enough to square in perpetuity the bucolic account against the urban green-goods man—I think that Rosinante deserves the chief place. His name when we first met him was Stonewall, but it was early and inevitably changed to Rosinante.

One morning in May, when we came downstairs we found the man from South Shakespeare from whom we bought him seated in an unpainted, unwashed, dilapidated buggy in our yard, with Rosinante tied to the tailboard by a piece of rope.

"Heard you was lookin' for a drivin' horse," he began affably when Lawrence, opening the door, blinked at the unexpected sight.



"My horse ain't much to look at—now," admitted the man from South Shakespeare.

"No," Lawrence answered. "We hire one of Mr. Perkins' for driving."

"Yep, I know." The man from South Shakespeare flung one leg over the other, one arm across the rickety back of the seat, and generally made himself comfortable for a leisurely talk. "But that's because you ain't seen just the horse you wanted."

Lawrence looked at Rosinante. His expression indicated that he was still, strongly, in the same state. Anything so abnormally long, so abnormally thin, so abnormally loose-jointed, so shambling of attitude, so lusterless of coat, had never before come within our experience.

"My horse ain't much to look at—now," admitted the man from South Shakespeare, reading Lawrence's glance. "But he can go some. He had a record over at Hudson, in York State, where he come from. I tell you," he went on warmly, "all that horse needs is to be fed up an' rested up a

bit, an' you'll have a fine roadster. The feller that owned him in Hudson sold him to a man over Housatonic way, an' gosh, but he abused him! A young feller, y' know—sporty, sort of tough—worked the horse all day haulin' sand—a horse that oughtn't never to have drawed a heavy load—an' then worked him all night, drivin' up hill an' down dale, lickety-split, hell-for-leather, to cut a dash with the girls. Don't know what the s'ciety was about, not gettin' after him. Didn't half feed Stone-wall, either.

"Well, sir, I see what that horse was. Willin' as a woman, would go until he dropped, an'-I know all he needs is to rest up an' feed up a bit, an' I'll have a good roadster. So I bought him, a month back, on speculation you might say, only there weren't no chances against me.

"He's lookin' better a'ready," continued the man from South Shakespeare, casting a connoisseur's appre-

ciative glance over his shoulder at the patient bag of bones. "But I'm goin' to move West; got a brother out in North Dakota that's got a two-thousand-acre place, an' he's just hurted himself, an' wants me to come out an' manage for him. So I'm lookin' for a home for Stonewall with some one that'll understand the facts an' give him a chance. He's just what you need—you an' your lady," catching sight of me at the kitchen door. "He's fit now, this very minute, for all the light drivin' you folks do. An' fed up as you'll feed him up, an' rested, an' curry-combed like you'll keep him curry-combed—why, there won't be his equal for speed or looks between here an' Torrington in two months."

Never again shall I doubt the tales of travelers about the marvels their eyes have beheld at the bidding of Indian adepts. Never again shall I smile the skeptic's smile at the stories which my friends of psychical-research tastes may choose to relate of solid tables afloat in dusky rooms, or of slates, untouched by human hands, suddenly blossoming with written messages.

For have I not stood in my own prosaic dooryard, with the cool, sane blue of a May morning arched over me, with the sweet, commonplace, pink-and-white feathering of the orchard ahead of me, with my own, ordinary, American husband by my side—and have I not looked upon a tottering wreck of horseflesh with eyes which gradually blurred beneath the monotonous drawl of a rust-colored farmer, until I saw in that equine ruin's stead a sleek, shining, head-tossing, swift-prancing steed? Until I saw a glittering harness, a smart cart with myself perched knowingly upon the high seat, handling the lines to the admiration of all beholders? Verily there is no hypnotic miracle, no feat of legerdemain impossible, since these things have been.

As the man from South Shakespeare spoke with warm conviction, Rosinante turned his long face expectantly toward Lawrence, who advanced with a jockeyish air, and lifted a front leg.

"Pretty badly knocked," he observed sagely.

"You're right," conceded the man from South Shakespeare, with a delicate suggestion of admiration for Lawrence's acuteness. "But you'll notice them scars are healin' up. The last feller that owned him is responsible for them legs. He didn't half feed him, an' the poor, willin' brute'd go an' go, though he was so weak that his legs knocked together. You don't see no fresh scars there now, though. He's all right—got as pretty a gait as you'd want to see when he's treated right. In the long run you'll find him cheaper than hirin'. I'll bet John Perkins don't let you have his horse under—well, say about ten a month."

"Fifteen," corrected Lawrence thoughtlessly.

"Fifteen!" Horror and incredulity battled in the face of Rosinante's owner. "Gosh, a'mighty! Well, I shan't say nothin' against a neighbor—that ain't a neighbor's business, the way I figger it out! But I can tell you, you'll find it a sight cheaper to own than to hire. Fifteen—gosh!"

The seed of distrust against Mr. Perkins being thus dexterously planted in Lawrence's heart, there followed further examination of Rosinante. Finally they harnessed him into our buckboard, and started off on what the euphuist of South Shakespeare called a trial "spin." When they returned Lawrence sought me out and looked at me with a shamed but defiant eye. However, though his gaze meant that his decision was taken, his words were those of one seeking reasonable counsel.

"Phœbe, I almost believe there's something in what that guy out there says. Those queer-looking legs certainly got over the ground. He seems an honest fellow, this man Crouch."

"Is he afraid of automobiles?" I asked, not in regard to the honest fellow Crouch.

"That's one of the fine things about him. He's as blasé as a Madison Square cab horse. Of course I told Crouch that we had to have a perfectly

safe beast, that you drive a great deal alone. So he took me over to the Torington road, and four cars passed in five minutes, and one of those infernal motor cycles came up from behind. But the old plug never batted an eyelash."

"How much does he want for him?"

To be indifferent to automobiles was my first requisite in a horse. I think it ranked above the possession of four legs as an essential; it was an equine quality standing where the elder novelists placed feminine virtue and masculine bravery—the very *sine qua non* of character. I inclined toward Rosinante from that moment.

"A hundred, but I think he'll take eighty."

In this optimistic opinion Lawrence was mistaken. Mr. Crouch stood out for a hundred during a two-hour confabulation, while Lawrence weakly crept up to ninety. We finally secured our treasure for ninety-two dollars and fifty cents. The sale was final and irrevocable, Mr. Crouch explaining that the necessity under which he labored of prompt departure for Dakota made it impossible for him to indulge his own wish, which was to say:

"Take him for a week—a month—two months. Don't pay me nothin'—not a cent. An' then, if you ain't satisfied that you've got the prettiest roadster hereabouts, bring him back, an' I won't have a word to say!"

That was the speech which Mr. Crouch's generous nature impelled him to make, but which cruel circumstances forced him to keep behind his teeth. I know, because he told us so.

Thus had we acquired the driving horse of our own which, on this sunny afternoon, I heard my husband harnessing for our drive. The two months allowed by Mr. Crouch for the complete rejuvenation of Rosinante were passed, and save for a somewhat more glossy coat than he had possessed before, he was unchanged. The scarred legs were still scarred; the habit of interfering, which the South Shakespeare citizen had ascribed to temporary overwork and underfeeding, had persisted. As we drove we often gave the effect of a

cavalry approach, so military was the clash of Rosinante's crossing horse-shoes. He stumbled, too, occasionally, so that any but the iron-wristed drove him in trepidation. And he ate—there are no words to describe how that horse ate! An anaconda, privileged to observe him, would have gone home and died of sheer mortification at being so hopelessly worsted in the matter of appetite.

"Do you know how long the hay will last if Rosinante's hunger doesn't begin to abate soon?" Lawrence asked me one evening, as he cast up accounts. I signified my ignorance. "Do you know what our oats bill is since we've acquired our jewel?" he added. "Do you know that he eats his bedding every night within two hours after the time Gus throws it down in his stall?"

I explained that I knew none of these things, but that I did know his appetite for roadside grass was prodigious, and that in his single-hearted endeavor to satisfy it, he didn't mind breaking shafts, overturning vehicles, destroying flower beds, and desecrating the neighbors' lawns with tracks and shoe marks.

And Gus, bringing in the evening pitcher of water from the well, added his testimony. It seemed that before the dawn penciled the barn with cracks of light, Rosinante's demands for food broke upon the morning air. He neighed commandingly. He beat upon the floor of his stall with insistent hoofs. Ere ever the patient cow was milked or the clamorous fowls were fed, the greed of Rosinante had to be appeased.

"A horse like dod horse to eat I nefer before haf seen yed," said Gus darkly.

And yet he remained the same creature of grotesque, bony protuberances that he had been when Mr. Crouch, of South Shakespeare, had reluctantly parted from him.

Some of our neighbors maintained that it was a dental problem which we confronted, and that with improved means of mastication, Rosinante's food would assume a higher nutritive value and his appetite gradually diminish toward the normal. On hearing this the-

ory we hurried him to the veterinary and paid a modest fee for the operation, but there was no change in Rosinante's hunger or his appearance. John Perkins, it is superfluous to remark, had never held so hopeful a view of the case.

"He's an old horse, that's what he is," he remarked decisively. "An' it seems like an old horse can't get enough to eat."

The "some way" seemed subtly to accord Lawrence and me our true places in the intellectual scale. I accepted the unspoken classification meekly—it seemed just.

It seemed even juster when, meeting Mr. Crouch one day at the Corners mill, I expressed some astonishment to find him still in Connecticut, and he explained that his brother's wife, a Christian Scientist, had so successfully used



But I did know his appetite for roadside grass was prodigious.

"Then he'll never get over it?" I wailed.

"Well, he ain't likely to grow no younger, is he?" inquired Mr. Perkins reasonably. "I don't want to say nothin' against a neighbor—that ain't a neighbor's business the way I figure it out—but Jed Crouch, well, I ain't never seen the horse Jed couldn't get rid of, some way. Mind you, Mis' Saxton, I ain't never believed what some say about his druggin' them up to make them go on a trial. But he always gets rid of them some way."

her healing powers that Mr. Crouch, of North Dakota, was recovered and equal to the management of his two thousand acres before Mr. Crouch, of South Shakespeare, had "got fixed to go."

"It beats me how they do it," said Mr. Crouch, of Connecticut, tactfully keeping the conversation to the cult of his brother's wife, "but they do seem to get results, an' results is what people are after."

The delicate irony of my acquiescence in this sentiment was lost.

Not only did our bank account suffer from Rosinante's appetite, but our credit in men's eyes was not improved by his appearance. Siloam Corners maintains no rigid standard of elegance in equipage, yet Rosinante provoked the frequent smile when we drove in and hitched him to the post before the store. And when, in the cheerful democracy of the blacksmith's, the native horses and those of the summer residents were gathered together, our long, shambling, bony beast caused even the other horses to laugh, so Gus, sore over the lost family honor, informed us.

Rosinante, by the way, spent a good deal of time at the blacksmith's. With pathetic confidence, never justified by the outcome, we were always trying newly recommended styles of shoes warranted to cure interfering.

And yet, on such an afternoon as this, we forgave him everything. We reposed contentedly on his proved indifference to automobiles; his awkward tricks of gait were familiar to us; his habit of simulating the lathered wetness of an overdriven beast within one cool, level half mile of his barn, no longer filled us with alarm and compunctions. We chirped to each other that we thought he "was filling out a little"; we said, wistfully, that he had a pretty coat when he was properly groomed. We agreed that never yet was animal more docile about presenting his head for the bridle, and that a horse which even unhandy I could bit was, in a modest way, invaluable. And altogether we were very happy as we drove.

Nowhere else in all the world is there such a wide benignity of sky as blesses our country. Nowhere else in all the world are there such hills, so tenderly folding the dwellings of home-staying men to their bosoms, so softly luring the adventurer on from height to height with promise of the ultimate view of the whole earth's glory; nowhere else are there such woods of flickering chestnut, and hemlock, and maple, such blue ponds flashing suddenly at bends in the road, such brown

brooks twinkling and singing, such gay young children of flowers dancing among the roadside grasses, such shy young flowers of children playing under big trees before the old farm-houses. It is the abiding place of beauty, our countryside, but beauty robbed by the summer warmth of its essential mystery and aloofness, until nature seems the dear, comradely, intimate mother of all—of men and women, clouds and grasses, sunshine and contentment.

I suppose it was only human in us to include in the sentimental affection which our drive gave us for all the world, the beast which enabled us to take it. When we came home in the dusk and saw our rambling, little, old house beginning to shine into the twilight from a hundred tiny panes, we clasped each other's hands in a gush of possessive pride and joy, and when we had alighted we rubbed Rosinante's long nose with loving fingers, and offered him sugar and kind words. We were convinced that his way of accepting the former favor was quite the most intelligently appreciative in all the world of horses.

Gus, it happened, had that day requested the privilege of walking in to the Corners after supper, and he had already departed when we came home. Lawrence himself put up Rosinante, rubbing him down, guarding him from drafts, and generally treating him like a candidate for the world's trotting record. After the approved interval of rest—Rosinante's rest, not Lawrence's—he went out again and fed him.

And then we sat on the piazza and looked across our broad valley and up our western hills, solemn and ethereal now in the moonlight. Occasionally we spoke to tell each other that there was no other place in the world like Hillacres, and no other life like farming, and that when we were old—just a little older—we should quit the contentious city's hurly-burly, and come here to dwell in peace and high simplicity for the rest of our lives.

Our gentle rhapsodizing was broken

by sounds from the barn—sounds as though some heavy animal were earnestly engaged in trying to kick it down.

"Rosinante!" exclaimed the prophetic Lawrence, and ran for the centre of the disturbance.

It was Rosinante. He was making violent efforts to free himself from his halter, to kick down the partition between his stall and old Nancy's—one of the work horses—and to remove the flooring by driving it through to China. He also emitted strange groans and signs from time to time.

"He's sick!" cried Lawrence.

"Oh, let him out!" cried I.

Lawrence wavered, but finally adopted my suggestion, it seemed so much in line with Rosinante's own desires. The horse stepped through the door at the back of the barn into the barnyard, and promptly proceeded to roll over and over, groaning in a moribund manner as he did so.

"I'll run for Mr. Martin," I cried, naming our next-door neighbor and our frequent savior in the unfamiliar crises of agricultural existence.

"Hurry!" commanded Lawrence, who knew as much about the habits of zebu as about sick horses, and whom only the indomitable pride of the male held to his place in the yard with the rolling, groaning beast.

Mr. Martin, returning with me, pronounced Rosinante's complaint colic, and prescribed for the same. After that, I have a confused memory of swinging a lantern about in the wake of the men while they captured the alternately upright and recumbent sufferer, and while they combined to force the contents of a long-necked bottle of warm soda water down his throat. I remember an untimely desire to laugh as, by the mingled lantern and moonlight, I saw Lawrence's tense, distorted expression of agony, while, from the precarious top of an old stone wall, he held Rosinante's unlovely mouth open, and Mr. Martin thrust in the bottle.

They walked Rosinante until midnight, when Gus came trudging home from the village, and took up the vigil.

"I shall shoot that worthless, de-

crepit, sickly beast in the morning and get a decent horse," announced Lawrence exasperatedly, as we went upstairs after our unexpected evening's exercise.

But of course he did nothing of the sort. Instead, when we heard, the next time we went to the store, of a smash-up in front of the post office when an excitable horse had tried to show his terror of a red touring car or of the veiled ladies and goggled gentlemen who occupied it, we said that, after all, Rosinante had, obviously, points of his own, and we gave him two lumps of sugar when we reached home.

So it went as the weeks passed. If Rosinante developed a lame leg at the very time I needed him most to drive about the country with my cousin, who made the house seem too small to live in, he recompensed us by not being the horse which kicked his inadvertent owner venturing too familiarly into the barn one morning. If he couldn't convey us more than halfway to our friends, the Chesters, seven miles the other side of Torrington, at any rate he could get us to Torrington and give us the valuable chance to walk the rest of the way while he ate, until the liveryman was in a condition of respectful amaze. If he frequently caused us to miss the train, he had no objection to standing while we gathered wild flowers, or climbed to hilltops for views, or rifled abandoned orchards, or explored deserted houses for possible old mantels or cupboards. If he frequently brought our pride low in public, he had an endearing private habit of nosing in Lawrence's pockets for apples.

Nevertheless, admitting all his virtues, he was not a good horse. I think I have said enough to prove that he was anything but a good horse. When Lawrence's Uncle Edgar came to visit us in the autumn, he was very emphatic in declaring that Rosinante was not a good horse. Lawrence's Uncle Edgar is a man who likes good things about him—they are the outward and visible signs of the inward grace that has made him a very successful man, as well as



He held Rosinante's unlovely mouth open, and Mr. Martin thrust in the bottle.

the rewards of that grace. He doesn't care for an entourage suggesting failure. Consequently he did not care for Rosinante.

Uncle Edgar is something of a martinet in his relations with the younger members of his family. He has given us all to understand that he will, as becomes a prosperous bachelor-uncle, reward our virtues and punish our shortcomings in that portentous document, his last will and testament; and that he reserves the right to be the judge of virtue, meantime.

It is understood among us that Cousin Adela's prominence in the ranks of the "Antis" is a vice, and that Cousin Henry's choice of Rome instead of Brooklyn as a residence is also one. Little things vex Uncle Edgar. So that when he told us that our Rosinante was ridiculous from the point of view of a nonowner, but disgraceful from an owner's, we felt it to be

no mere academic disquisition upon horses.

Poor Rosinante, doubtless feeling the hostile atmosphere, drooped and sickened more than usual during Uncle Edgar's sojourn with us. He indulged in a second attack of colic; he limped out of the barn one morning with a leg like that of a grand piano. He took his upward hills with as many pauses as a stout old lady puffing and protesting her way up, and his downward ones with as much uncertainty as a weak-ankled young one in French heels. Uncle Edgar used to compress his lips ominously as he drove. He took a relative's privilege—a legator-relative's privilege—of saying almost all that he thought of Rosinante. Occasionally his thoughts were beyond expression, I inferred.

At last, one day, having been unable to hire a neighbor's horse, and having an engagement which we sentimentally believed to be with an old sweetheart in

a village twelve miles across the hills, he left Hillacres alone in the cart behind Rosinante. It seems that he was four hours in making the twelve miles over, and five in making the twelve miles back; also that by a curious geologic freak the road was entirely uphill both ways; and furthermore that he had been warningly and reprovingly accosted by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a hard thing for an eminent member of the Good Government Club to bear.

After he had undergone these humiliating and enraging experiences, he shook the plenteous dust of Hillacres from his special-last boots, and left us, some days earlier than he had intended, and not in the happiest avuncular frame of mind.

"There goes your last hope of money acquired without labor," I said amiably to Lawrence, as the parlor car of the Siloam Express engulfed Uncle Edgar.

"Yes," agreed Lawrence. "That will make about six thousand dollars Rosinante will have cost us. A thousand in food, shoes, and original price, and the five thousand Uncle Edgar had all us boys down for, if we never did anything to offend him. Gid-ap, you expensive, old beast, you! Do my eyes deceive me, Phœbe, or is old Riggs actually putting up a new cow barn?"

"It's not old Riggs," I answered. "Don't you remember? I told you he had sold his place to a man from Waterbury who's going in for fancy dairying."

"And the Waterbury man is putting up a sanitary cow barn, and will sell his milk for twice what these antediluvians get," cried Lawrence, "and yet they won't believe there's money in up-to-date farming. Old Man Emery was telling me yesterday that some fine day city folks would get tired of all this clean-milk nonsense; said that his folks had all lived to be at least eighty on milk drawn in the old shed, and that he was blest if he was going to put up any cement-bottomed barns, or to wear silk and satin to do the milking in. That's

his reading of the clean white uniforms at Doctor Morgan's place. I reminded him that Doctor Morgan was getting fifteen cents a quart for his milk, but the old mossback merely grunted: 'Yes, an' loses money at that, or I'll eat my hat!'

"I tell you," continued Lawrence hotly, "the world doesn't hold the equal of the average Eastern farmer for dense, stupid unprogressiveness, for determination not to see his own advantage!"

He soliloquized farther on the theme, although I, a little saddened by the thought of Uncle Edgar's lost good opinion, made no rejoinder. Rosinante was a horrid beast, I told myself, as we crept along toward home.

Uncle Edgar, I infer—he is still happily in use of his own earthly treasure, so that I cannot be sure—did not immediately remodel his will to, exclude the nephew who had exposed him to discomfort and ridicule. For his bread-and-butter letter to me, arriving promptly according to his eminently courteous practice, contained a handsome offer, suggestive of no ineradicable anger. He wrote:

I have long been wanting, my dear Phœbe, to make you children some little present for the farm in which you take so much pleasure, and from which I trust you will ultimately derive some benefit, other than that to your health and spirits, though I by no means undervalue that. Since my visit, I have discovered what form I think the gift should take. Find a decent horse and let me give it to you. A very brief calculation will show Lawrence that the time he loses by keeping that terrible joke, your Rosinante, would soon amount to a considerable sum. It is a distinctly bad business policy to own such an animal. It must injure your standing with your neighbors. It wastes time. It consumes energy. It spoils pleasure. I hope—though I have no wish to be dictatorial—that Lawrence will consider all the aspects of the case before he indulges in any more such bargains.

Of course Rosinante must have seemed a great bargain at the time of his purchase, otherwise the only possible excuse for your possession of him is lost.

However, enough of this. Tell Lawrence to sell him for what can be got for him. I myself should not hesitate to close with an offer of fifteen dollars. And get a horse worthy the name. I shall take great satis-

faction in regarding that as my contribution to your pleasant life in the hills. I should think that for a hundred and twenty-five or a hundred and fifty dollars you could find just what you need for your village trips and your pleasure driving. However, you are not limited to the latter sum.

"I like his nerve," vulgarly exclaimed Uncle Edgar's nephew when he had read the letter. "Wouldn't refuse fifteen dollars, wouldn't he? Now, you look here, Phoebe. My Uncle Edgar is all right down on Broad Street, and I have no particular objection to him at the Century Club. And for all I know, he fits in all right at Richfield Springs. But if he thinks he can come up here from those haunts of his and tell me about horses for this farm, he's mistaken. We aren't qualifying for the Speedway here. Rosinante has done very well for you and me all the summer, and I guess he was good enough for Uncle Edgar for two weeks. Fifteen dollars! My standing with the neighbors! Time lost! What does he think we're here for? If we were so keen on saving time, we'd stay in town and ride up and down on the subway for amusement. I tell you what, Phoebe, if we let that old man begin dictating to us, we might as well give up any expectation of living our own lives. You just write and tell him that we don't want any other horse. I'm not going to give up a decent old beast that has served us well for any snobbish relative's whim, and you may tell him so!"

Then he looked at me searchingly.

Would I or would I not prove the wife of his bosom, the comrade of his heart? "Phoebe," he entreated me, "you don't want to sell the patient old goat, do you?"

"N—no," I admitted slowly. "I'm used to him. I'd hate to think of anybody's having him who wouldn't treat him well. Yes, I think he does well enough for us, for the present. Perhaps next spring——"

"Next spring, nothing!" replied Lawrence firmly. "After a winter's rest that horse will be equal to anything—in reason!"

"The oads iss 'oud," announced Gus, informally joining us on the piazza. "Misdar Saxdon, you know how long dod lasd bag of oads lasded Rosey, yess?"

"No," said Lawrence. "How long?"

"Six day; he gedds into the barrel one day, und I t'ink he eads half a bushel dod one time already. I look to see him die. Bud no, Rosey cannod kill himself mid eading."

"Well, get some oats in the morning," said Lawrence, somewhat curtly. He darted a quick look of suspicion at me, but my countenance was bland and meaningless.

He has not cursed the farmer's dislike of change, opposition to improvement, inborn, inbred conservatism, blindness to his own advantage, for three days now. I think he realizes what my answer may be when he does inadvertently happen to introduce the subject again.





The Dieting of Mrs. Vallum

By Rosa Kellen Hallett

MRS. VALLUM was making her tri-daily ascent of the broad front stairway of the Vallum residence. On the one side she dragged herself upward by the mahogany balustrade, clutching it tightly with her plump fingers, and on the other she held in a determined grasp the strong arm of her husband. Before them flitted their niece, Agnes, a pretty, graceful girl of twenty, who poised herself on each stair and glanced anxiously backward over her shoulder. At the top the party turned and entered a large south room where Mrs. Vallum sank into a huge rocking-chair that received her comfortingly into its embrace. Her niece watched her with solicitude, and Mr. Vallum, after rubbing his arm vigorously for a moment, took from the mantelshelf his pipe and proceeded to fill it.

"Phe-ew! phe-ew!" panted Mrs. Vallum, as she wildly waved her big palm-leaf fan to and fro. "My, but it gets me heated climbing all those stairs! What your uncle wanted to put in so many for when he built the house I never could imagine! There's twice as many as there ought to be!"

"Why do you always sit up here, Aunt Lizzie?" asked Agnes.

There was an impatient quivering of Mrs. Vallum's frame. "Dear me, child! Haven't we thrashed that all out once or twice before? I sit upstairs because I always *have* sat upstairs! This is my sitting room."

"But," protested Agnes, "you do get so tired, aunty, coming away up here after every single meal. I should think that——"

"Chut, Agnes!" exclaimed Mr. Vallum. "Don't you know your aunt is a thoroughgoing old Tory? What she has done, she will do. But," he continued, lighting his pipe and beginning to draw long whiffs, "I've decided we'll make a change. I'm talking with a man about putting in a steam derrick. I can get a secondhand one cheap!" He winked at his niece through the cloud of smoke that enveloped his face.

His wife's lip trembled, and Agnes interposed. "Oh, Uncle John, you hurt aunty's feelings when you say things like that!"

"Your uncle doesn't think I've got any feelings," whispered Mrs. Vallum. "Just because I weigh over three hundred pounds nobody thinks I've got any feelings! But I have! I've got more'n twice what common folks have!"

"You always did have," retorted her husband dryly, "but the trouble with you, Elizabeth, is that you haven't got them arranged according to Hoyle! You love your food better than you love your looks! That's what's the matter."

He sat down opposite Mrs. Vallum in a chair that matched her own, and, puffing the smoke from his pipe in little rings, dexterously blew one through another, apparently with all his soul engaged in the task. Then he spoke

again, "I like you just as you are," with a sideways look of defiance at his niece. "I like 'em plump! None of your rack o' bones for me! I admire 'em with some flesh on their ribs! But you're such a goose yourself about it. You fret every time the dressmaker doesn't make you and Agnes look like twins! Yes, she does," as his niece opened her mouth to expostulate.

"Who lies awake in the dim watches of the night to hear her complain? You or me? She wants to be a fine figure like the cloak model down at the Hub Store. And when two honorable Christian gentlemen rise up in the car to offer her one sizable seat, she's as mad as a cat that's missed calculations and tumbled into the rain-water tub! And last summer when she and I went down to the Twin Poplar Church clambake, and one of those gawky hobblederoys hollered to another, 'Hi, there! Notify the constable! Fat Hannah's got loose!' she most had a fit!"

Mr. Vallum's visage was gloomy. His pipe was nearly out, and he sucked violently at it, while his wife, whose countenance had assumed a still more rose-colored hue, plied her fan feverishly. Agnes patted her aunt's cheek affectionately. "Don't you mind him, aunty," she breathed, "he's only teasing!"

"Now," Mr. Vallum went on, "you seem to take it so much to heart that I've been to consult Doctor Taylor, and he's written out a list of the things you must not eat if you want to get thin. I paid him a dollar for it, but if you'll try it, I'll soon get that back again, and a lot more beside!"

"Oh, do, aunty," seconded Agnes, "it would be so nice to have one of you thin!"

"Hum!" grunted Mr. Vallum, but he unfolded the list and began to read, "First, no potatoes."

His wife echoed the words in astonishment, "No potatoes!" A scheme of existence in which potatoes played no part was quite beyond her ken.

"Why, John," she remonstrated feebly, "I've eaten potatoes for two

meals a day ever since I was born. Fried for breakfast and boiled for dinner, and," with a hint of tears in her voice, "there's nothing I love for a little snack before I go to bed like a nice potato salad without too much vinegar in it."

"Well, you'll have to say a last fond farewell to the Murphies if you want to rival that cloak model! And you mustn't touch any white bread."

"That's not so bad," declared Mrs. Vallum more cheerfully. "Loaf bread is poor stuff, anyway! I'd a sight rather have Parker House rolls or cream-of-tartar biscuit——"

Her husband raised a warning finger, "Nor white flour in any form."

His wife drew a quick breath, but valiantly rallied her forces. "I like rice muffins and johnnycakes, and I'm sure," her confidence increasing, "that 'rye-and-Injun' is fit for a queen. I never get half enough of any one of them, for Beezy thinks they are such puttering work, but I'll tell her it's the doctor's orders, and she won't dare to grumble."

Mr. Vallum looked pained. "Elizabeth," he said deprecatingly, "they fat pigs on corn!"

Agnes giggled, but her aunt, whose eyes had grown big and round, murmured incoherently, "Oh—oh——"

Mr. Vallum read on monotonously, "Nor puddings, nor pies, nor gingerbread, nor cake, nor butter, nor cream, nor liver, nor bacon, nor sausage, nor ham, nor dates, nor nuts, nor——"

"For mercy's sake, John Vallum, what can I eat?"

"Hang it! The doctor didn't tell me that!" he answered, as he threw down the paper; and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he rose to his feet and stalked to the door. "But there's one thing I do wish," he shouted from the hallway, "that you'd either enjoy your fat or get rid of it!"

"Now, he's mad," said his wife. "I guess I'd better diet."

"That's right," was her niece's hearty endorsement. "You let me run the business, aunty, and I'll see that you have just what you ought to eat."

On the following day, at breakfast, Mrs. Vallum eyed resignedly the tiny square of brown toast that lay upon her plate.

"It's good enough, what there is of it," she pettishly acknowledged, and, as she grimaced unhappily at the unsweetened, uncreamed cup of coffee Agnes set before her, she added, "and there's enough of this, such as 'tis, and they both just whet my appetite."

"Plain living and high thinking, Elizabeth," encouraged Mr. Vallum from the other side of the table, as he took another mouthful of the crisp, tender wheat cake that he had smothered in maple sirup and butter.

"If I should tell you my thoughts, John Vallum——"

"It's music-lesson morning, aunty," was Agnes' hurried announcement. "Suppose you walk over to Madam Clarindini's with me. We'll start early and go slow, and that will help pass away the time."

She so ingratiatingly proffered her aunt her bonnet that presently the two were out on the street pacing leisurely along. The air was delightfully bracing, and Mrs. Vallum's spirits rose to such an extent that on her way home she called on young Mrs. Mygar and found it very difficult to refuse the delicious "taste cake" that proud housekeeper had just baked and brought forth for her approval.

"I'm afraid—I'm dreadfully afraid," she confided in Agnes an hour later, "that I wasn't real honest. I pretended it might not agree with me, and I never felt so mean in my life, laying things off on my good old stomach that I never knew I had—I always took it on faith that I owned one—and she was so sympathetic! Her husband has dyspepsia, and she recommended me six different kinds of pepton and wrote off a recipe for kumiss, and gave me two different sorts of tablets, one to take before meals and one after."

At this moment Mrs. Vallum's confessions were broken off by the sound of the dinner bell, which, it seemed to her sensitive ears, was rung with an extra flourish by Beezy's stalwart

hands. Agnes had tried not to place too much temptation before her aunt, and the latter really enjoyed the repast of lamb chops, lettuce and asparagus. For dessert, however, there were luscious strawberries, almost the first of the season, but the rich cream and powdered sugar with which Mr. Vallum and Agnes disguised the delicate flavor of the fruit were not for the house mistress, and she ate in stony silence. Long before her husband had finished his dinner, Mrs. Vallum demanded the support of his arm to the second story.

"You may go back to your pleasures of the senses"—she uttered the words somewhat bitterly—"but I will not sit by and see you and your niece," she hesitated a second, "*gorge*, yes, *gorge*! And cream is so wholesome!"

Supper was far less satisfactory than the midday meal, for one could hardly expect the pangs of hunger to be much mitigated by two spun-wheat biscuits and a cup of weak tea "au naturel."

"I'd as soon eat excelsior sprinkled with sawdust," fretted Mrs. Vallum, "and I think that there ought to have been at least a speaking acquaintance between the tea caddy and the teakettle."

"It won't be so hard after a while," soothed Agnes, "and you will look so sweet."

"You're a flatterer," said her aunt sternly.

Nevertheless she persevered, and at the end of a fortnight by dint of much coaxing had been haled along the road to that bourn of perfect figure that she so much desired, and had reduced her weight five pounds. She had also, during the same period, reduced Agnes several times to the brink of tears, and raised her husband's temper to the boiling point, so that on more than one occasion he had fled from her presence, and, shaking his fist at his reflection in the mirror, had hissed malevolently, "Oh, fool! Oh, double fool, who tries to do a woman good against her will!"

The young leaves on the elm tree were dancing and nodding in the spring sunshine, and through the open

windows of the wide oriel at the end of Mrs. Vallum's sitting room, a breeze stole in, fluttering the ribbons that tied back the muslin draperies, and bringing with it the spicy fragrance of the blossoming grapevines that clambered up the trellis. But tossing leaves or balmy breeze or sweet perfume were not heeded by Mrs. Vallum, who sat alone, swaying back and forth in her big rocking-chair.

"Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews, Like an ox of the field, green grass he chews!"

she reflectively quoted.

"Poor old Nebuchadnezzar! I never felt half sorry enough for him. Nothing but cold raw greens for three years!" she shuddered. "My, but I'll bet he could crawl through a camel's eye! And how he must have hankered after a good dish of mashed potatoes, hot! with a little well of melted butter in the middle! Ah-h!" she sighed ecstatically.

Then mingled with the scent of the grape blossoms there came floating in another odor, one that touched the well-springs of her being and sent her mind swiftly back to the fond memories of childhood. She moved ponderously to the window, where on the sidewalk beneath she beheld Timmy and Tommy, the Otto twins. A pink-and-white striped peppermint stick was clasped in Tommy's chubby fist, while his brother was eagerly devouring a pale lemon-colored one. Mrs. Vallum watched them trotting down the street, and the thought that they inspired in her was formulated, "It would just stay my stomach beautifully!" and she stepped to the convenient telephone.

"Yes," was the brisk reply, "right away, ma'am!"

Five minutes later the merry whistle of the druggist's boy was heard on the piazza, where he drummed a lively tattoo on the railing as Beezy lingered on her way to the door.

"It's the lad from Mr. Garth's, ma'am," she reported, delivering a small, rectangular package into the hands of her mistress. "You ain't sick,

are you?" she inquired earnestly, for she was fond of Mrs. Vallum and resented the fact that her most delectable dainties were now untouched. "Wouldn't you like a nice fresh egg beaten up with a dash of cream?"

"Oh, no, that would never do!" was the hasty rejoinder, and Beezy sulkily returned to the kitchen.

The clock was striking half after twelve when Agnes came in and found her aunt peacefully gazing out on the landscape, a beatific expression having replaced the look of patient grief that she had worn so often lately.

"There!" exclaimed her niece triumphantly, "didn't I tell you it would be easier, and I saw some lovely lettuce at the market, and I've brought you home a fine head!"

Everything seemed to be going well, but a few days later, after their weekly visit to the neighboring hay scales, Agnes was quite downcast and mourned to her uncle, "It's so queer! She lost splendidly at first, but now not an ounce since a week ago; in fact, she's gone up a weeny bit! Isn't it a shame, and she's so faithful!" A perplexed frown wrinkled her pretty forehead.

It was the first of the following month.

Mrs. Vallum was munching steadily on her one slice of toast and taking infinitesimal sips from her one cup of coffee, when the postman's ring was heard and Beezy entered with the usual pile of bills that that date brings to the ordinary household.

Tearing open the envelope that lay uppermost, Mr. Vallum ran his eye down the long sheet inclosed, and then flung it contemptuously on the table.

"Garth's in his dotage," said he. "Here's a bill for ten dollars, and we didn't have a cent's worth last month. I was bragging of it at the office yesterday."

"I had a few things, John," volunteered his wife. "A sponge! You have no idea, John, how expensive a nice sponge is! There was a toothbrush, too. A cheap one isn't worth buying, I've often heard you say so."

Agnes reached over, and picked up the bill as it lay at her uncle's elbow, but, after a brief glimpse of its contents, softly deposited it there again, and vanished from the room. Mr. Vallum settled his gold-bowed glasses on his nose, and spread out the bill before him, while his wife hastily gulped down the remainder of her toast and coffee and sat miserably twisting her napkin.

"I didn't buy a thing until the month was half gone," she protested.

"The first item is the twelfth. Is that correct?" he demanded.

"Yes, that was the first thing," quaveringly.

"One pound chocolate peppermints."

Agnes in the hallway gave a reminiscent sniff, and her aunt faltered. "I didn't think you'd grudge me a trifle of candy, John, and they're said to be excellent for the digestion!"

"Thirteenth! One pound of marshmallows!"

"They didn't amount to a row of pins," said his wife. "They're nothing but fluff, and I decided then I would never buy any more," with a virtuous air.

"Fourteenth!" continued Mr. Vallum. "One pint of pineapple ice!"

"That," explained his wife hurriedly, "was the day your Cousin Lucy came in to the spring openings. "It was an awful hot day, John, and I always like to treat your relatives well."

"Fifteenth."

"That was Sunday!" Mrs. Vallum spoke with volubility. "And I didn't think it was right to make the boy run errands. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.' So I sent Beezy in after mass to pay for them and bring them home to me, but he said he never took money over the counter on Sunday for candy or cigars! I thought it showed such good principles in Mr. Garth."

"He charged them fast enough!" snorted Mr. Vallum. "Sixteenth! A

pint of orange ice! I suppose Lucy was here again," with a sarcastic inflexion that made his wife writhe.

"No-o, it was her sister-in-law, Anna Fletcher. You wouldn't have me make fish of one and not of the other?" appealingly.

"Where the carcass is, there will the vultures flock!" Her husband's face was grim. "And for the love of the periled city, Elizabeth, what are operas, and Montevideos, and orange sours, and apricot jellies? Candy? All of them? The same old thing under another name!"

"Twenty-third! Sunday was the twenty-second. I see, you didn't have anything that day. How on earth did you hold your hand then?"

"It was lime drops, John," was the confused answer. "Beezy paid for them. He regards them as medicine."

"The deuce he does! I've heard of looking two ways of a Sunday, but I never knew before what it meant!" His eye ran rapidly down the page to the last item. "One pint raspberry sherbet. Yesterday! I wouldn't have minded a little myself. I didn't know we had any callers."

"We didn't." There was the calmness of despair in Mrs. Vallum's accent. "I ate every mouthful of that myself, John Vallum, and what's more, I could have eaten twice as much again."

Her husband raised his eyes, and viewed his disconsolate spouse, down whose rosy cheeks the tears were now coursing. The severity of his face relaxed.

"Agnes!"

At the summons his niece came quickly in. "I guess," said Mr. Vallum, with a whimsical tenderness about the corners of his mouth, "we won't try to meddle with your aunt's regular meals any more. Elizabeth, my dear, pass your plate!"





What the Editor Has to Say

BEGINNING with the November issue, out on the news stands a month from now, SMITH'S MAGAZINE will be larger by the addition of twenty pages or more. Part of this extra space will be devoted to departments of special interest to women, part of it to still more of the sort of fiction we are publishing at present and which we think you like. For a long time the magazine has been devoted entirely to fiction, and in the future we will publish more rather than less of it. No department, or essay, or special article shall take up any of the space we have been devoting to stories. We want to keep every reader we have at present and to give them everything they have been getting in the past. We want a great many more readers this fall than we have ever had before. We need them if we are going to give you the sort of magazine that we have planned, a bigger and better SMITH'S than ever went through the presses in the past. We're going to get these new readers, and you are going to help us.

ONE department to be inaugurated in the November number is sure to be of practical and æsthetic value to every woman who reads the magazine. If we were to select a running head to appear over this section in every issue it would be "Good Taste In Dress." As it is, however, the fashion article for each month will have its own separate head. Miss Anne Ritzenhouse, who is one of the foremost authorities on fashions and good form

in America, will conduct the department. The illustrations, of which there will be six or more in each number of the magazine, will be drawn by the best artists of their kind from the newest and most attractive foreign and American models. Each illustration will be a full page, drawn with sufficient technical elaboration and detail to make it of the utmost practical value, and drawn also with the requisite art and fidelity to life to show you how the gown will actually look when worn. In no sense is the fashion department to have any connection with the sales of patterns of any description. SMITH'S will only attempt to show you the best and most tasteful gowns for the season, and those which will be of the greatest practical value to the woman who has no fortune to spend on dress, but who still cares something about the way she appears. In illustrations, in text, in timeliness, and general interest and utility the department will compare well with anything of the kind published anywhere. It will be the best that we know how to secure.

ANOTHER department, "Before Your Mirror," will be devoted to the best methods to preserve natural good looks and to make the most of them, as well as a hundred and one other details of dress and the toilet that any woman will find helpful. As with the fashion department, our beauty department will make no attempt to exploit the sale of any particular preparations or cosmetics. It will give

you the best advice about personal appearance by those best qualified by scientific education and experience to advise on such a subject. You'll find it well worth reading every month, for it will be a really valuable addition to the contents of the magazine.



ANOTHER new department which, if we cared to use a running head, we would call "On Reading," will prove of special interest to every one who is fond of books at all. Each month in the magazine there will appear an article by a recognized authority on some of the books that are really worth while in the world. There are so many books that no one can read even a small proportion, and it is well to be told how to pick and choose. Like the other two departments mentioned above, there will be no commercial side to this one. If occasionally you find a reference to some new or modern book in SMITH'S it will be because the book is of some permanent value or special interest, not because we will have any interest in promoting the sale. You are doubtless familiar with the average book department in newspaper or magazine. Perhaps the best way to characterize what you will find in SMITH'S is to describe it as "entirely different." There will be no book reviews. You read a fiction magazine in SMITH'S, and we believe that you would rather read stories themselves than short accounts of them by a reviewer. Instead, each number of the magazine will contain a bright and valuable article on some literary topic of general interest, something that will do a little to broaden your general culture and to add a little to your acquaintance with the big and interesting world of art and letters.



THE three new features we have mentioned will be treated in the most worthy possible fashion. They will all be interesting, aside from their utilitarian value. Whether or not

you are of a bookish turn of mind, you will like the literary articles and look forward to them from number to number. Whether you leave the whole problem of dress to your dressmaker or not you'll find enjoyment and interest in looking over the pages of our fashion department. Even if your complexion is like a rose leaf you will find the "beauty articles" worth reading. In no sense is SMITH'S to become a woman's magazine in the stricter acceptation of the term. It is primarily a magazine of the sort of fiction that women like to read. In the future it will contain more of that fiction than in the past, and these other features beside. It has always had a personality of its own, and it is going to keep it. After this it is just going to be *more so*—bigger, better, and more interesting.



JUST a word about the fiction in the November number of SMITH'S. There is a complete novel by S. Carleton, who wrote "The Ribboned Way," "Bellegarde's Girl," and half a dozen other stories, some of which you must remember. Her new novel is called "The Girl at Shining Tree." The scene is in the West. It is a love story with the spirit of romance and adventure in it, with the charm of youth and the excitement of stirring scenes. We're not going to tell you anything about the plot. You are going to like the story.



PLEASE turn also to "Honorina's Reward" when you get your copy for November. It is one of the best stories we have published in a long time. It is written by Anne O'Hagan. Then there's a sequel to the Holman F. Day story in the present issue, as well as short stories by such writers as Dorothy Canfield, Emma Lee Walton, Edith Summers Updegraff, and others, and, in addition, the conclusion of the Rupert Hughes' serial, some funny verse by Wallace Irwin, and a little sermon by Charles Battell Loomis.

Ostermoor \$15.

20 Years here

The Home of
Dr. Robert H. Williams,
Kansas City, Mo.

June 20, 1910.

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.,

"Ostermoor Mattresses are unquestionably the finest mattresses possible to be obtained.

"My father, R. N. Williams, of Cameron, Mo., bought an Ostermoor Mattress over TWENTY YEARS AGO, and it is today the very best mattress I have ever seen.

"I am using the Ostermoor constantly, and have frequently had my patients get your mattresses, and do away with hair ones.

"The Ostermoor is a non-conductor and a conservator of vital force; hair is quite the contrary."

Yours very truly,

R. H. WILLIAMS.



Twenty years of service in this family is proof of quality—it's another thing merely to claim.

That's the difference between the Ostermoor mattress and—the others. **Proven Quality** is more important than price, and yet the genuine Ostermoor costs no more than the swarm of "just as goods" that strive for recognition by copying the Ostermoor trade-mark and the famous Ostermoor advertising. Get what you ask for.

Send For Our 144-Page Book with Samples—Mailed Free

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4'-6" wide—45 lbs.
\$15.
In two parts, 50c. extra
Dust-proof satin finish
ticking, \$1.50 more
French mercerized Art
Twill, \$3.00 more

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the liveliest merchant in town. Write us and we'll give you his name. But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—our trade-mark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express prepaid, same day your check is received by us, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 216 Elizabeth St., New York

Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

"Good For a
lifetime's
bed
time"



Look for this label and the name "Ostermoor" woven in the binding. They are your protection.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Moisture Will Spoil Ordinary Soda Crackers

NO matter how good the ingredients or how careful the baking, once expose soda crackers to the slightest dampness of air and they lose their taste and much of their food value.

That's why bulk crackers kept in barrels, boxes and cans get tasteless and tough and hard to swallow. They absorb moisture, and they also gather dust, germs and store odors. What a pity that this most nutritious of flour foods is so contaminated!

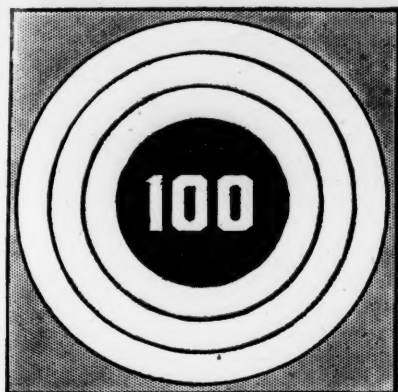
But there is a soda cracker too good, too perfect to be thus treated! After baking, Uneeda Biscuit are immediately placed in dust tight, moisture proof packages which preserve their crispness, flavor and nourishment.

(Never sold in bulk)

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

5¢

for a package



Hitting the Bull's Eye

BUYING fire insurance ought to be like rifle practice. The aim should be for the **Hartford**. The value of a fire insurance policy is not altogether dependent upon the promises which it contains, nor upon the financial resources back of it. Its value depends largely upon the character and methods of the company which issues it. It is for this reason that we place the **Hartford** as the bull's eye of the insurance target.

You aim for the best when you select a bank or take a partner in business. **Why not do this in fire insurance?**

Aiming for the **Hartford** and getting it gives you the perfect score. It costs no more in effort to aim for this perfect insurance: it costs no more in money to get a **Hartford** policy.

Our aim in this advertising is to get property owners to use the same foresight about fire insurance that they do about other business matters. We will register a high score if we succeed.

As a property owner who ought to have the best insurance, demand a **Hartford** policy. Aim for the bull's eye. A little steady persistence and the prize is yours. Aim now by using this coupon.



1910

Name of Agent or Broker

Address

When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **Hartford**.

Name

Address

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

\$840.00

BUYS THE MATERIAL NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOUSE.

Price Includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Typewritten Material List.



OUR HOUSE DESIGN No. 151.

In our house design No. 151 we show a modern eight-room house of the two story bungalow style. In size it is 24 feet wide by 32 ft. deep. The front porch is practically an out door living room, strictly private and is reached by a French window opening from the living room instead of the usual steps from the outside. The main entrance is on the side. The living room extends across the entire front of the house and is separated from the dining room by the stair hall. A coat closet is also provided on the first floor. Kitchen and pantry are of ample size. On the second floor are four large chambers and bath room, and four closets. The house is designed to be finished in Mission style and embodies every modern convenience. The construction is economical, the design harmonious, and in a general way this house appeals strongly to people of good taste. Our price for the material makes it an exceptional bargain, and those interested in building should write us.

Our price is a positive bargain, quality, style and finish of material we furnish guaranteed.

We Save You Big Money on Lumber and Building Material!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of its buildings except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

How We Operate:

We purchase at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from 50 to 60 per cent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

What our Stock Consists of:

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipe, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc. Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

Free Book of Plans!

We publish a handsome, illustrated book containing designs of Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, Houses, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

Our Guarantee!

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies, Ask any Express Company. Write to the publisher of this publication. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

High Grade Bathroom Outfits!



Price of this Bathroom Outfit, \$37.50

Strictly new and as good as anyone sells. We have everything needed in Plumbing Material. Our prices mean a saving to you of 50 to 60 per cent. You can easily prove it if you will give us a chance. Here is an illustration of a bathroom outfit we are selling at \$37.50. Your plumber would ask you about \$60.00 for this same outfit. This is a positive fact. It's only one of ten other complete outfits that we are offering at prices ranging from \$25.00 to \$100.00. Our catalog describes them in detail. You need the book if you want to keep posted on up-to-date business methods. Get our prices on Pipe and Fittings. Write us today.

Hot Water Heating Plants!

We furnish new complete hot water heating outfits at half the usual prices. Our proposition includes all necessary plans, specifications, blue prints and detailed instructions, so that any ordinary mechanic handy with the use of tools can easily install it. You can't go wrong when you deal with us. We stand back of every sale. You send us today a sketch of your building and we will make you a proposition to furnish you a complete steam or hot water heating outfit. We also have hot air furnaces. Our booklet on heating plants tells every feature of the heating question. We can quote radiators & heaters separately. Whether you buy from us or not it is a valuable book for you to own. Write us today.



Free Publications!

Write For Our Catalog.

Fill in the coupon to the right and we will send such literature as best suits your needs. We publish a 50 page mammoth catalog fully illustrated, giving our business history and showing all the vast lines of merchandise that we have for sale. We buy our goods at Sheriffs', Receivers' and Manufacturers' Sales. Ask for Catalog No. 980. Our Book on Plumbing and Heating Apparatus contains 150 pages of useful information. Our free "Book of Plans" is described elsewhere in this advertisement.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago.

Water Supply Outfits!

Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems at prices ranging from \$48.00 to \$20.00. They are strictly new, first-class and complete in every detail. It makes no difference whether you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Why not investigate this? We are ready to furnish you with all facts free of charge. All material fully guaranteed.

We also have a complete stock of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 40 to 60 per cent saving. Gasoline Engines at low prices.

Send Us This Coupon

Chicago House Wrecking Co. 980

I saw this ad. in Smith's Magazine.

I am interested in _____

Name _____

Town _____

Co. _____

State _____

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Have YOU A Salary-Raising ABILITY?

*In other words, does your ability, your training, your special knowledge put you in **DEMAND** when knotty work-problems are to be solved?*

*That's the kind of ability that raises your salary, brings you promotion, keeps your position safe in times of trouble and wins you **success**. That's the kind of ability the International Correspondence Schools can give to you—whether you're young or old, well schooled or not, office man or outside man, day worker or night worker, no matter where you live or what little spare time you have,*

To find out *how* the I. C. S. can help you win success in your chosen line of work costs you nothing—places you under no obligation. Simply mark and mail the attached coupon. With a way so easy, in a matter of such **vital** importance to you, surely you can afford time to ask for **free advice and information** that will exert so tremendous an influence on your earning capacity and your entire **career**.

*Mark the coupon and so take the first step toward joining the thousands who have won **permanent success** through I. C. S. help. On an average 300 **VOLUNTARILY** report advancement every month. During July the number was 302. Mark the coupon.*

EMPLOYERS

*in need of men and women who have shown their ability along special lines of work should write the **Students' Aid Department of the I. C. S.***

There is no charge for this service.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 899, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Electric Wireman
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertising Man	Electrical Engineer
Show Card Writing	Mechanical Draftsman
Window Trimming	Mechan. Engineer
Commercial Illustrating	Telephone Expert
Industrial Designing	Stationary Engineer
Architectural Draftsman	Textile Manufacturing
Building Contractor	Civil Engineer
Architect	Concrete Construction
Chemist	Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Languages—French	Mine Foreman
German	Mine Superintendent
Banking	Automobile Running
Civil Service	

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Removes the Corn in 48 Hours

Don't suffer with corns any longer.
Here is immediate, lasting relief—in wonderful Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

A felt ring of downy softness protects the corn and stops all pain instantly.

In the meantime a marvelous medication gets to work on the corn. In 48 hours it comes away freely—no pain—no harm—no soreness—no inconvenience—no spreading liquid—no nasty salve.

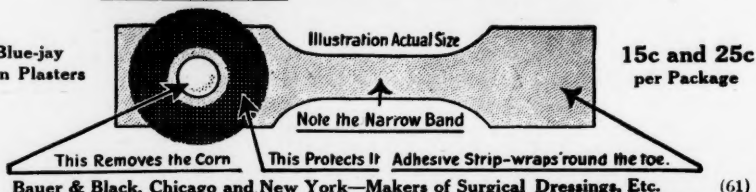
It is done neatly—simply—effectively.
Every day more than 10,000 people buy Blue-jay, because they have heard, through their friends, what it does.

Buy a package yourself and try it. For sale by all druggists.

If you wish to be further convinced before spending even fifteen cents, ask us to mail you a sample—free.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay
Bunion Plasters



Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York—Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

(61)

MAKE YOURSELF 3 INCHES TALLER

THE WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE OF AN INCH IN HEIGHT

can be thoroughly appreciated by standing a short man and a tall man under a measuring rod. It will be found that the difference, in inches, is very slight. By the recent discovery of a well-known Rochester business man, all short people can now secure the additional inch or two necessary to make them as tall as the average person.

The simple method he has discovered can be used at home by anybody of either sex, so that they will surely grow from 2 to 5 inches in height. Even the very old can increase their height perceptibly. There is **no pain**, no operation, no electricity, no drugs about this harmless method. It can be used in the privacy of your own home, and necessitates no loss of time or detention from business. Eminent doctors, scientists and gymnasium experts have endorsed this method. It has been adopted by the leading universities and schools. It accomplishes this seemingly wonderful result in a perfect, hygienic, natural and harmless way. It not only adds to your height, but increases your **chest measurement**, enlarges your **lung capacity**, broadens your **shoulders** and helps your health every way.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL In order to enable all short persons to obtain the many advantages of increased height, the inventor has published an interesting book, beautifully illustrated from life, which he will send free to anyone who asks for it. This free book tells exactly how it is done. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you have read it, you will clearly understand how to secure all the advantages that increased height brings, and forever end the embarrassment of being called "short." If you would like to increase your height and secure a perfect figure, send your name and address to-day. The book will be sent to you at once, all charges prepaid, in a plain package. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

THE CARTILAGE COMPANY,
155 L Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

A Year to Pay For Your FURNITURE

We give customers over a year's time in which to pay for their purchases. You are welcome to this splendid credit service no matter where you live. You may enjoy the full use of the goods you buy of us and pay for them in small amounts from month to month as you earn the money. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit service—no interest—no extras of any kind. So low are our prices that we couldn't allow any discount even if you sent cash with your order. We have 22 great stores and sell more homethings than any other store in the country. We own and control factories—sell on a closer margin for profit and at lower prices than your local dealer or any other mail order house on earth. *We guarantee satisfaction or money back.*

CATALOG No. 57 FREE

Write for our Big New Catalog today. It tells all about our most generous monthly payment credit plan. It's an immense volume, handsomely illustrated in color. It quotes factory prices on everything to furnish and beautify the home, including Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Piano, Crockery, Pictures, Lamps, Clocks, Mirrors, Silverware, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, etc. No matter what catalogs you may have seen in the past, and no matter what catalogs you may have in your home at the present time, don't spend a cent for homethings until you have received this wonderful furniture book which we offer to mail to you absolutely free. Write for it at once—write today.

BASE BURNER

\$3 Cash with order, balance \$2 monthly. A powerful double burner, draw center grate, elaborately trimmed in nickel. No. 5 51 11 in. fire-pot \$19. No. 5 53 15 in. fire-pot \$27.75 Terms \$3 cash; \$2 monthly.

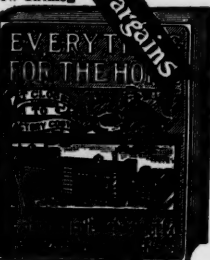


HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.

Dept. E3 223 to 229 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
Largest, oldest and best known homethings concern in the country—established 1825—55 years of success—32 big stores—over 700,000 customers—capital and resources greater than that of any similar concern. Write for our big catalog at once.

Get the Book!

**Big Furniture
BOOK
MAILED
FREE**



The Only
SAFE
Way To
Buy
DIAMONDS

\$97.50 PER CARAT Genuine Perfect Cut Diamonds

HERE is a new way to buy diamonds—the safest and best plan ever perfected to save you money on genuine perfect cut gems mounted in rings, lockets, pins, cuff buttons, brooches, etc., of your own selection. This special plan is the result of our 31 years experience as Diamond Importers. The great firm of L. Basch & Co. was founded in 1879. Every statement made by us is backed by our entire capital and reputation. You are absolutely safe in dealing with us.

Where Our Plan Is Different

Under the usual selling method, you pay a fixed price for a diamond ring, locket, pin, etc., without knowing how much real value is in the diamond and how much in the setting. We sell you guaranteed, genuine, perfect cut diamonds at \$97.50 per carat, and let you select your own mounting from our handsome, up-to-date designs marked in plain figures in our catalog. For example: You can pick out a ring with a one-carat stone from our catalog, and add the price of the diamond to the price of the mounting. If you want the same setting with a half or quarter carat stone, etc., you simply order it, knowing exactly what it will cost you in any style mounting.

Money Back Guarantee

Every diamond purchased from L. Basch & Co., carries with it our legal, binding Diamond Guarantee Money-Back Contract, which gives you perfect protection. It states that the diamond you buy is a genuine, perfect cut diamond of exact weight, color, size and quality represented. This Guarantee is made out in your name and signed by L. Basch & Co. As to our responsibility, ask your banker or consult any Commercial Agency in America. Any article in our catalog will be sent prepaid, C. O. D. for inspection, if desired. If not entirely satisfactory,

return goods and your money will be refunded. Our challenge is this: If on examining our goods, you do not believe that they are at least 25% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, just say so, and the price will be at once returned to you. We allow full purchase price at any time in exchange for any diamond or other article in our catalog. We also agree to pay you back 90% of the price of any goods bought of us one year from date of purchase.

Write For Our Free Book

Our illustrated Book, "The Only Safe Way to Buy Diamonds", containing hundreds of wonderful bargains, fully explains just how you can save all jobbers and dealers profits by buying direct from the original importers. It also explains the new Basch plan of selling genuine, perfect cut diamonds at \$97.50 a carat under our Special Guarantee Plan. Write for this great Book today. Address—**L. Basch & Co., 272 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

Diamond Catalog Free

L. Basch & Co.,
272 State St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, free, your Diamond Catalog B.
Money-Back Guarantee and Special Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

XU

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Rate, 50c. a line, or \$2.25 a line, which includes AINSLEE'S and POPULAR Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of SMITH'S closes Sept. 8th.

Agents & Help Wanted

WANTED.—Railway Mail Clerks, Clerks at Washington, City Carriers, September Examinations every where. Preparation free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dep't. A7, Rochester, New York.

LADY SEWERS wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to Universal Co., Desk B, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 1155, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 15 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

GET A BETTER PLACE.—Uncle Sam is best employer; pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no lay-offs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Ask for free booklet I 23, giving full particulars and explaining my offer of position or money-back. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

ARE YOU EMPLOYED? If not, why not? Study the Chappellow System of Concrete Construction as taught in our school and earn \$4 to \$10 per day. We depart entirely from the old theoretical way and teach by practical work. Tuition and living expenses reasonable. Act now! Write for booklet. The Independence Business and Trades College, Box Z, Independence, Kan.

\$5,000 to \$10,000 per year in the Real Estate business. No capital required. I will teach you how, and make you my special representative. Send for big Free Book, H. D. Hurd, 870 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS. Male and female can make \$10. to \$15. a day selling my new style poncee princess patterns, and imported French embroidered Swiss lawn waist patterns. Prices and particulars on request. J. Gluck, 621 B'way, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY writing short stories or for Newspapers. Pleasant work for you; big pay. Send for free booklet tells how. Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

AGENTS to sell Ladies Novelty, Embroid. Waist Patt. Kimonos, Silk Shawls, Scarfs, Mexican Drawn Work, Battenberg, Cluny, Russian Laees Europ. & Orient Novelty. Ask for Cat. S. Bonan, Dep. D. 143 Liberty St. N.Y.C.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE wanted—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. E. R. Marden, Pres., The Nat'l. Co Op. Real Estate Co., Suite 338 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED.—Local representatives to sell men's clothing on credit by largest credit clothing house in the world; no capital required; write for plan. Menter & Rosenbloom Co., 607 Cox Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Music

SONG Poems with or without music wanted for publication. All subjects. Original. Examination and criticism free. G. G. Eaton, 419 6th Ave., N. Y.

SONG-POEMS criticized and revised free. With really good music you may prove a money-maker. Send your poem to-day to Arthur A. Penn, 36 Childs' Bldg., 34th St., N. Y.

"SHAPIRO," MUSIC PUBLISHER. Wants Songs of Merit. Send your words, music, or songs complete. Write for particulars. "Pat Dept." cor. B'way & 39th St., N. Y. "Shapiro."

\$100 Cash Prize and your song published free. We pay all expenses. New plan for new writers. For plan, enclose stamp and address. The Geo. Bochner Music Co., Aberdeen, S. D.

Song and Play Writing

SONG AND PLAY WRITING is a very lucrative profession. Our two books on these subjects great aids to all. Send for circulars. We offer a splendid music publishing proposition to those able to finance initial venture. Specimen copies of our publication 10c. Jerome H. Remick & Co., Dept. C, 131 W. 41st St., New York.

Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000.00 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress, sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT. Your ideas may bring you a fortune. \$250,000 Invention wanted. Our free books tell What to Invent and how to obtain a Patent. Write for them. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability. Patent obtained or fee returned. Patents advertised for sale free. Woodward & Chandlee, Reg's'd Attys, 1217 F St., Wash., D. C.

PATENTS BOUGHT: Many deals closed by our clients—one recently for \$680,000.00—our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 8c. postage for our 3 books for inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Div. 62, Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Books Free. Highest references; best results. Send for list of Inventions Wanted. Patents advertised Free. Send sketch or model for Free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 622 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Pictures

THE LATEST PICTURE HIT. "My Champagne Girlie." 8x16 in 15 colors. Great for your "Den." Sent with 100 other catchy art ideas for only 2c. stamps. Other specials: 3 New Stage Beauty Poses for 50c. 8 Charming Ballet Dancers, in colors, 4 for 50c; 8 for \$1.00. Union Art Co., Dept. 10, 207 Virginia Av., Jersey City, N. J.

Games & Entertainments

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 19, Chicago

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Business Opportunities

GIVEN AWAY FREE—Four different publications about the wonderful California Oil industry, to those making the request within 30 days. Address Sagar-Loomis Co., 917 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California.

YOU can start Mail Order Business in your own home; Big profits; Everything furnished; free booklet tells how. S. T. Foote, Box 254, Muskegon, Mich.

For the Deaf

THE ACOUSTICON makes the deaf hear instantly. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theatres and churches. In successful use throughout the country. Booklet, with the endorsement of those you know, free. K. B. Turner, President, General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

Telegraphy

THE Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter. Sends you telegraph messages. Teaches in the shortest time, 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Mfg. Co., 39 Z. Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Typewriters

Underwoods, Remingtons and all other machines. We rent them anywhere, and allow six months rental to apply toward the purchase price. Write for catalogue and net prices. Typewriter Sales Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

Motor Boats, Etc.

HOPKINS sells everything for Motor Boats and Yachts. Send for catalog and save money. 119 Chambers Street, New York.

Real Estate, Farms, Etc.

\$10 TEXAS MAP FREE. Showing every section of land in Texas orange belt. Would cost \$10 to buy. Free for 1c. postage. Address C. A. Elmen & Co., Desk B, Houston, Texas.

FRUIT FARMS IN KOOTENAY, B. C. It has been amply demonstrated that these provide a life income as soon as the bearing stage is reached. We have some of the best tracts from 5 to 30 acres each, on easy terms of payment. Splendid climate, fishing, hunting and non-arduous work. Full particulars from Salmon Valley Land Co., Box 316, Nelson, B. C.

Coins, Stamps, Etc.

WE BUY COINS AND STAMPS. Premiums paid up to 5000%. Send for free Booklet No. 30. Royal Money & Stamp Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.

Jewelry At Dealers Cost

HALF OFF on watches, diamonds, silverware and all high-class jewelry. Let us show you how by dealing with the manufacturer, you can buy at half price and make big easy money. Write today for special discount catalog.

NATIONAL JOBBING & LAMOS CO.,
Mfg. Jewelers, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire-diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will out glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. **WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, SPECIAL PRICES AND RING MEASURE.**

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 709 Holiday Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PENS

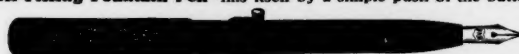
\$2.00

Unequaled for fast writing, ruling and manifolding. In two sizes, 4% and 5% inches—red or black rubber.

Extra size, 8 inches. (Black only) \$1.25
Self-Filling Fountain Pen—fills itself by a simple push of the button.

\$2.00

With No. 2 Gold Pen



STYLOGRAPHIC PENS

\$1.00

\$2.50

With No. 4 Gold Pen

J. ULLRICH & CO., (607 Thames Bldg.) 27 Thames Street, New York City

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN 10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. **10% discount for cash.** Send now for catalog No. 29.

J. M. LYON & CO., Established 1843 71-73 Nassau St., New York

6171 \$35
6065 \$75
6172 \$40
6255 \$60
6225 \$25
6233 \$35
6032 \$40
6034 \$50
6029 \$25
6198 \$30
6200 \$40
6047 \$150
6169 \$23
5025 \$25

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Williams' Talc Powder

The Williams' Package contains nearly

15% more powder

than other kinds sold at the same price. This fact is valuable only because of the snowy whiteness, the airy lightness, the downy softness and absolute purity of Williams' Talc. Endorsed by physicians and nurses everywhere.

SAMPLE OFFER

All liberal sample in a miniature can mailed for 4 cents in stamps. Two odors, Violet and Carnation. Specify odor desired.

Address
The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A
Glastonbury, Conn.
(Makers of Williams'
Famous Shaving Soaps)

You can tell it
by the Quick-
opening, Tight-
closing, Hinged-
Cover Box.



The Story's the Thing

The story with snap and go, and full of the big, buoyant American spirit.

Serious or humorous, but always entertaining.

The story of adventure, business, mystery, romance, the West, life as we live it.

THE NEW MAGAZINE

UP-TO-DATE, ORIGINAL FICTION

192 pages. No pictures. Just good, meaty reading.

As much reading matter as in two \$1.50 novels.

The October number is now on the news stands.

Published in Chicago

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

17 Jewel Elgin—Our Great Special \$13.75
Sent Anywhere on FREE TRIAL

Guaranteed to keep accurate time. Fitted in double steel gold-filled case, warranted for 25 years.
 You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade 17-Jewel Elgin Watch, in hand-engraved case, right in your own home. You are to be the Judge. Let us send it to you, all charges prepaid. If it suits you

PAY ONLY \$1.50 A MONTH.

We trust every honest person. No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income, we will trust you for a high-grade Elgin Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any Railroad inspection. Write for our big free Watch and Diamond Catalog.

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO.

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND
 AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

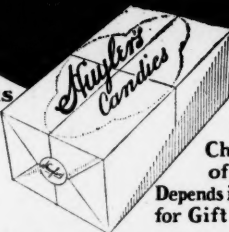
Dept. L558, 92 to 96 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
 Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.



Never had an Equal  Never will have

Stuyler's
**Bonbons—
 Chocolates.**

Pure
 Fresh
 Delicious



On the
 Character
 of Candy
 Depends its Fitness
 for Gift Making

Sold by Sales Agents Everywhere

This Suit, Tailored \$15
to Your Measure

Express Prepaid

Other suits and overcoats in a wide selection of exclusive weaves and latest New York styles, \$12.50 to \$30.00.

I am a custom tailor—a maker of guaranteed clothes to special order. I will make a stylish suit or overcoat to your measure—with true quality tailored into every stitch and seam—and charge you less than you have to pay for clumsy-looking, ready-made garments.

I Take All Risk

I save you the dealers' big profits and give you the kind of clothes turned out by the high-priced tailors of the big cities.

Send today for my handsome free book of styles and cloth samples. Measure yourself by my extremely simple home system, pick out the style and material you like best and send me your order. I'll make up the clothes exactly to your measure—and ship them express prepaid. You examine them carefully to see that they fit perfectly and come up to my claims in every particular. If you don't find everything entirely satisfactory, send back the clothes and I'll return every penny of your money.

That's my guarantee. And my Bankers. The Wisconsin National Bank of Milwaukee, (Resources, Twenty Million Dollars) will tell you that I always keep my word.—KING

My Style Book is FREE. Send for it today.

King Tailoring Company

193 West Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE Keeley
Cure

Hot Springs, Ark.
 Denver, Col.
 West Haven, Conn.
 Washington, D. C.
 Jacksonville, Fla.
 Atlanta, Ga.

Dwight, Ill.
 Marion, Ind.
 Lexington, Mass.
 Portland, Me.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kansas City, Mo.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 2801 Locust St.
 Manchester, N. H.
 Buffalo, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y.
 Columbus, O.
 Portland, Oregon.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 812 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa.
 4246 Fifth Ave.
 Providence, R. I.
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 London, England.

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 30 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

BEAUTY'S FAVORITE



IS CUTICURA SOAP

The world's most successful skin purifier and beautifier. Sale greater than the world's product of other skin soaps. Sold wherever civilization has penetrated. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq., Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

32-page Cuticura Booklet, post-free, tells all about Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

MY FREE BOOK



THE WHYS of exercise, tells how you may develop the two kinds of strength. Before you can be really healthy or strong you must develop functional vigor (strength of the heart, lungs and vital organs) as well as muscular strength.

It tells of "exercisers" which do not "exercise" and it tells "Why" they fail.

It tells "Why" many systems do not accomplish that for which they were intended.

It tells "Why" there is but one system by which you may acquire an exceptional degree of health and strength.

It tells how and "Why" you can secure powerful lungs, a broad, full chest, a strong neck, an arm of steel, and broad, powerful shoulders. In short, it tells how you may have a perfect physique and buoyant health.

SEND FOR THE BOOK.

If you would learn what to do and what not to do in exercise, also how you may secure my latest invention, the Improved Automatic Exerciser, free of charge, send for the little book, "The Whys of Exercise." Enclose 4c. to cover postage.

PROF. H. W. TITUS

153 R. EAST 23rd STREET,

NEW YORK



BACKED BY EIGHT BANKS OF UNQUESTIONED RELIABILITY
MAKES OUR WORD AS GOOD AS
OUR TERMS ON

**WATCHES AND
DIAMONDS**

\$25 00	\$100 A WEEK
\$50 00	\$120 A WEEK
\$100 00	\$220 A WEEK

ASK FOR BOOK
SHORT TALKS
LONG TERMS

AT
TIMES SQUARE

TIMES WATCH & DIAMOND CO.
TIME PAYMENTS
206 W. 42^d St. Write
NEW YORK Dept. C.

Rémoh Gems



Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliantly guaranteed forever—stands firing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in solid gold mountings. 1-80th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog. It's free.

REMOK JEWELRY CO., 437 N. BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS.

CHIP, OF THE FLYING "U"

By B. M. BOWER

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. **PRICE, \$1.25.**

STREET & SMITH - Publishers - New York



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow **NO DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **IT ONLY COSTS** one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1910 models.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or

any one at any price until you write for our new large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful propositions on the first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. **We sell** cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do not wait!

Write today for our latest special offer on "Ranger" bicycle.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T-110 CHICAGO

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1208 Grotton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Send on Approval. Send No Money. \$2.00 WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. Hair Switch Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short sharp fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or sell, 5 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Enclose postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade wigs, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. ANNA AYERS, Dept. 577, 19 Quincy St. Chicago

BARODA DIAMONDS. Flash Like Genuine ANY STYLE DIAMONDS at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS. Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. \$5.98. Gentle ring 1 ct. \$5.98. 14k Stud 1 ct. \$4.98. Sent C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included, 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A 9, 535 N. State St., Chicago

YOUNG MEN WANTED in **AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS** Big Pay, Nice Work, Great Demand for Men Fit yourself for position of chauffeur or repair man. We teach you by mail to become thoroughly efficient in ten weeks and assist you to secure good position. Highly endorsed—reasonable—no automobile necessary to learn. Send for First Lesson Today—It's Free. Owners supplied with first-class chauffeurs. **EMPIRE AUTO INSTITUTE** 130 Empire Bldg. Rochester, N. Y. The Original Automobile School

Tell the substitute: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Three Piece Outfit Beautiful Panama Skirt-Hydegrade Petticoat Charming Wash Waist—all for \$6.75 \$1.75 Cash—90c. Monthly.

700 Bargains Like This ON CREDIT

Suits, skirts, waists, petticoats, hats, hosiery, corsets—everything for women's wear is shown pictured on living models in our New Fall and Winter Style Book at prices that will simply astonish you. And all garments man tailored to fit—all of the highest quality and best workmanship.

Six Months to Pay

No need of waiting until you can spare the cash to buy them. We open an account with you. You get the goods now, wear them and pay a little each month—so small you won't notice it. No publicity—no red tape. No security—no interest. Just your promise to pay is all we ask. And besides that, all goods are

Shipped on Approval

Everything we sell is guaranteed. If anything you get from us is not satisfactory in every way, you simply return it. We will refund every penny of the money paid—even pay the express charges both ways.

Send for This New Book

You owe it to yourself to at least see the bargains we offer. All we ask is the opportunity of proving every word we say. So write us today—if you want to save money and pay as you can, and this new FALL book containing over 700 illustrations of all that is newest and best in women's dress will be sent you FREE at once—all charges prepaid.

Bernard Mayer Co.,
3466 Mospratt St.,
Chicago.

(31)



BOUND VOLUMES SMITH'S MAGAZINE NOW ready. **PRICE \$1.50 per volume.** Address Subscription Dept., SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

October Ainslee's

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

If you have not been reading the serial story which is now running in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, you ought to begin it so that you can properly enjoy the installment in the October number. This brings the story to its most exciting point. It is "*The Golden Web*," by

ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

It was begun in the July number and you should not miss a single line of it.

Besides this story, the October number will contain a charming complete novel by

ROBERT RUDD WHITING

who contributes his first story to AINSLEE'S.

There will also be a long list of short stories and you ought, for your own sake, to read every one of them. There is not one in the whole table of contents that is not distinctly above the average, and you will find in them no greater variety in theme, atmosphere, and characters anywhere.

E. F. Benson, Samuel Gordon, J. W. Marshall, Adele Luehrman, Alice Prescott Smith, Jane W. Guthrie, Owen Oliver, Mrs. Luther Harris, Lola Ridge, Carey Waddell, Morgan Robertson, E. M. Jameson and Charles Neville Buck are some of the contributors.

In the October number the articles on music and the theatres will be resumed, and there will be another of H. Addington Bruce's articles on "*Adventurings in the Psychical*."

15 CENTS PER COPY

\$1.80 PER YEAR

AINSLEE MAGAZINE CO., NEW YORK

I WANT A MAN



of good character in each city and town to act as my
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

No peddling, canvassing or other objectionable work required. Previous experience unnecessary. Duties need not, at first, interfere with your present employment.

E. R. MARDEN, PRES.

I will assist the right man to become independent for life.

If you are making less than \$2,400 a year and are trustworthy and sufficiently ambitious to learn and become competent to handle my business in your vicinity write me at once for full particulars, my bank references, etc. Address

Edwin R. Marden
124 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.



MY OWN BUILDING—where nearly 200 employees handle the office details of the immense volume of business transacted by my representatives



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.

Dept. N 517 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

The short stories in SMITH'S are unusually piquant and entertaining. The art studies that open the magazine, the profuse illustrations, the little talks by Charles Battell Loomis, the essays by Lillian Bell, and the big fashion department, all go to make SMITH'S a magazine that will be read by every one in the house before it is finally laid aside.—*Joliet Republican*.



It is simply marvelous how easy we make it for you to own a genuine diamond. Don't be satisfied with anything but the best pure white stone; buy a stone that will increase in value. We offer you such a gem at the wholesale jobber's price on the easiest terms ever made by a high-class Diamond House. The above cut shows the exact likeness of our \$10 ring, which we sell on terms of \$15 down and \$7.50 per month. We have built up a tremendous business on the liberal

Wholesale Price--Easy Payment Plan

and we want to show you how we can save you money and give you perfect satisfaction, when you want to buy **Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry**. Our handsome new catalogue, profusely illustrated, is yours free. Write today for this free catalogue and OUR SPECIAL PLAN.

W. E. RENICH CO., 126 State St., Dept. 1827, Chicago, Ill.



The cigaret that has made good on the broadest claims ever made for anything to smoke—

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15c
And a
Quarter

At
Your
Dealers

If you haven't seen the big dollar offer, write for it now.

Makaroff-Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston

Boston Garter

Vetrol Grip

Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help.

Every pair warranted—penalty, a new pair or your money back.



BOSTON GARTERS
RECOGNIZED THE
STANDARD, AND
WORN THE WORLD
OVER BY WELL
DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c. Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



One Telephone, Dumb; Five Million, Eloquent.

If there were only one telephone in the world it would be exhibited in a glass case as a curiosity.

Even in its simplest form telephone talk requires a second instrument with connecting wires and other accessories.

For real, useful telephone service, there must be a comprehensive system of lines, exchanges, switchboards and auxiliary equipment, with an army of attendants always on duty.

Connected with such a system a telephone instrument ceases to be a curiosity, but becomes part of the

great mechanism of universal communication.

To meet the manifold needs of telephone users the Bell System has been built, and today enables twenty-five million people to talk with one another, from five million telephones.

Such service cannot be rendered by any system which does not cover with its exchanges and connecting lines the whole country.

The Bell System meets the needs of the whole public for a telephone service that is united, direct and universal.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

\$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

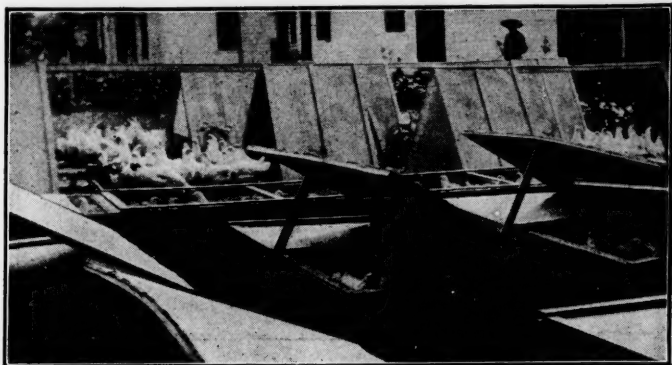
TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, *THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING*, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.



DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 30 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

SOUTH BRITAIN, CONN., April 19, 1909.

MR. E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I have followed your system as close as I could; the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first experience I had with your System was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as soon as hatched in one of your brooders out of doors and at the age of three months I sold them at 38c. a pound. They then averaged 3½ lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw and he wants all I can spare this season.

Yours truly,

A. E. NELSON.

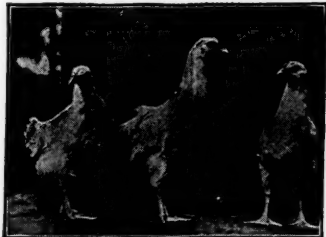
ELMIRA, N. Y. Oct. 30, 1909.

MR. E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—No doubt you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly completed. It has given us an income of over \$500.00 from six pedigree hens and one cockerel. Had we understood the work as well as we now do after a year's experience, we could have easily made \$1,000.00 from the six hens. In addition to the profits from the sale of pedigree chicks, we have cleared over \$900.00 running our Hatchery plant consisting of 56 Cycle Hatchers. We are pleased with the results and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes, we are,

Very truly yours,

(Mrs.) C. P. GOODRICH.



Three-pound Roasters Ten Weeks Old.

Special Offer Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *POULTRY REVIEW*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.
E. R. Philo, 169 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

WHAT 50 DENTISTS WROTE

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

We quote the extracts below from unsolicited letters which we are daily receiving from dentists.

We will send you absolutely free a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream sufficient for 3 weeks' use, if you will clip and mail to us the sentence referring to this offer which will be found somewhere in the text below.

The name of any Dentist quoted below, on application,

"The Ribbon Cream is better

NEATNESS and COMPLETENESS of PACKAGE

PERFECT CLEANSER

"I know of no more cleanly, efficient, convenient and dainty dentifrice to keep the teeth clean and the breath pure."—"Excels all as a cleansing agent."—"As a cleansing dentifrice, I find it second to none."—"As a cleanser, I can speak of it only in the highest terms."—"Perfection in the line of a dental cleanser and polisher."—"Find the Cream excellent for cleansing."

GOOD FOR THE GUMS

"Reduces inflammation and frees the gums from soreness."—"I use the Cream to massage the gums and like it better than any other."—"It is the best preparation I ever used for the gums."—"It works wonders."

DELICIOUS TASTE

"Delightfully refreshing."—"Attractive and pleasant to the taste."—"An all-satisfying and pleasant preparation."—"Undoubtedly the best thing of its kind to be had. As 'dessert' following a dental operation, it never fails to bring forth favorable comment, especially after cleaning. In my home they use nothing else, although we had used another kind for 7 or 8 years."—"Refreshing and delightful."—"Leaves a cool and delicious taste in the mouth."

EXCELLENT for GOLD WORK

"Colgate's Dental Cream is by far the best I have ever used, both in flavor and results. The first Cream I have found that will polish gold crowns and bridge work in the mouth."—"An excellent article, very good to keep gold-work bright."

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS

"I tried your Dental Cream and was so well pleased with it (both in results and the pleasant taste) that the idea came to me—why not use this in cleaning my patients' teeth? My next patient was a great smoker, with teeth stained with tobacco. The way your Cream took that stain off was gratifying. Dentists are rather slow to try something new, but after one trial cleaning his patients' teeth with your Cream, a dentist will throw peroxide and pumice away."

—doesn't roll off like the wire shape paste does."—"Congratulate you on the neatness and completeness of your package."—"The way it is put up at once recommends it."—"Best preparation of the sort I have ever used. The new container, which allows a flat, ribbon-like stream to be laid on the brush, is both ingenious and convenient."

"Have used it in the chair with excellent results."—"Am delighted with it; you have made a friend of me by calling my attention to your Ribbon Dental Cream. I must say I like it."—"It is the best Dental Cream."—"Very satisfactory indeed. Surpasses any other kind."—"It is splendid."—"Surely a good one."—"It is the best preparation I have ever used."—"The most valuable dentifrice I know."—"Best on the market."—"Best for daily use."—"Absolutely the best."

"In my practice of 28 years, I have met nothing better. I endorse it unequivocally."—"You have struck the keynote in your new Dental Cream."—"The greatest dentifrice."—"Paramount in every particular."—"Best we have ever used in our office."—"We cannot get along without it."—"Best in my judgment, and I have used many kinds."—"You are to be congratulated on inventing such a hygienic article."—"The offer of a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, mentioned above, will well repay you for clipping and mailing this sentence."

"Of standard quality—my patients tell me this after a trial."—"I am convinced you have reached the acme of perfection. Always a pleasure to recommend it to particular patients."—"One of the most excellent of all the preparations for the mouth and teeth—the Ne Plus Ultra shall recommend it to my patients."—"Am using it personally and recommend it to my patients; an ideal preparation."—"I take pleasure in recommending it to my patients."—"We recommend it to all our patients."—"I hesitatingly recommend it."—"My patients appreciate this cream."

RECOMMEND IT TO PATIENTS

CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT

DELICIOUS

ANTISEPTIC

Comes Out a Ribbon—Lies Flat on the Brush